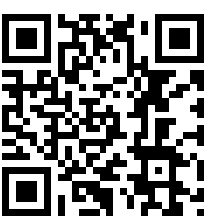
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OUR LITTLE ONES

AND

THE NURSERY:

ILLUSTRATED STORIES AND POEMS

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS
(OLIVER OPTIC),
Editor.

WITH 427 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

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1891.

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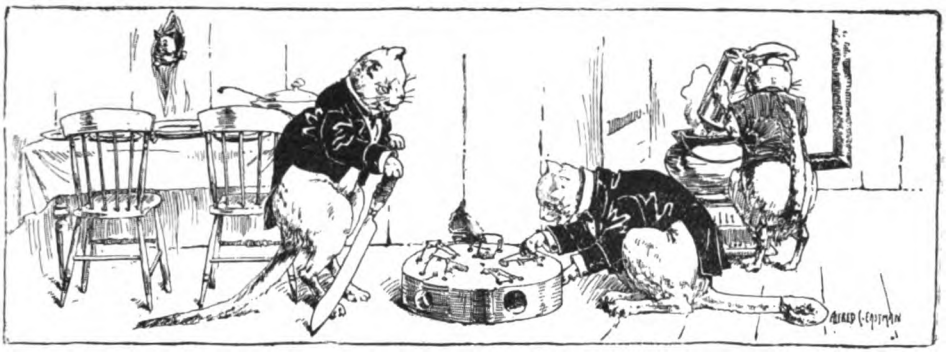
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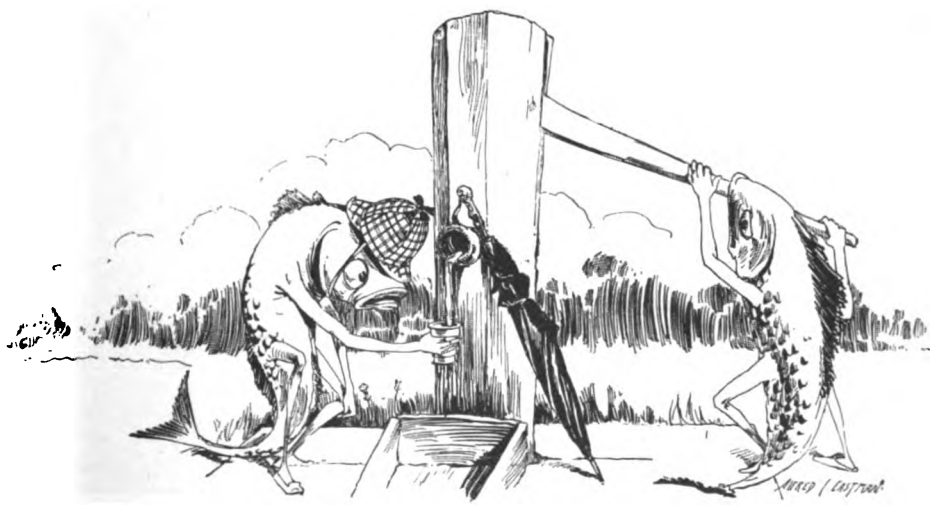
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THE FAIRIES' GIFT.

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THE FAIRIES' GIFT.

LAST Christmas Harriet's grandma came over to spend the day. She brought a red silk bag with a big ball of yarn in it, and a shining set of steel knitting-needles. They twinkled and glinted at Harriet from the top of the bag, as it hung in the sun on the tall post of grandma's chair.

"Dear me!" sighed Harriet. "I'm sure grandma means them for me. Hateful things! It makes me tired to look at them!"

"Yes, dear, it is for you," said grandma, as she saw Harriet looking at the bag. "You know your tenth birthday will come pretty soon."

"Just the same as General Washington's, grandma!" cried Harriet eagerly, thinking of a present she would like very much on that day. "But he didn't have to knit — not as ever I heard of."

"He did his duty, whatever it was, dear," said grandma kindly; "and it is yours to learn to be useful, and help mamma knit and sew."

"Wouldn't it be wise, grandma, if the fairies could bring our stockings and frocks all sewed and knit?"

Grandma laughed. "No, no, my dear! That would never do. But I believe in fairies, too, and if you take hold and knit this yarn

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into a pair of stockings for yourself, — there's just enough, — these fairies I am thinking of will bring you something that you want very much."

"Are you sure, grandma?" queried Harriet.

"Certain and true!"



"But how can they, grandma? Tell me how!" insisted Harriet.

"You'll see." And grandma's eyes twinkled merrily.

A stocking was "set up," and the nimble fingers began their long journey, — "click, click!" The needles seemed to chuckle at the little girl's distress, and Harriet was almost tempted to throw her stocking, ball and all, into the well at the barn. Only the thought of the fairies kept her fingers going.

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At the end of a month grandma "toed-off" the first stocking. Then the ball began to dwindle very fast, and the two big anxious wrinkles above Harriet's nose began to dwindle, too, till finally on her birthday there was but little left of either. She took her bag on her arm and went over to grandma's for another "toeing-off."

Grandma was knitting a double mitten before the fire, and Harriet brought her little chair up to grandma's knee. Away went their needles, — click, click! clatter, clatter! The flames leaped and danced, the coals snapped, the teakettle sang a tune.

All at once there was a "chink" in Harriet's lap. With a shout the little girl hopped out of her chair and went dancing about the kitchen, holding high in her hand a tiny gold locket and a slender gold chain.

"And to think, grandma, 't was right in the middle of my ball all the time!" cried Harriet. "But you said the fairies would bring it, grandma."

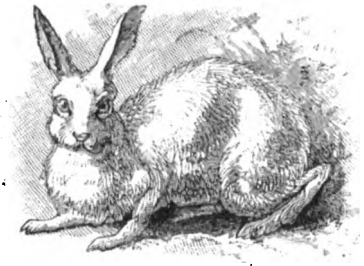
"So they did, dear," laughed grandma, spreading Harriet's brown fingers on her knee. "See, here they are! And these ten little fairies will work greater wonders, if you will let them, than all the fairies in a whole shopful of story-books."

"Just my own fingers, after all!" thought Harriet, as she ran over the snow toward home, her red silk bag swinging on her arm and her "fairy" gift about her throat.

CHRISTINE STEPHENS.



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THE HAPPY MILLWRIGHT.

STONY RUN is full of babble, with a tone for every pebble,
And a whole song for the mossy rock where swiftly down it dashes.
Working like a little beaver, there my six-years' Willie Weaver
Built a dam with flume and gate, where to-day his mill-wheel plashes.

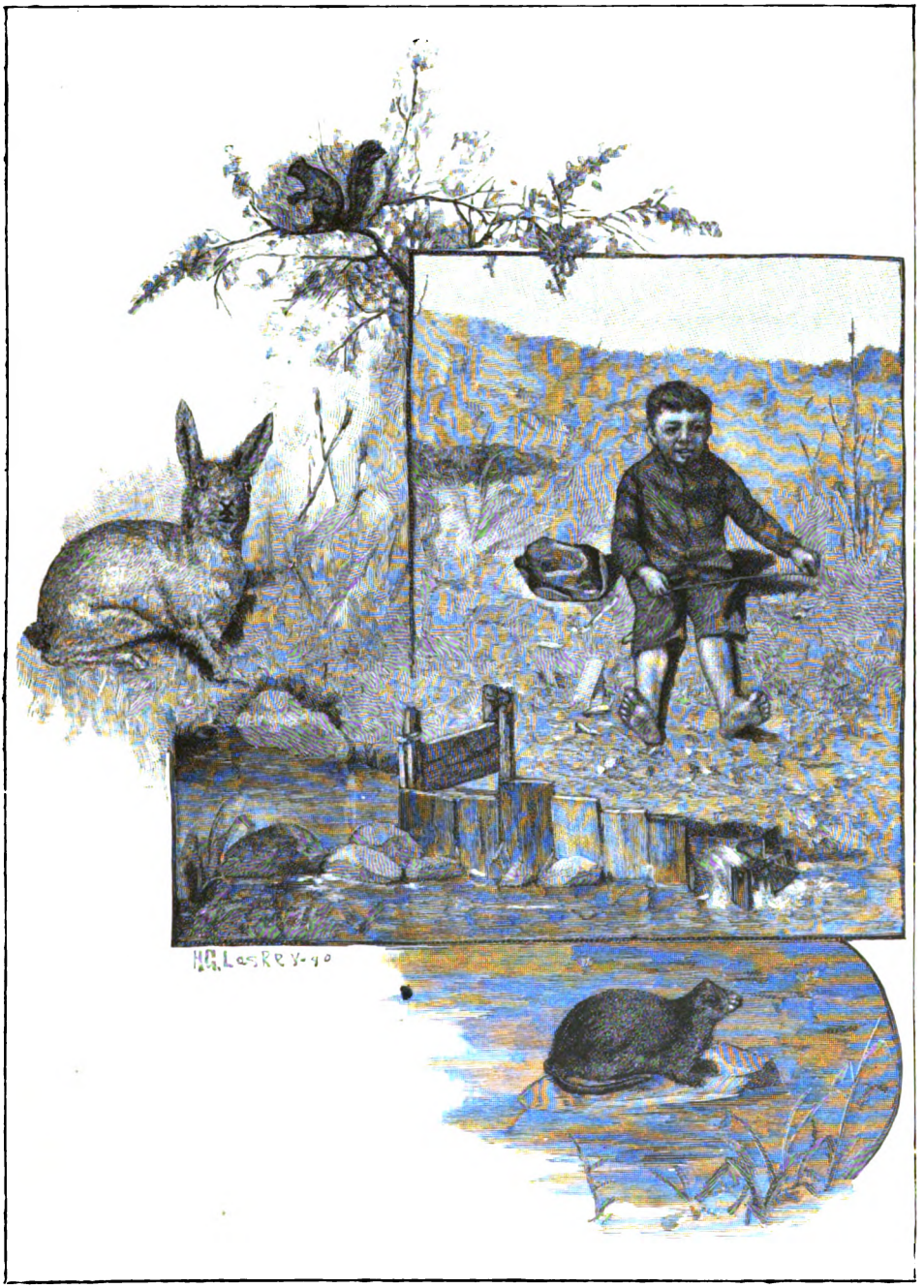
Now, if ever boy was busy, happy in his work, it is he;
And his very water-wheel has, like himself, a jolly laughter!
On the sturdy oak above him squirrel laughs and seems to love him,
And the birds pay merry music for the bath they come there after.

Rabbit thinks that he's another — just a big two-footed brother —
And sits fearless by the mill-race, nibbling at the greener clover.
Muskrat, too, when all is quiet, slides into the pool to try it;
And he thinks — "Now there's a boy we wild things may glory over!"

So the dwellers by the rill are happy with my happy miller,
All whose toll is just the gladness of the creatures that come near him;
Fellow builder, and the gay mate of each winged or furry playmate;
These, that find him true and gentle, learn to love and never fear him.

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

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THE HAPPY MILLWRIGHT.

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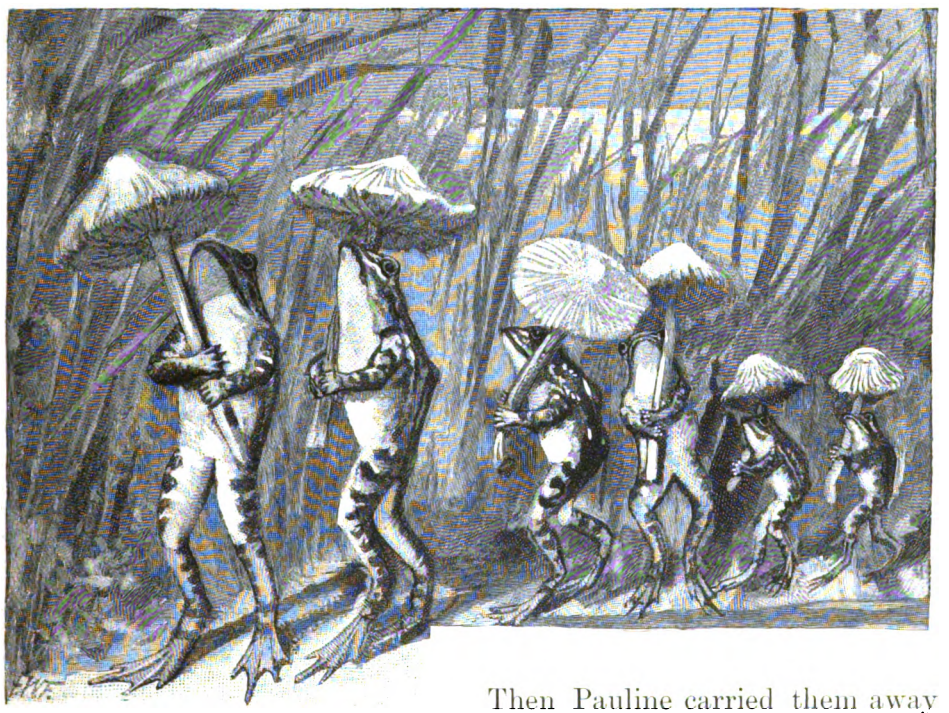
PAULINE'S TAME FROGS.

Last May Pauline went to visit her Aunt Clara, in the city. Of course this was a great treat for her, as she lived in such a lonely country place, without any brothers or sisters, or any children to play with.

Among other things that Aunt Clara took her to see was a lot of tame frogs, who did all sorts of funny tricks. They pleased Pauline more than anything else she had ever beheld.

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Just as soon as she got back to the country she asked John, the gardener, to catch her some live frogs, out of Deacon Greene's big pond. It was several days before he succeeded in getting them, but at last he called Pauline down into the garden, and there he showed her six lovely green frogs. Two were very large ones, two were somewhat smaller, and two were wee baby frogs.



Then Pauline carried them away and went to work with a will. It seemed a long time before papa and mamma found out what their little girl was about. But imagine their surprise when, one day, Pauline took them down to the big meadow back of the farm, and then she showed them six funny frogs. They were hopping on their hind legs, two by two, each one holding over its head a toadstool for an umbrella.

Pauline said the two large ones were grandpa and grandma frogs; the next size were papa and mamma; and the very small ones, the baby frogs.

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It had been hard work to teach them, but Pauline was a very patient little girl, and had a great influence over animals.

H. C. LARNED.



HEPSY JANE

A Walkin' in the Corn.

"I THINK the very mostest of my Hepsy Jane of all the dollies I've got," said little France to her mother, as she sat counting over her treasures of "Christmas past." "Seraphina's lovely, and Lauretta, she's buteful. But my darling Hepsy Jane! I just love her best of all."

And who was Hepsy Jane? Dear grandma's gift to the sweet, cunning grandchild who brightened her rooms from top to bottom with her bird-like snatches of song. She rushed for kisses whenever she and her darling brother Harry came to cheer grandpa and grandma in their quiet home.

Hepsy Jane was a corn doll, all made of corn husks, her very self and all her clothes. Her parasol had a hooked and twisted handle. Her broad sash was painted blue, and fastened with a row of round-headed gilt pins in front. Her bows were blue on her sleeves and breast, and on the top of her corn-husk hat. But although made of husks, she was not at all rough or coarse, but the neatest and finest looking doll one would wish to see.

In Hepsy Jane's hand, too, when she went travelling alone to little France, she carried a note of introduction from grandma, which, if it had been August instead of December, would very likely have been written on husk note-paper. As it was, birch bark had to do instead. This note of introduction pleased France next best to Hepsy Jane herself. It said: —

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HEPSY JANE TO LITTLE FRANCE.

I went a walkin' in the corn,
I caught its rustle in my dress;
The silky tassels from its ears —
I stole them for each auburn tress!
A walkin' in the corn.

My hat and parasol and cape
Have caught the husky rustle, too;
My sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks —
I caught their glow, I'll whisper you,
A walkin' in the corn.

So come with me when fields are ripe
To pay me for this Christmas call,
And both together we will find
Dresses and parasols and all,
A walkin' in the corn!

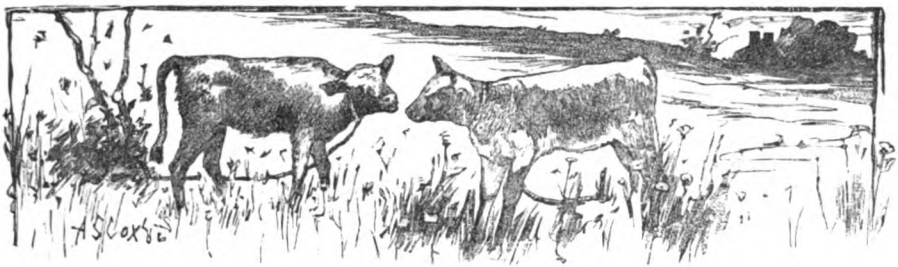
JULIA P. BALLARD.

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CURING THE BLUES.

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CURING THE BLUES.

TEDDIE was cross. He was four years old the day before. Perhaps that was the trouble, for birthdays are quite sure to bring lots of candy to a curly-haired little boy from lots of uncles and aunts. Sweet stuff in a boy's stomach — sad to say — doesn't usually sweeten his temper.

Pollie was not cross. She cooed around Teddie, and patted his face with her little dimpled hands. She didn't mind his cross looks a bit, till he raised his hand, and gave her a naughty little slap right on her soft pink cheek.

That was too much for a two-years old baby to endure. Pollie ran away to find a pleasanter playmate. She didn't run far, for just inside the orchard bars she saw a dear little bossie. Lying down, and brushing the big tears from her eyes, she wriggled in between the bars.

Snippie, who had followed her, wriggled in too. Together they tried to make friends with the brown-eyed bossie. But he was suspicious of strangers, and jumped up with a funny little bleat.

Then Pollie heard a great "moo-oo." Up from the shade of the trees in the farther corner came the angry mother cow to see what was troubling her baby.

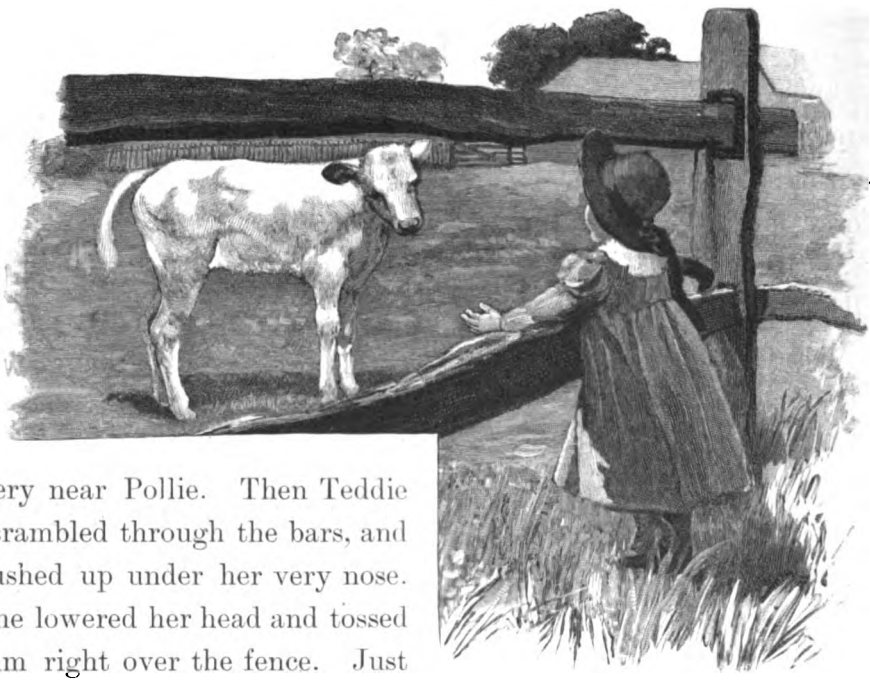
Teddie had been watching her from the barn door with a wee bit of an ache at his heart, as he thought of that naughty slap.

Now he jumped up, shouting, "Run, Pollie, run!" At the same

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time he ran to the rescue as fast as his short legs could carry him. But Pollie stood motionless with fear.

Snip rushed up barking furiously, and was lifted on two horns and tossed over his enemy's back. Then he set his sharp little teeth in the end of the cow's tail, and hung on bravely. But in spite of all that, she was



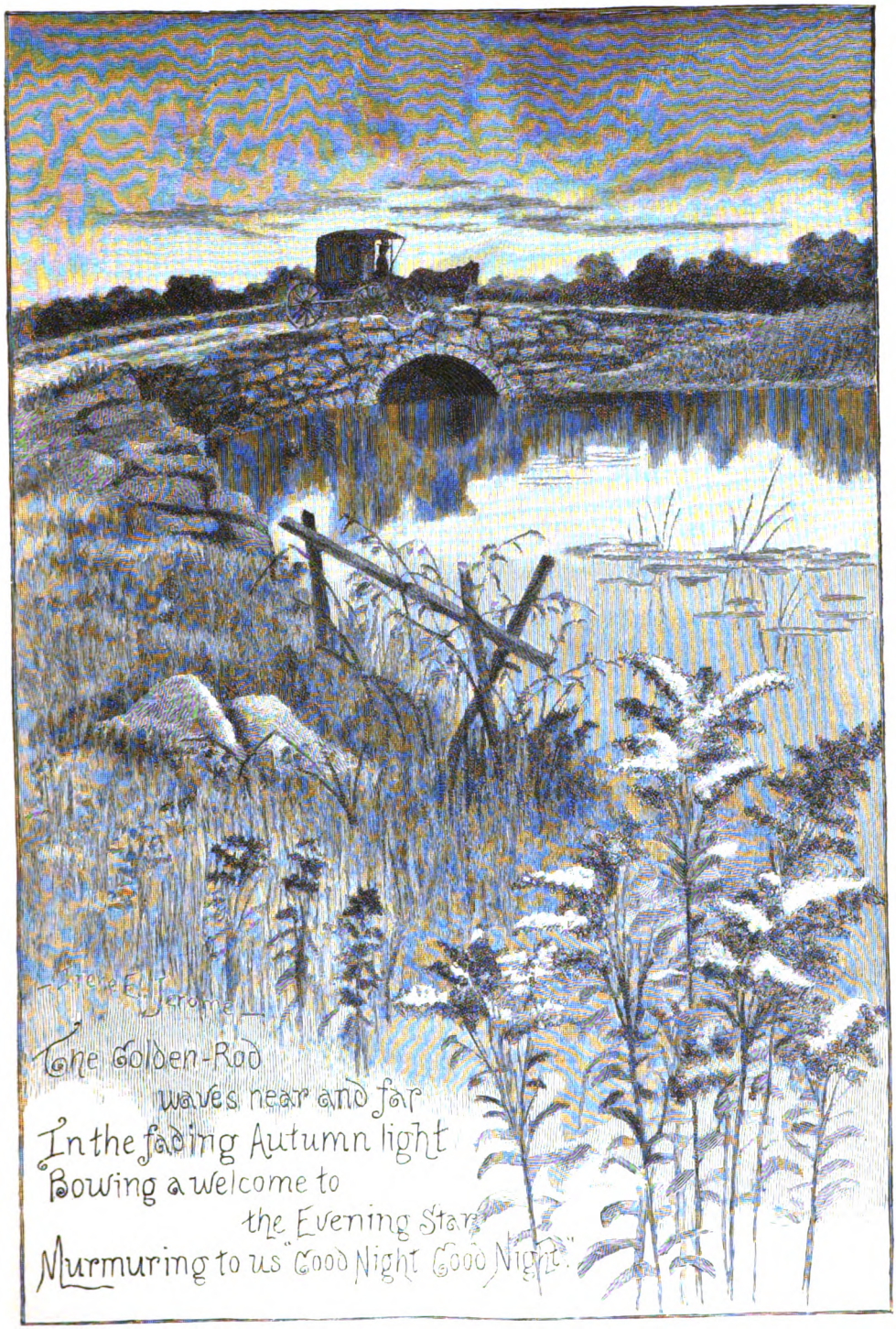
very near Pollie. Then Teddie scrambled through the bars, and rushed up under her very nose. She lowered her head and tossed him right over the fence. Just then papa came running up. He picked up Pollie, and drove the cow away. Then he climbed over the fence to find Teddie in the middle of a haycock, with no worse wounds than a bumped nose.

They all went into the house to mamma, and Pollie and Teddie were kissed and cried over to their hearts' content, and Snip had a big, big, bone.

Teddie wasn't cross any more; for the best way in the world to cure the blues, or the doleful dumps, is to do kind, brave deeds for others.

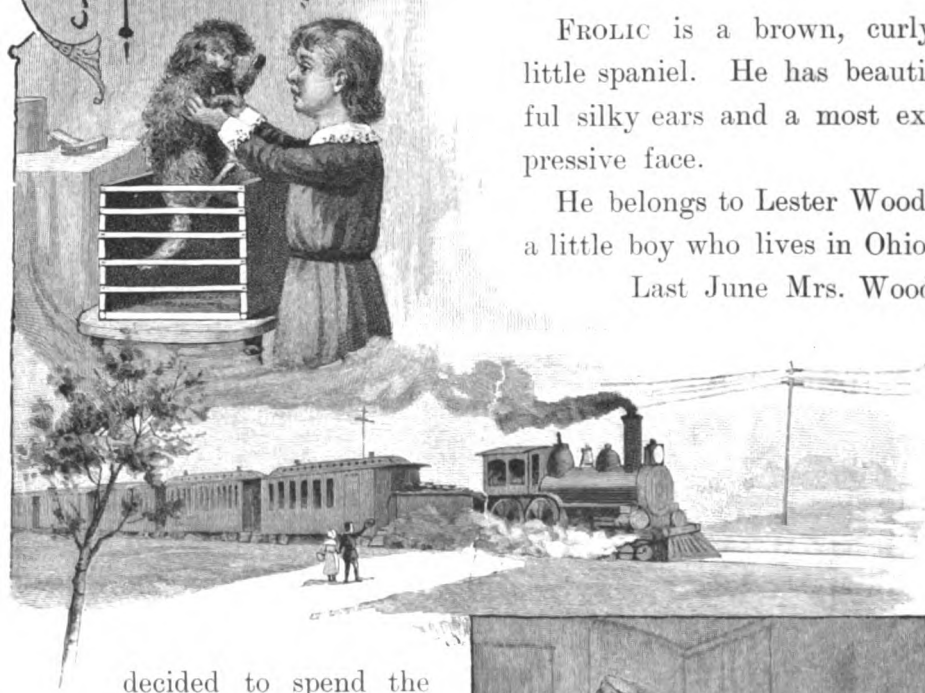
M. L. UPTON.

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How Frolic Traveled



Frolic is a brown, curly little spaniel. He has beautiful silky ears and a most expressive face.

He belongs to Lester Wood, a little boy who lives in Ohio. Last June Mrs. Wood decided to spend the summer in a country place in Connecticut. Of course Lester was to go too. He was delighted when his mother told him of the long, long journey they were to take, and planned to have a merry time in the country, for he had some nice little cousins there. But he did not want to leave his dog behind. Mrs. Wood said, at last, that Frolic could go, but he would have to be sent by express.



It seemed a pity to put the active little dog in a box to stay so

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many hours, but Lester thought it would be better than to leave him behind.



The morning they were to start, Lester took Frolic upstairs where the box awaited him, very reluctantly put him in, and watched his father nail down the lid. There were slats across one end of the box, so Frolic could look out; and Mr. Wood tied a package of crackers to one of them, and wrote in very large letters on the top of the box, "Feed me."

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Frolic cried most dolefully when he found he was a prisoner, and put his little curly head against the slats so he could look out at his little master.

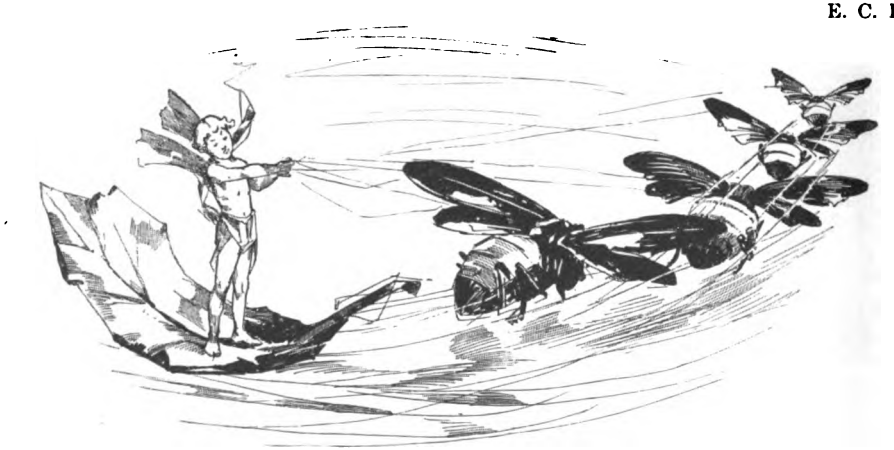
Lester did not have much time to comfort him, for the express-man came, and Frolic started on his journey. Mrs. Wood and Lester started too; and although Lester saw much to interest him, he kept thinking of his sorrowful little dog.

All this time Frolic was in the baggage-car, feeling very ill-used and hungry, too, when the day drew to a close. Every little while he would whine or bark; and at last the baggage-man peeped into the box and spoke to him kindly. He must have read the large letters, too, for he opened the package and threw in some crackers, which comforted the little dog very much.

The next morning they all arrived in the village where they were to spend the summer.

I think there was never a happier boy than Lester, nor a gladder little dog than Frolic when he was released from his tiny prison. Frolic barked, and barked, and jumped upon his little master, and wagged his little tail with joy; and Lester patted Frolic, and all the little cousins thought Frolic the most lovable little spaniel in all the world.

E. C. L.



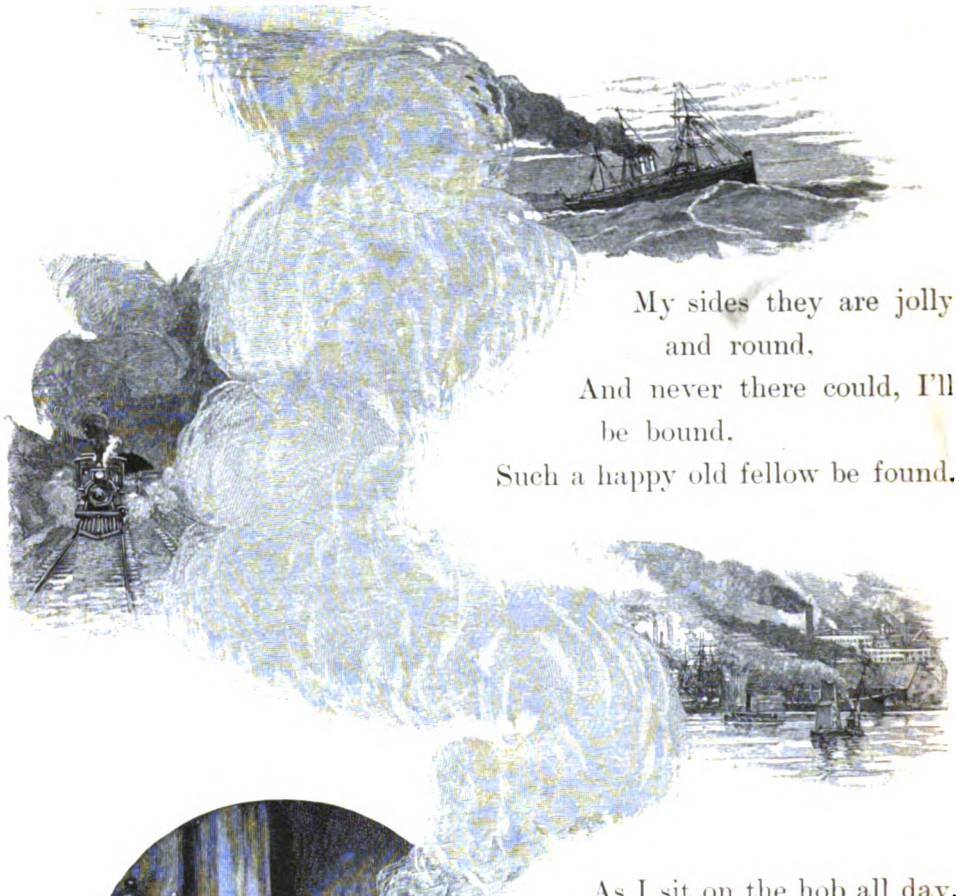
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THE SONG OF THE TEAKETTLE.

Oh, I am a teakettle fat;
And, merrily singing away
A song that is full of contentment and mirth,
I sit on the hob all day.

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My sides they are jolly
and round,
And never there could, I'll
be bound,
Such a happy old fellow be found.



As I sit on the hob all day,
Singing, singing,
Merrily singing;
Oh, merrily singing away!

Dear grandmother loves me well,
And oft by the fire will sit,
While many a stocking long and
round
Her aged fingers knit;

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And she joins her voice into mine
In accents quavering and fine;
A ditty of Auld Lang Syne
She croons, as her fingers knit,
Knitting, knitting,
Busily knitting, —
We sing as her fingers knit.

I'm only a teakettle fat;
But under my bobbing lid,
'Twas discovered long years ago by a lad,
A famous old giant had hid.
'Though fragile and fair to the sight,
Yet a giant of wonderful might;
And when men learned to use him aright,
Ho, ho, what wonders he did, —
Flashing, dashing,
Around the world flashing, —
Ho, ho, what wonders he did!

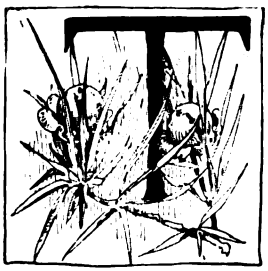
The steamer that ploughs the deep,
The train with its iron steed,
The whirling looms and busy mills,
All moving with lightning speed.
These all are the wonders of steam,
Who, awakened by Watts from his dream,
Rushed forth with a whistle and scream
To work with lightning speed, —
Working, working,
His duty ne'er shirking, —
A famous old giant indeed!

NELLIE M. GARABANK.

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ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — I.



THERE were tears and trouble in Robin Boy's house. The nursery, which was generally as full of sunshine and song and laughter as a very merry little boy could make it, was as dark and dismal as if a cloud had blown suddenly across the sun. All this was because Robin Boy had tumbled downstairs and hurt his arm so badly that the doctor said he must stay at home, and not go to the kindergarten for a great many days. And Robin Boy did love to go to the kindergarten!

The doctor was Robin's uncle; and when he saw the little face he loved grow still and sober, and the blue eyes brim over with big tears, his own kind face was sober, too, for a minute. Then he smiled and pinched the round cheek nearest to him.

"See here, Robin Boy," he said, "be a good little man and don't cry. I shouldn't wonder if a certain fairy I know, who lives not very far from here, would pay you a call and give you something to think about as good as all those crinkum-crankums you have at the kindergarten!"

This made Robin Boy laugh.

"You just look under your pillow in the morning," said uncle doctor, "and see what you find!" and he went away nodding merrily to his little nephew. And the sunshine came back to the nursery again as bright as ever.

The next morning, waking with the light, Robin Boy put his hand under his pillow and pulled out a folded paper with these verses printed on it in big black letters:—

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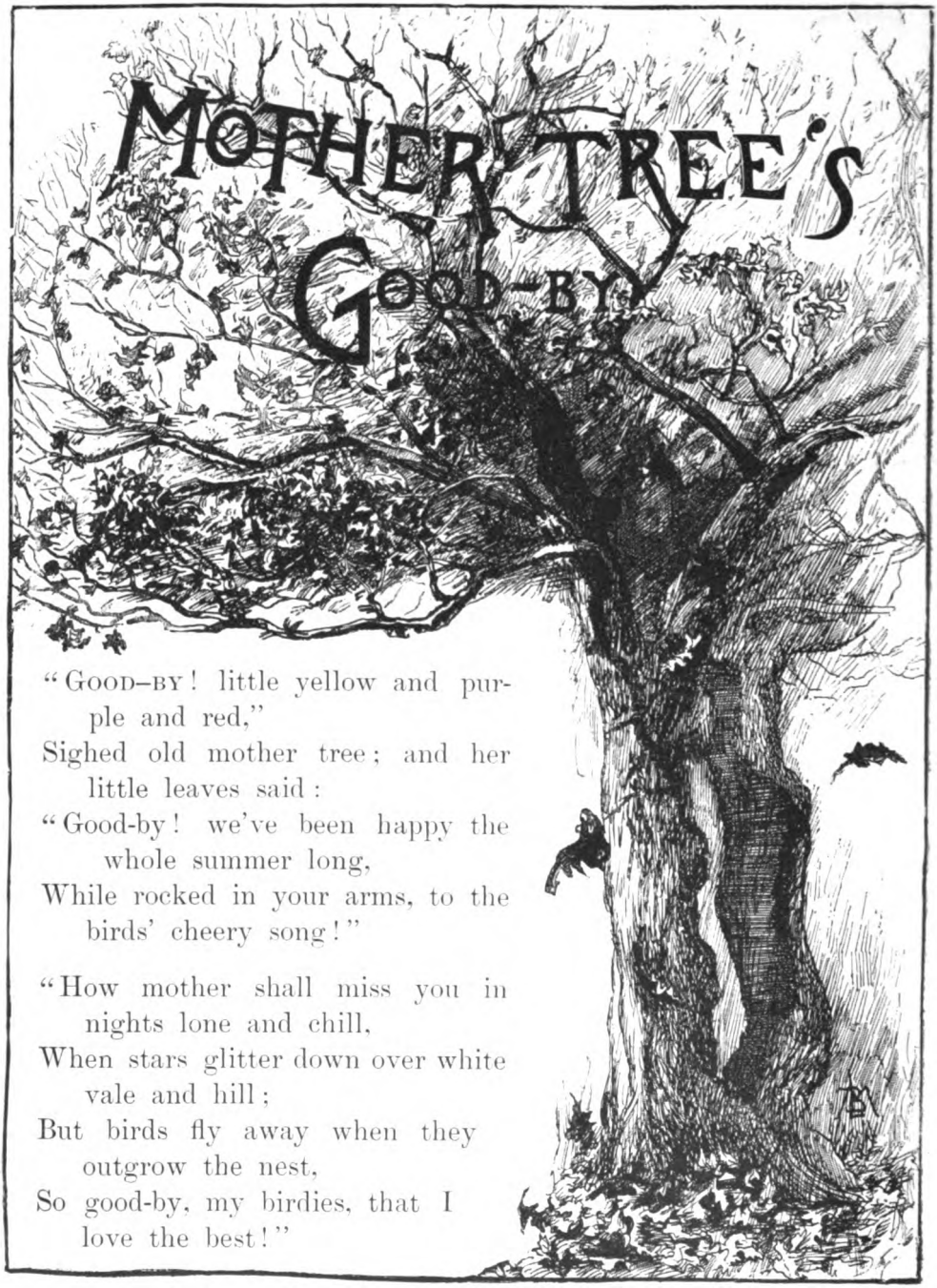
"Look for me high and low
As over the house you go.
Once I was pink as a rose,
Once I was green, I suppose;
Now I am round and red,
With a hole in the top of my head.

You will love me, I think, very much:
My cheek you will tenderly touch;
But, alas, I am sure, before night
That beautiful cheek you will bite,
And leave nothing of me any more
But some shiny black beads on the floor!"

"What can it be?" said Robin Boy.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

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"GOOD-BY! little yellow and purple and red,"
Sighed old mother tree; and her little leaves said:
"Good-by! we've been happy the whole summer long,
While rocked in your arms, to the birds' cheery song!"

"How mother shall miss you in nights lone and chill,
When stars glitter down over white vale and hill;
But birds fly away when they outgrow the nest,
So good-by, my birdies, that I love the best!"

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They fluttered away, with the hurrying breeze,
To dance and to play, as their fancies might please;
A few took a sail in the shivering brook,
And some hid from sight in a lone woodland nook.

Oh! when they had gone, how the old mother tree
Repined that her darlings might back with her be.
She reached out her arms in the eve's misty gray,
And sighed, "Oh! my pretties, don't all from me stay."

But those that went sailing the brook, gay and free,
Came back never more, — they were lost in the sea;
And those that were dancing soon wearied of fun,
And longed to see mother before set of sun!

"Oh, could we go back again!" whispering said
Wee yellow and purple and bright, pretty red,
"We'd sleep at the foot of our dear mother tree,
For no home more loving and quiet could be!"

GEORGE COOPER.

THE COW IN THE PANTRY.

BELLE, with her family of dolls, and mamma, with her mending-basket, sat on the bench under the big maple one lovely Indian summer day. Papa and the boys were away in the field digging potatoes, and the cows were eating the fall feed in the meadow back of the house.

Mamma mended and mended. Belle played and played. All at once they heard heavy steps in the kitchen.

"Who can it be?" said mamma.

More steps, then crash! rattle! bang! Crockery and tin-ware seemed both going to smash together.

Mamma rushed into the house. There she found the black cow had come into the kitchen; then, smelling the cold boiled vegetables

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in the pantry, had gone in there, knocked down the great platter of them, tipped over a pile of tin pans, and was soon feasting among the ruins.

Mamma stood behind her and shouted; but the pantry was too narrow for Old Black to turn around in, and she kept on with her feast.



"You might take hold of her tail and pull her out!" suggested Belle, peeping in at the door.

Mamma didn't try that, but went out-doors, and, opening the pantry window, thrust a long stick fairly into Old Black's face. She finally backed out, knocking down more pans, and tipping over a pail of buttermilk as she did so.

Mamma had a sweet time cleaning up, and Belle cried because they could have no hash for breakfast.

M. C. W. B.

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MY DOLL ROSA.

A TRUE STORY.

I HAVE a doll whose name is Rosa. She is not my only doll, for I have Lily, and Pearl, and Tommy, and others. But Rosa is the largest of all. She is almost as large as I am. Sometimes when she is sitting in my rocking-chair, people who come to visit mamma say they thought when they first saw her that she was a real live little girl.

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Rosa is as much as twenty years old, and she seems just like one of our family. My mamma had her when she was a child, and one day when she was carrying her along a street in Boston she fell down and cracked Rosa's head. But the crack was mended, and when mamma got older she gave Rosa to Cousin Mabel, who lives in Brooklyn. Then, when Cousin Mabel grew up, she sent the doll to me. Here are some verses which Aunt Arria wrote and put in the box along with Rosa when she was sent from Brooklyn to Boston. Bonnie means me. My name is Blanche, but papa and mamma call me Bonnie.

"My dear little Bonnie, how do you do?
I'm little Rosa Bell, come to see you.
I'm not a new dollie, — that you will see. —
But I'm as good to play with as ever can be.
I lived with your mamma a long time ago,
When little, like you, and surely I know
She loved me; but when she grew older, she'll tell
How she sent me away to Cousin Mabel,
Who has kept me so long I got tattered and torn,
My hair was out, my clothes were all worn;
So grandma took me to get a new wig.
And when it was on she said, 'It's too big.'
But the French woman said, 'It's the tip of the style.'
And I'd get used to the bang if I'd wear it a while.
I never am naughty, or pout, or cry,
But smile on the children, sitting quietly by,
Dancing and jumping, doing just as they say,
Making them happy day after day.
Use me carefully, Bonnie, or I might break;
And keep me a long time for Cousin Mab's sake."

I love Rosa very much. Not long ago mamma had our pictures taken together, and I send one with this to show how Rosa looks. I was so happy I could not keep from smiling.

FRANK J. BONNELLE.

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A WILD INDIAN.

When I was a very little girl I lived with Grandpa and Grandma Smith, in a little log-house, in the wild woods.

One evening grandma and I sat on the door-step waiting for grandpa to come home. He was off in the forest chopping down trees.

It was almost sunset when some one walked out from the trees and stood before us. Was it grandpa? Oh, dear, no; it was a big, tall Indian, with his blanket wrapped around him, and moccasins on his feet.

He had a bundle of willow twigs in his arm.

Grandma turned very white, and trembled, while I clung to her, too frightened to cry. We had never before seen "a wild Indian."

He looked at us very solemnly for a moment, and said, "You frightened? Me no hurt."

Then he told grandma that he had broken his knife cutting the willow twigs to make baskets; and he asked her to give him an old knife.

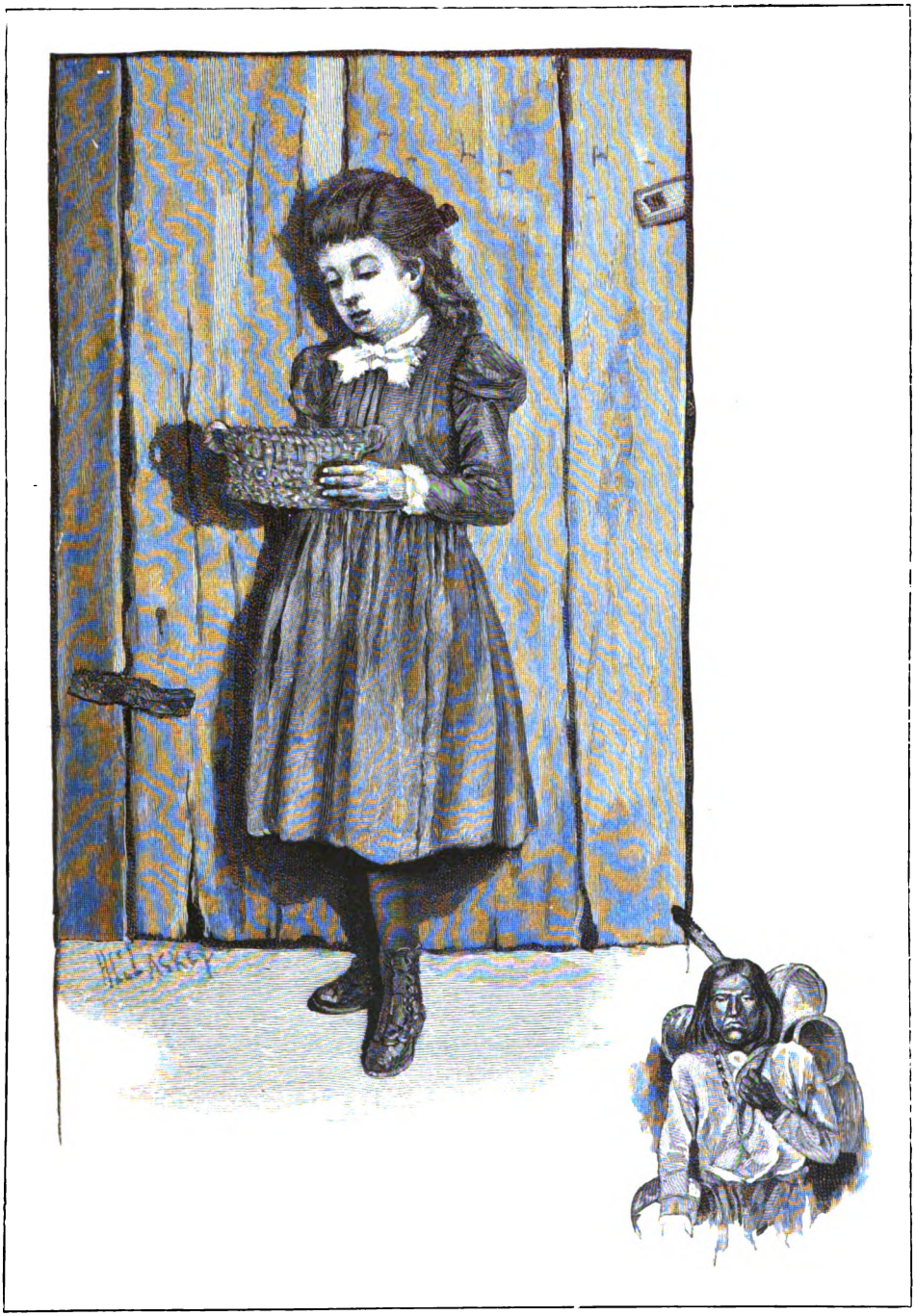
She went into the house and brought him out an old knife and a bowl of sweet milk.

He drank the milk; then took the knife, examined it, and stuck it into his belt.

He then looked at us and said, "You good woman. You kind to poor Indian. Indian never forget." And he turned away, and went off into the woods.

When grandpa came home, he told us that there was an Indian village about seven miles back in the forest. The Indians made baskets, and took them to town to sell or trade for other things. He thought this must have been one of them.

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A WILD INDIAN.

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We often saw Indians after that, but we were not afraid of them.

Long after, when I was about eight years old, an Indian basket-peddler came to our house. Grandma bought a basket from him, but when she offered him the pay for it, he would not take it.



"No. no," he said; "one day a long time ago you gave an Indian a knife, and milk to drink when he was tired. He told you the Indian never forgets. Here is this basket for the little girl. She was a baby then." And he gave me the loveliest little basket you ever saw; I have kept it ever since.

AUNT FLOY.

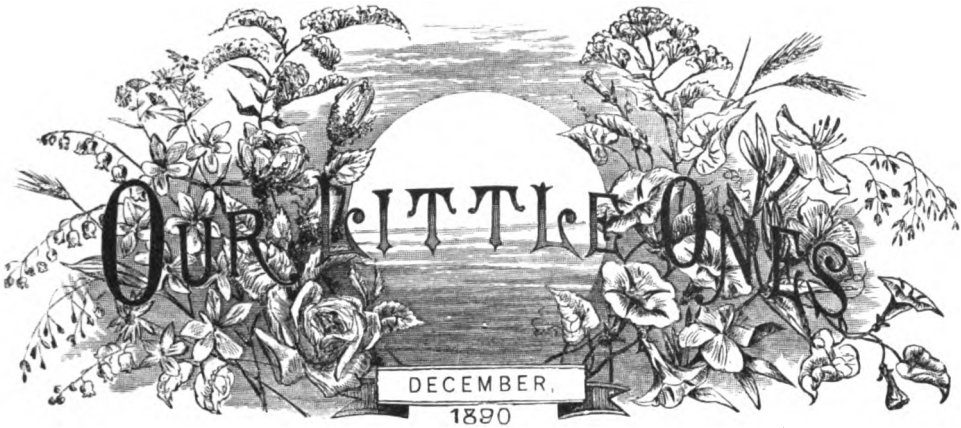
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WHAT THE STAR THOUGHT OF IT.

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WHAT THE STAR THOUGHT OF IT.

HA! What are you looking at, little star?
Because, after all, you're up so far,
You cannot be sure I am not asleep.
I just drew the curtain enough to peep.

I was sent to bed for nothing at all.
I say it was mean! When I threw my ball
Quite over the house, as I thought, and then —
Smash! bang! it would go right through the pane.

I wish you would shut your eye, little star,
I'm tired of looking to see where you are;
You make me feel shame that I ran away;
And I might have gone somewhere else to play.

Oh, you do not think I was sorry enough?
Well, I couldn't make of myself such a muff,
As to go to mamma before all her friends,
And tell her the trouble. But I'll make amends.

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Too bad poor Ponto got blamed 'cause I said,
"Perhaps, maybe he broke it with his head;"
I did not mean it for sure, you know:
'Tis very queer how crooked things go!

I will go to mamma this minute and say,
"So sorry I was naughty, and ran away.
If you'll kiss and forgive me, I'll go to sleep." —
And then, little star, your watch you may keep.

MRS. A. D. BELL.

A BRAVE BABY.



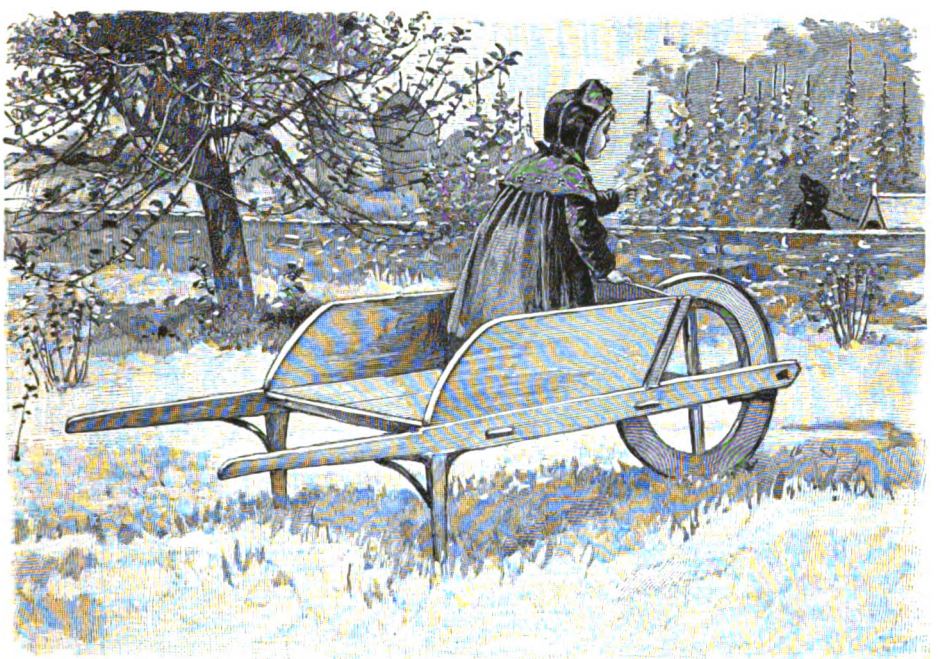
LITTLE HELEN saw her papa at work down in his garden one bright spring morning, and she left the window and begged to go to him.

Mamma put on her little hood and coat, and let her run. But when she was half-way across the lawn, Miss Baby stopped in sudden fear.

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There was a big, fierce dog in the next yard, in plain sight over the low fence, and he was barking loudly.

Poor little Helen was afraid to move, and she began to cry. But papa saw her trouble, and called her.



"Come, Baby," he said; "the dog cannot hurt you."

Helen had a great deal of faith in her papa; so she summoned all her courage, and ran down the garden. Then papa took her in his arms to the fence, and showed her that the dog was fastened with a strong chain.

Then Helen laughed in great glee. She climbed upon her papa's wheelbarrow, and began barking back.

"Bow, wow, wow!" said the dog; and,

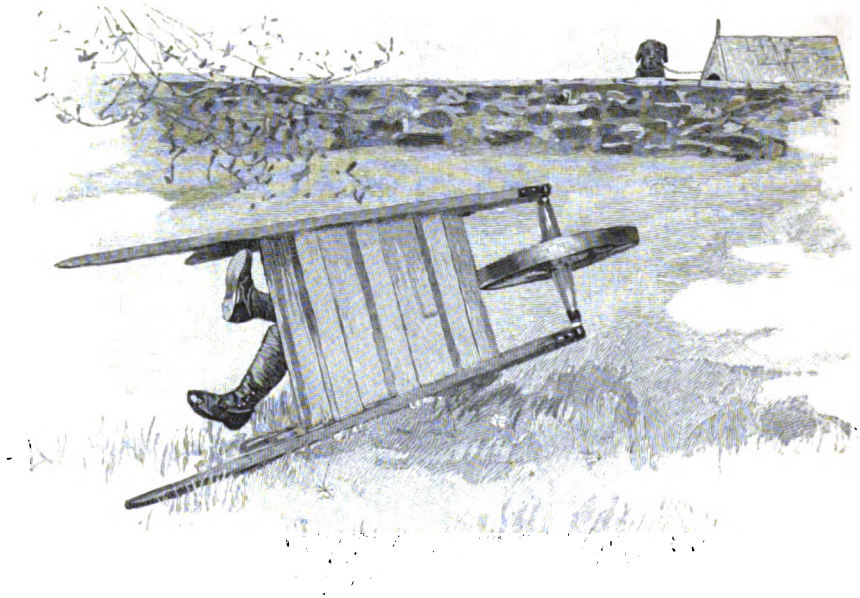
"Wow, wow, wow!" answered Helen.

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This was great fun. But suddenly Helen's voice was hushed, and the dog had it all his own way.

What had happened? Papa hurried forward, but all he saw was two little feet with rubber shoes on, sticking out from under the upset wheelbarrow.

Baby had been too much astonished to cry when she turned over



in this way. Papa set up the wheelbarrow and picked up his little girl.

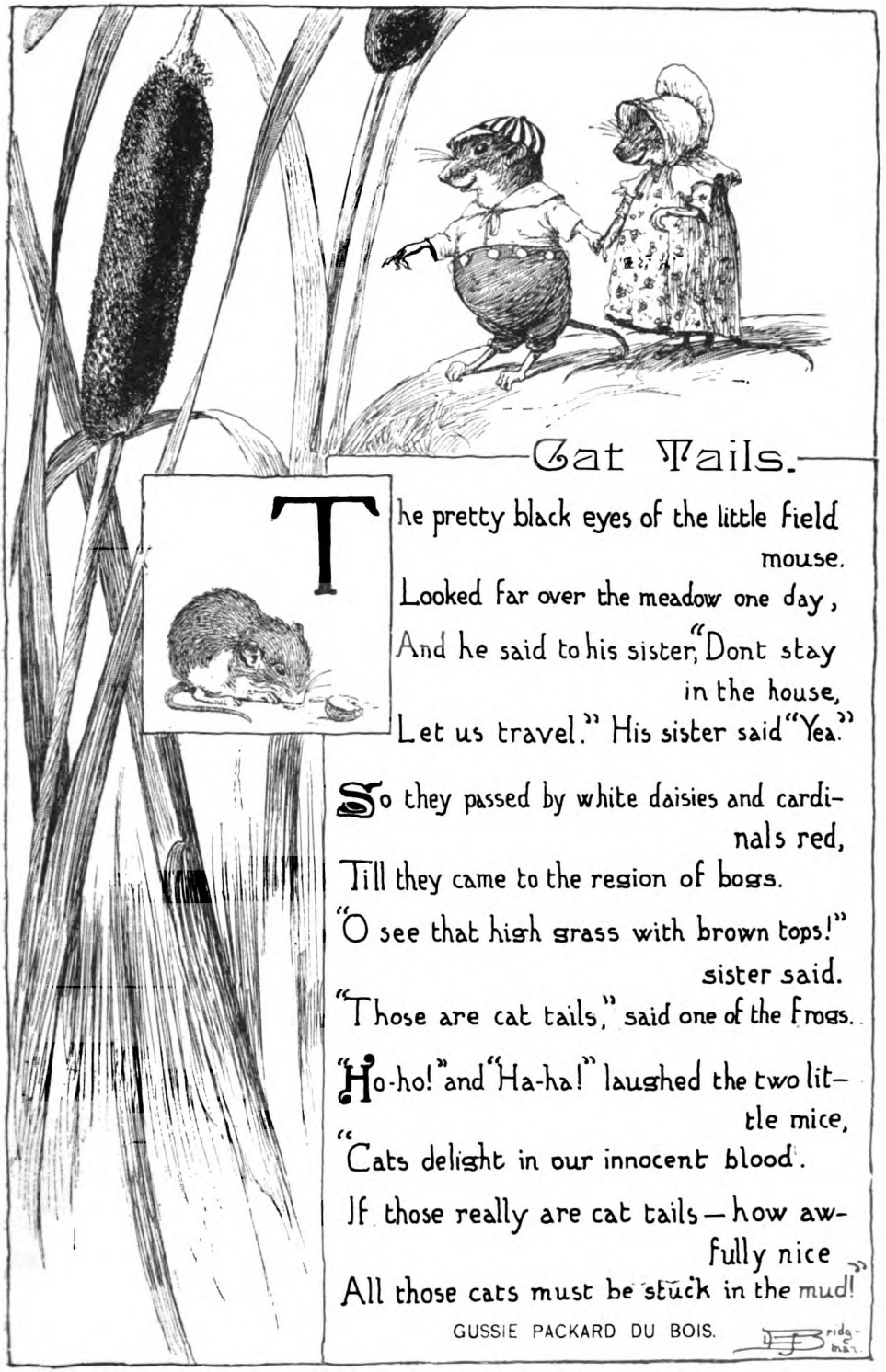
He laughed as he did so, and Helen laughed too: and in a minute up she climbed on the barrow again, calling out, —

"Wow, wow, wow!"

It was such a funny picture that I want it copied in OUR LITTLE ONES for all the babies to see.

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.

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Cat Tails.

The pretty black eyes of the little field mouse.
Looked far over the meadow one day,
And he said to his sister, "Dont stay in the house,
Let us travel." His sister said "Yea."

So they passed by white daisies and cardinals red,
Till they came to the region of bogs.
"O see that high grass with brown tops!" sister said.
"Those are cat tails," said one of the Frogs.

"Ho-ho!" and "Ha-ha!" laughed the two little mice,
"Cats delight in our innocent blood.
If those really are cat tails — how awfully nice
All those cats must be stuck in the mud!"

GUSSIE PACKARD DU BOIS.

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A THANKSGIVING STORY.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and Gracie and her mamma went out to make some calls.

They were not exactly calls. Mrs. Miller was trying to collect money for a poor family, and Gracie was always pleased to be her mother's companion.

She listened very attentively to the story about the poor man who had been hurt by a fall. He would not have much of a Thanksgiving dinner, unless kind people gave money enough to buy one for him.

In a short time money was given, and Gracie went with her mother to order the dinner. She longed to do something herself for the poor family, and as she listened to the order she heard nothing said about bread.

"Now, we always have bread at dinner," thought Gracie. "Mamma has forgotten it. I will buy it with my own money."

Gracie had ten cents that she had saved to buy a doll's hat, and without telling any one what she meant to do, bought a loaf of bread, and carried it to Vine street, where Mr. Jones lived. She was not quite sure of the house, but she knocked at the door of the poorest-looking one, and a girl of her own age came to the door.

"I've brought you some bread," said Gracie, shyly. "My mamma sent the turkey and other things for your sick papa, but she forgot the bread, and I have brought it."

"Oh, thank you ever so much," said the little girl; "I haven't any papa, or mamma either, and grandma has been too sick to get anything for to-morrow, but she will like this nice bread."

"Does Mr. Jones live here?" asked Grace.

"No, he lives on the corner. Oh, if this bread was for him we must not take it," and she handed it back to Grace.

"Yes, you must keep it," said Grace; "I bought it with my own money, and Mr. Jones has all the other things, you know."

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When Gracie had told her mother what she had done, Mrs. Miller went out again with a little basket full of good things for the little girl and her grandmother.



Gracie enjoyed her Thanksgiving doubly when she thought of the poor families on Vine street.

M. A. HALEY.

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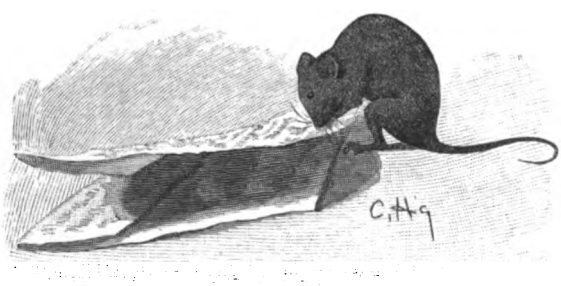
THE MOUSE NEST.

"O MAMMA, I just don't know what to do! I've thought and thought till my head whirls, and I can't think of one single thing to say," exclaimed Bertie Nelson, as he rushed into his mother's presence one evening after school.

"Why, my son, what do you wish to say, that you are so excited about it?" asked Mrs. Nelson, as she dropped her work to listen to Bertie's complaint.

"Why, you see, mamma, the teacher said we must all write a — a — a compression for next Friday. I've got to write about mice, — and now what can I say? There will be a pretty book given to the one who does the best."

"I think you mean a composition, Bertie, and I am sure that will be an easy subject for you. You can make a very interesting story by telling of the little gray thief that steals into mamma's cupboards, trunks, and boxes nights, after everything is still, and nibbles all that is good to eat, and gnaws holes in everything. You can tell about the frosted birthday cake that was set away on the top pantry-shelf to dry not long ago, and the next morning was found all covered over with tiny tracks, with the pretty candies that spelled a little boy's



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name all nibbled and dragged out of place. You can tell of the sugary trail across the shelf that enabled us to trace the thief to his den. But the opening was too small to admit us; so we have put a shrewd detective, named Tabby, on his track, and hope soon to report his capture."



Inspired by his mother's words, Bertie produced a very creditable composition for an eight-year-old boy. Folding it carefully, he laid it away in a corner of the book-cupboard, where he often put things for safe-keeping. When Friday came, and he went to get his paper, it was gone. The whole family joined in the search, but it could not be found; and the disappointed little boy had to go to school without it, as there was not time to write another.

A month later, when Mrs. Nelson was cleaning house, she found a very pretty little mouse-nest in the bottom of an old barrel, made of tiny bits of paper and cotton closely packed together. The writing on the strips attracted her attention; and, after carefully matching several pieces, she discovered it to be Bertie's lost composition. There were six tiny mice cosily sleeping in the nest.

"I believe that old mouse stole my composition to build a house for her family just because I wrote about her naughty tricks," said Bertie, as he ran to catch Tabby. "I'll pay her for it now; I'll let Tabby eat up her whole family."

LAURA C. GIBBONS.

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Two Greetings.

TROTTIE is five years old. She lives in a lovely home over the sea. Here is her first letter to a dear aunt in America: —

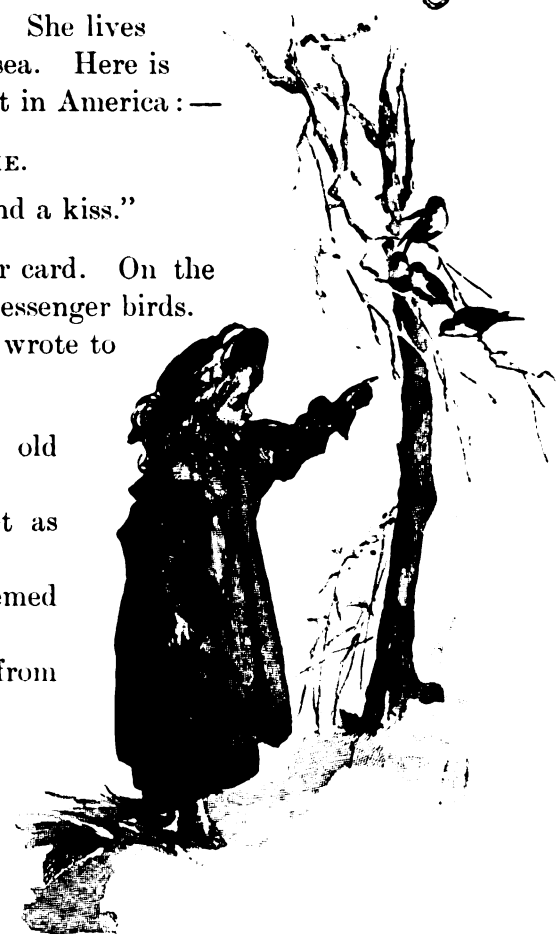
"AUNTIE ANNIE.

"With Trottie's love and a kiss."

This is on one side of her card. On the other are the little brown messenger birds. And this is what her auntie wrote to Trottie: —

"A little bird sat on an old dead tree,
And his song was as sweet as a song could be;
As I listened to him, he seemed to say,
I bring you a message from far away.

"'Tis a message from Trottie, "A greeting with love,"
And a kiss, too, she sends by a carrier-dove;



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And this is the news she has asked me to tell, —
She has learned how to read, how to write, and to spell.'

"And soon other birdies came fluttering down,
So prettily dressed in quaint russet and brown.
They hopped and they chirped, and all seemed to say,
'Love, kisses, and greetings from far away.'



"Oh, sweet is your message, you dear little bird!
The sweetest, the dearest to me, that I've heard!
Now, fly away back, far over the sea,
And take little Trottie 'a greeting from me.'

"And perch, then, oh, birds, on the dear old lime-tree,
Which in Trottie's garden you can't help but see;
Sing all together, and all of you say,
'Love, kisses, and Happy returns of the day.'"

A. L.

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GERTRUDE'S PET.

GERTRUDE'S home is in the pine woods of Florida. As she has no little girls to play with, she makes playmates of the birds and animals. She calls them her menagerie. One of her pets is a razor-back pig, and his name is Peter. With the other pigs he wanders all day in the woods, digging with his snout under the soft moss for roots. When evening comes they all run home for their supper.

Gertrude has a pretty pail made out of a gourd, which she fills with ears of corn. With it swinging on her arm, she walks out to see Peter. She climbs on a fence, and sitting there waits until he finishes his supper.

Peter is very funny-looking, for he is yellow, and his nose is about half a yard long, and his back is a sharp ridge. He soon sees Gertrude, and knows the corn in her pail is for him. He plants his feet on the fence and lifts up his snout to be fed.

The other pigs have found out that Peter has something extra every meal. Sometimes they play a joke upon him. Just as he takes the ear of corn, two pigs bite his legs, which makes him jump. He drops the corn, and one piggy picks it up and eats it. Then Gertrude hands poor Peter some more. As he takes it, the pigs again bite his legs. He drops the ear, and the other pig gets it. So, silly Peter goes to bed without his dessert.

Gertrude heard her mamma say that pigs eat snakes. As there are many near her home, she is teaching Peter to walk home with her to protect her, and then go back to his pen alone. Now she goes home with her pail on her arm, leading Peter by a strap.

NINA STEVENS SHAW.

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GERTRUDE'S PET.

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ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — II.



PSTAIRS and downstairs and in my lady's chamber" went Robin Boy, looking for the wonderful Thing his verses had told him about. There was a pin-cushion in mamma's basket that he seized upon first. It was round and red, and had a hole in the top where a button was sewed on.

"But would you like to bite my pin-cushion?" asked mamma, laughing. And Robin Boy made a wry face and said, "No, indeed!"

All day long, wherever he was, in the parlor, or the nursery, or the dining-room, his bright eyes were busy hunting for the Thing. But it was late in the afternoon before he found it.

"Please, Robin, go and see what time it is," said mamma. Robin had just learned to tell the time, and was very proud to be able to do this errand. He trotted downstairs as fast as he could, holding to the banister with his well hand.

"Five o'clock," he said, seeing the big hand at twelve and the little one at five. Then he turned to go away, when something made him stop and shout with delight. There It was, on top of the clock! He knew it in a minute, — a big, big, round, rosy apple!

Under the apple was another folded paper, and these were the verses printed on it: —

"Through the air, so fast and high,
Like an eagle, I can fly.
Yet I'm not like any bird
You have ever seen or heard.
Though I have a tail and wings,
Feathers have I none, but strings;

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And unless you help me fly,
Helpless on the ground I lie.

"Look to-morrow, if it's fair,
You shall see me in the air.
Take me out upon the hill
Some fine morning, if you will,
Hold me tight, — I'm strong and gay,
And perhaps I'll fly away!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.

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ROBBIE'S CHICKEN.

HARRY found it in the woods, one day last summer; a little yellow chicken, not quite out of its shell. How it came there Harry did not know, but he picked it up and carried it home to his little brother.

As soon as Robbie saw it he stretched out his hands towards it. From that time to this it has been his especial pet. He carries it about all day, and even wants to take it to bed with him at night;

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but his mamma will not allow that. He pats it and kisses it, and calls it his "dear little birdie."

Whenever Robbie has a piece of bread or an apple, he tries to poke



some into his chicken's mouth; but it never eats anything, not even a crumb.

Sometimes, when Robbie squeezes it too hard, chickie will give a little "peep." That is the only sound it ever makes, even when Robbie throws it on the floor to see it "jump."

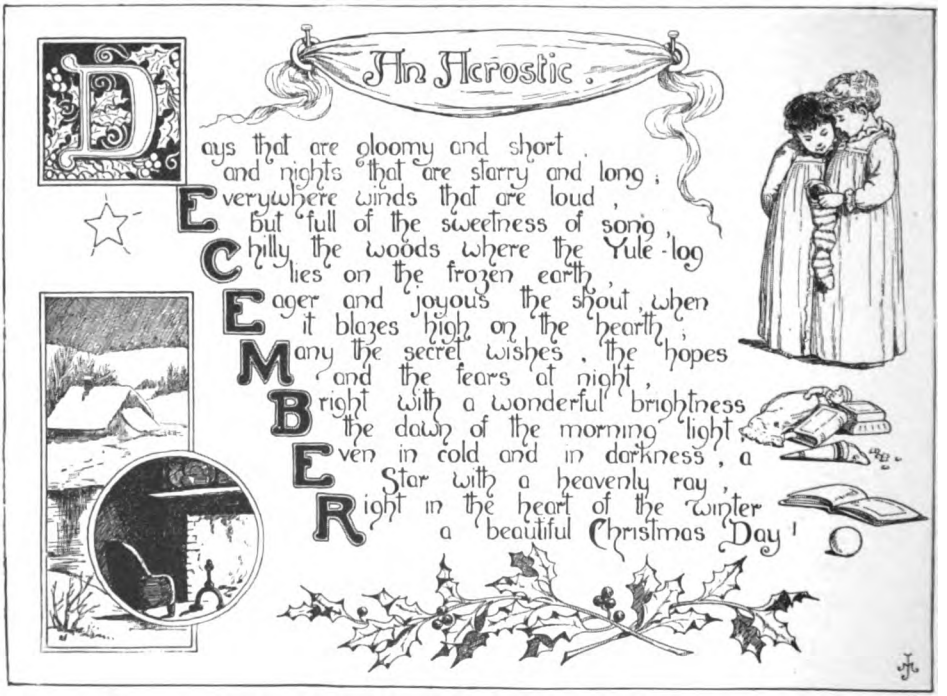
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One day, Robbie thought his chicken needed a bath, and he put it in the wash-bowl. His mamma quickly came to the rescue, and carefully wiped the little wet thing, until it was quite dry, and so no harm was done.

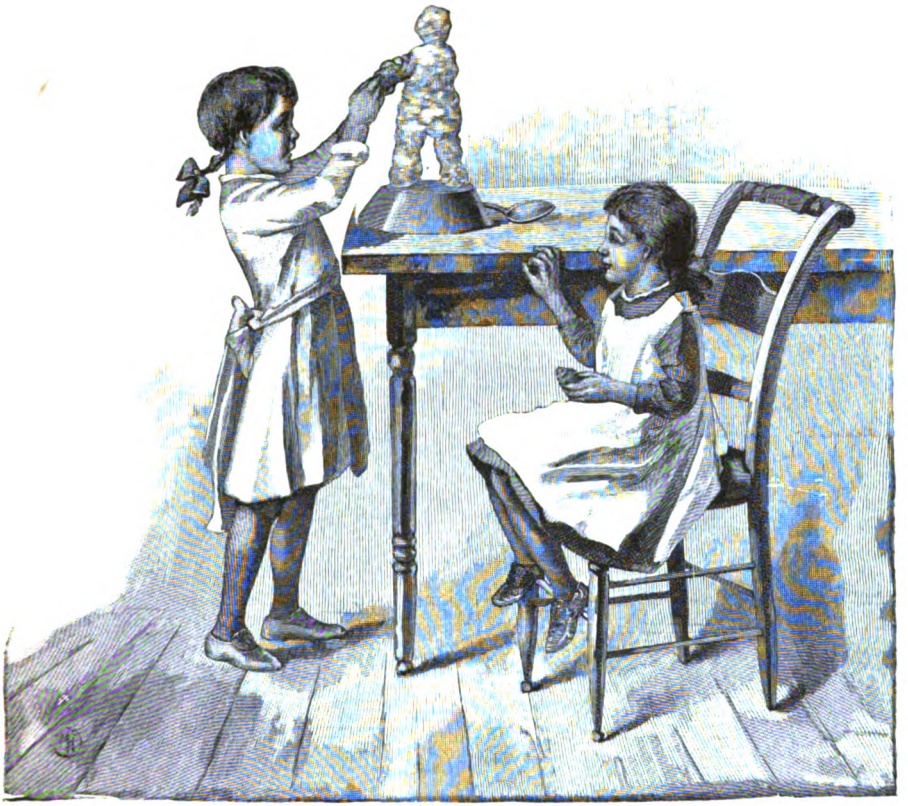
It is several months since Robbie's chicken became one of the family, and Robbie is as fond of it as ever.

As for chickie, it seems to like to stay, for not once has it ever tried to run away. It is just the same dear little chicken that Harry found in the woods. It has not grown a bit, and there is not the sign of a feather on its little round head. In fact, it is not yet quite out of its shell, for this little chicken is made only of rubber.

C. O. L.



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THE POP-CORN MAN.

Two little girls, 'twas plain to see,
Were full of fun as they could be;
Said Kate, "Let's make a pop-corn man;
I saw one once: I know we can."

They worked with most persistent will;
It took much patience, tact, and skill;
They worked until the clock struck one;
Then stood him up; the man was done.

They then fell to with might and main,
And ate him up, yes, every grain.
Dear mamma smiled, "Too bad! I see
You're little cannibals," said she.

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"We're cannibals! What can she mean?"
Said Maude. "They're something we've not seen."
"Don't you know why? I know," said Fan;
"Because we ate the pop-corn man."

MRS. J. S. LOWE.



One day last autumn, when chilly days first came on, Baby Winfred wakened with a hoarse cry. The young mother's heart was filled with fear. The dreaded croup had come, and she was alone; there was no one to send for the doctor.

Just then sober old Sally, the tortoise-shell cat, came slowly up the garden-path from the barn. The mother remembered that Sally had been trained to carry notes to the store, — grandpa's store at the foot of the lane, — she had never been known to fail in carrying them safely.

Calling old puss, she hastily wrote, "Send the doctor at once; baby has croup." She tied it about the soft, plump neck, and said, "Run, Sally, as fast as ever you can! Run on the fence; hurry and give it to grandpa!"

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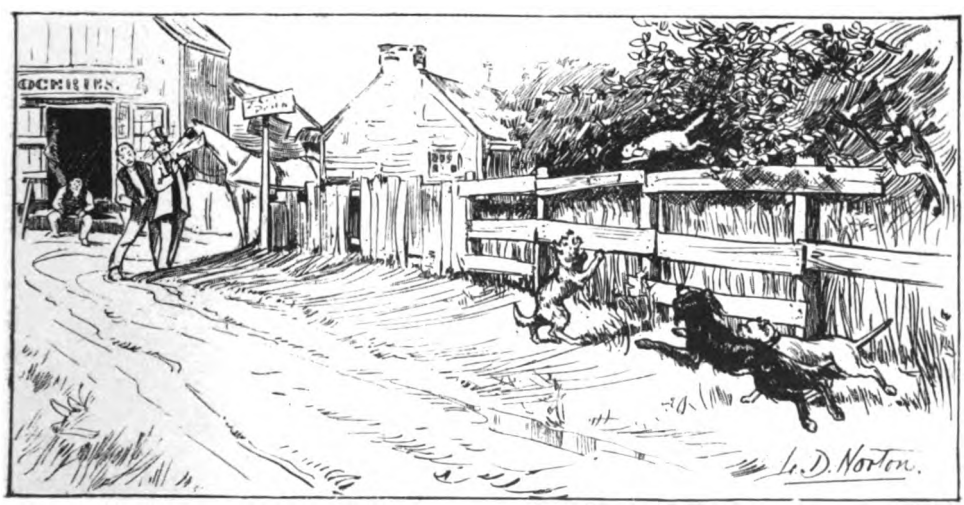


Off went Sally, never minding the barks of impertinent dogs or friendly calls of her relations, and the doctor was in the house in ten minutes.

"I was on the street," he said, "at the store door, when old Sally came running on the fence as fast as her four feet could carry her. I feared there was trouble, and waited till she could reach us. I think Sally has never forgotten how I took fish-bones out of her throat with pincers. She always seems so glad to see me."

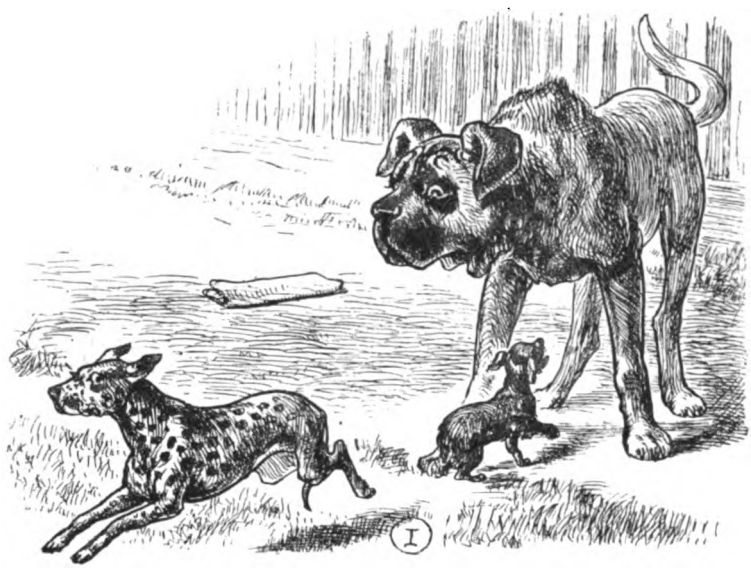
The very next day Sally had a new collar; on it was engraved, — "From baby to his faithful postman."

F. P. CHAPLIN.

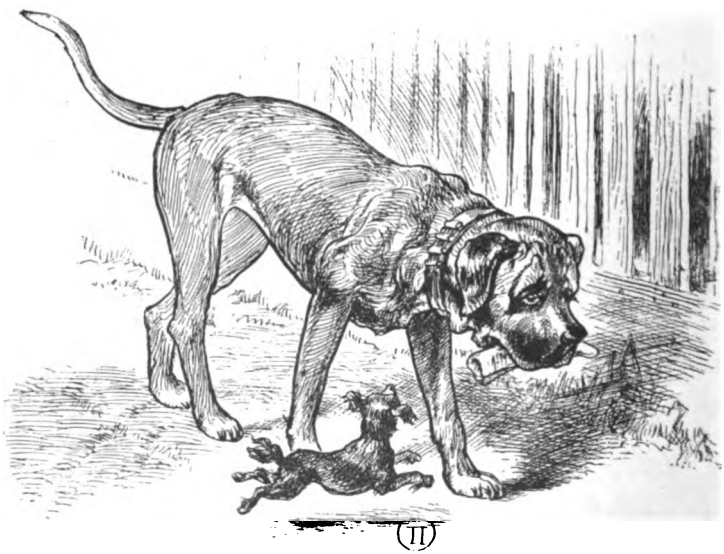


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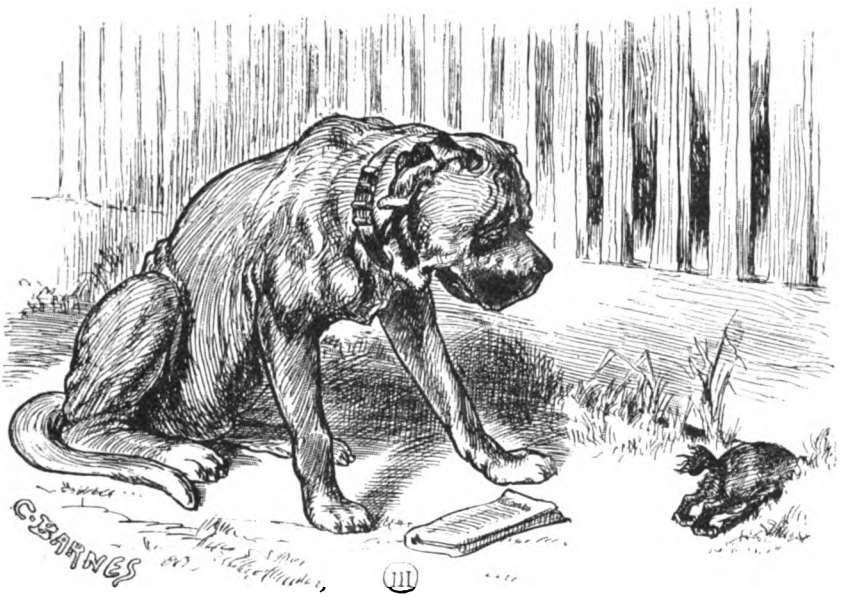
DUKE.



DUKE is a very large dog, and as good as he is large. He never teases other dogs, and seldom barks, except, perhaps, in the night, when he thinks he hears some one who has no business to be about. Every morning he goes down to the news-stand in the village and brings up the paper in his big mouth. He never pays any attention to other dogs on the way, no matter how much they bark and run at him, but trots right along just as though he did not see or hear them. But one day a little curly-haired poodle



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was playing on the street, when a coach-dog began teasing and biting him. Just then Duke came up. His big heart swelled with anger on seeing the coach-dog abusing one so much smaller, and dropping the paper he rushed at the coach-dog, who fled in terror.



The little poodle appeared to feel very grateful to Duke for coming to his aid, and ran round and round him, barking, to show his gratitude. Coming to a small hole under the

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fence, the poodle seemed to tell Duke to wait a minute. Going under, he soon returned with a bone which he held up to Duke as a reward for his kindness to him. We don't know what Duke thought about this, as we do not understand dog-talk; but we do know that Duke always does what he thinks is right, whether he gets a bone for it or not.

JESSIE RODMAN.



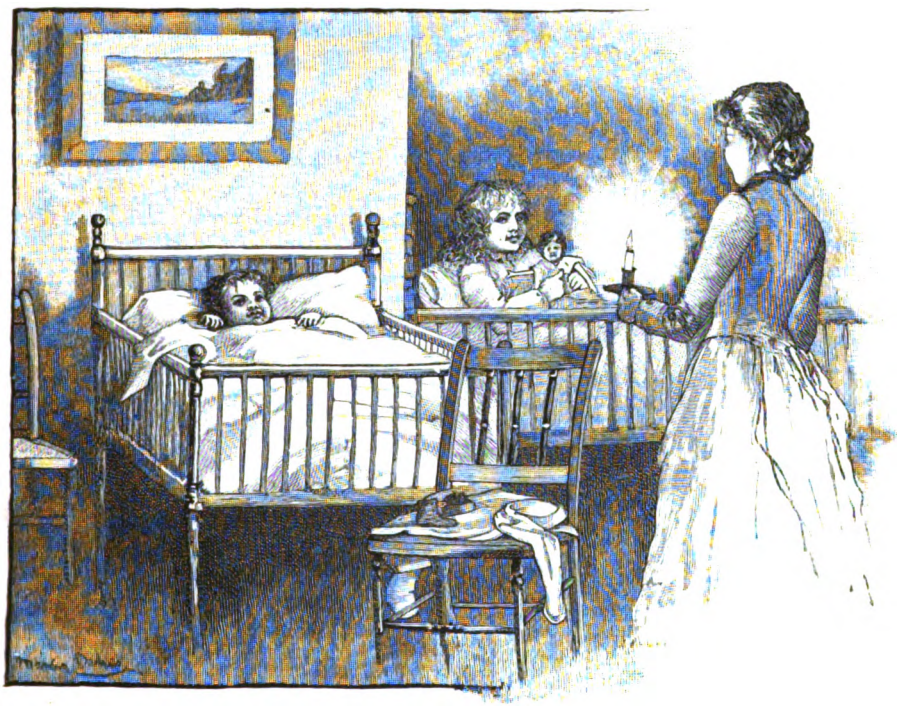
A SURPRISE FOR MAMMA.

"MAMMA," said Ruth, "we are going to surprise you."
Mamma didn't pay much attention, because she was busy putting

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away the bread, and only said, "Run upstairs, dear, and play until I come to put you to bed."

So up the stairs climbed Ruth and Allen with a great deal of laughing and whispering.



Pretty soon mamma got through with her work; and as she went upstairs she said to herself, "Oh, dear, I am so tired! I wish those children didn't have to be undressed and put to bed; but it seems so quiet up here that I am afraid they are in mischief.'

But only think! when mamma opened the nursery door, she saw two little heaps of clothes on the floor, and four laughing blue eyes on the pillows. Two little heads bobbed up from the bed, and Allen said, "Mamma, aren't you glad we surprised you?"

Mamma thinks she would like to go to that kind of surprise parties every day.

AUNTY ROBIN.

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THE MINISTER'S CAT.

It's a pretty big story, but it's true, and the minister will tell you so. It is about Deborah, the minister's cat. She was a fine large tabby, with three white stockings, two green eyes, and a wise old head.

Once upon a time, Deborah had six little blind kittens, and they and their mother lay fast asleep in a round basket behind the stove in the minister's study.

Deborah was sleeping so hard that when Mr. Neal, the milkman, came into the room she only pricked up her left ear and then went on snoring. She did not know that Mr. Neal had come to borrow her to kill off the rats in his house. Indeed, she did not know that he had any house, or any rats, either. He lived a mile away across the plain, and she caught her rats nearer home.

But Mr. Neal knew all about Deborah. He had not for years sold milk at the parsonage without hearing what a famous mouser she was; and he said now to the minister: —

"Good-evening, Mr. Fenn. I've called this stormy night to ask if you'll be kind enough to lend us your cat."

"Certainly," answered the minister, laying aside his pen; "only you'll have to take her family too."

"Of course," said Mr. Neal; "and I'm glad that she has the kittens; they will keep her happy."

Mr. Neal had brought a great, strong bag, and by the help of the minister he put Deborah into it, — basket, kittens, and all. She tried her best to get out, but Mr. Neal tied up the bag and held it firmly while he walked to his wagon. There he dropped the bag into a box that stood under the seat, and fastened down the cover. Then he drove away.

"Poor Deborah can't see where she is going any more than her blind kittens can," thought the minister, with a little smile as he turned from the window. "I hope she won't be homesick, for I'm sure she could never find her way home. Why, why, the ground is really getting white with snow!"

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Presently he sat down again to his sermon, and he wrote, and he wrote, till everybody else in the house was asleep. All at once he was



startled by a sound from the porch. It was the mewing of a cat. He threw open the door, and in ran Deborah, carrying in her mouth a kitten.

"Dear me, Deborah, can this be you?" he cried, in great surprise.

She dropped the kitten on the rug at his feet and ran out before

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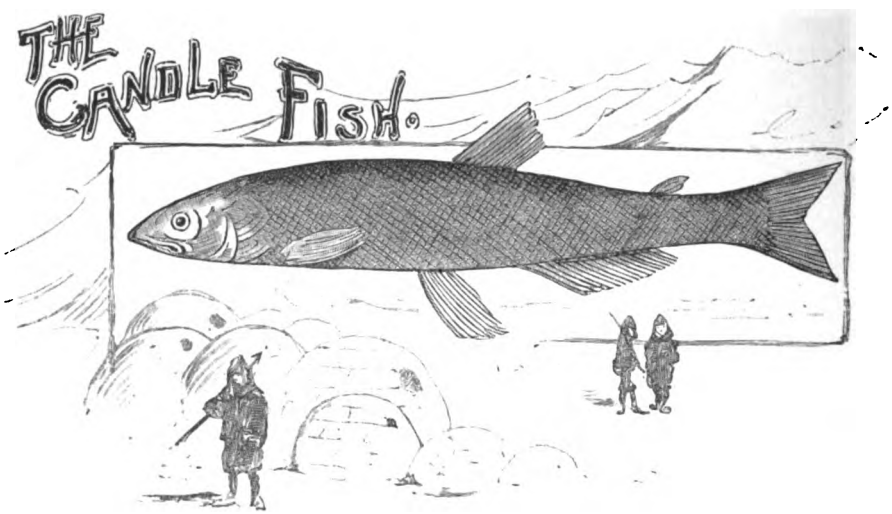
he could close the door. He put the little wet, cold kitty on a warm cushion, and went to bed; but he was wakened from his first nap by another mewing upon the porch. Deborah had come with her second kitten. An hour or two later she came with the third, and by the next noon she had taken them all home, — all six of them.

Soon Mr. Neal followed, bringing the empty basket.

"I thought I must return it quickly or Deborah would come for it," said he, laughing. "You may tell her that I've bought a rat-trap, and I'll never disturb her again. A puss that'll travel eleven miles in the snow for the sake of getting her family back to it's old corner, deserves to live in peace."

Now, isn't this a pretty big story? I shouldn't have dared to repeat it if the minister hadn't told it to me himself.

PENN SHIRLEY.



Of course, whenever it is night, people must have some sort of a light to see by. Among us, lamps, gas, and so on, are used. But what do you suppose people do where there is nothing of this kind? Why, in some places they use one thing; in others, another. In Alaska, and other far-away lands to the north, all they have to do is

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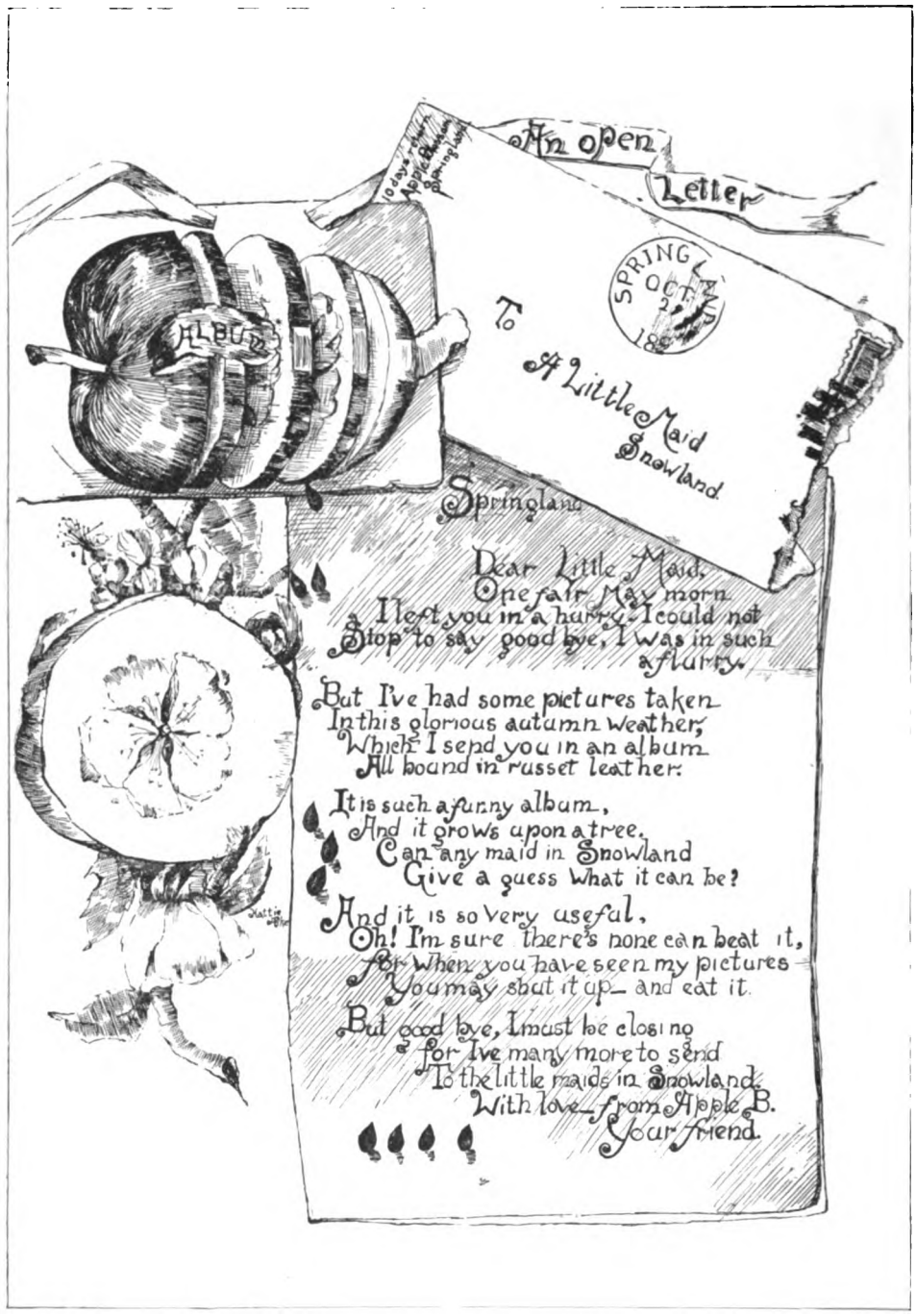
to set a candle fish on fire, and they have a good, clear light which will last more than an hour.

The candle fish is about ten inches long, and somewhat the shape of our slender smelt. It is very fat, and just the thing to make a lamp of. The natives fasten it in a rude kind of candlestick made of strips of white-oak and set it on fire. They light it at the head, and it burns steadily away, down to the very tail.

Of all the queer ways of making a light to read or sew by, I think this is the queerest. Nature seems to provide almost everything needed by the people in the place where they live. The candle fish is so oily that it cannot be preserved even in alcohol. The nights at the far north are very long, and if it were not for this fish the people would be most of their time in entire darkness.

L.

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A NEW SANTA CLAUS.

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A NEW SANTA CLAUS.

If I were dear old Santa Claus,
So brave and kind and true,
I would not always come and go,
In such a rush, — would you?

I would not ride upon the roofs,
With such a precious pack;
Nor all night hurry up and down
The chimneys hot and black.

I'd drive my little reindeer team
Along the public road;
And when I met a boy or girl,
I'd tarry and unload.

Or, if it happened to be late,
And small folk all abed,
I'd tap upon the window pane,
And nod my jolly head,

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And cry, "Wake up, you sleepy thing;
Wake up, and let me in!
It does seem strange I cannot come,
Without this horrid din."

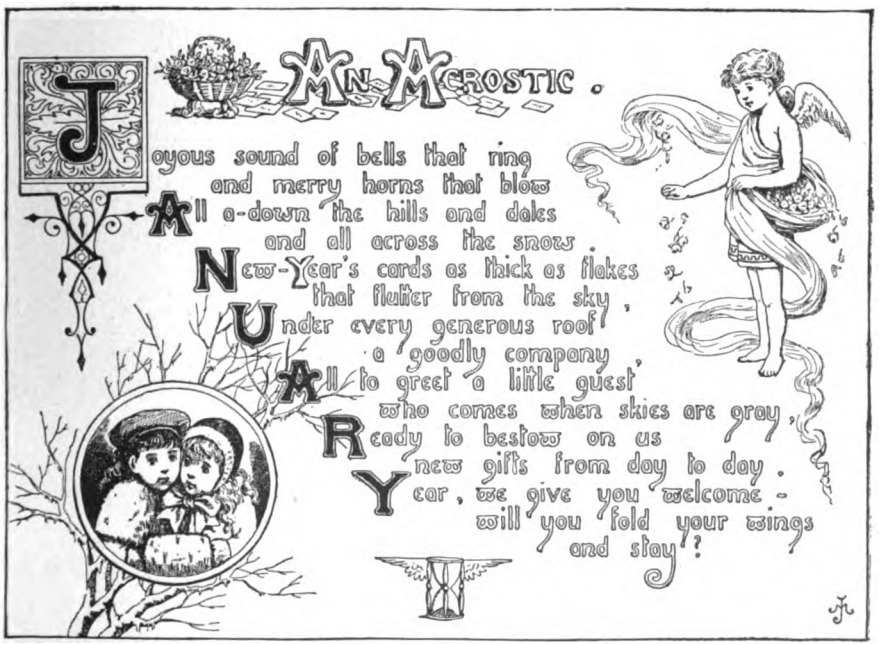
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And when the stockings all were filled,
I'd sit and chat awhile,
And crack a Christmas joke or two,
To make the children smile.

But our dear Santa never comes
When we are wide awake,
That we may see his funny face,
And hear the sleigh-bells shake.

And though he's kind and wise and good,
And generous as can be,
It seems to me old Santa Claus
Is fond of mystery.

J. GERTRUDE MENARD.



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PUSSY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

LITTLE Tom was delighted when he came downstairs on Christmas morning and saw the pile of presents on the chair under the stocking which hung from the mantle in the sitting-room.

The stocking was full, too, and it took Tom some time to empty it.

"Everybody in the house has given me a present, Pussy," he said to the old cat, curled up on the rug before the fire.

He showed Pussy all his things, and she seemed to take a great interest in them. But when Tom put her in his new cart to give her a ride, she jumped out and ran away.

"Let her go," said Tom; "she is the only one in the house who did not give me a present."

Later in the day, when Tom was playing with his building-blocks, Pussy came into the room with a little white kitten in her mouth.

She looked all around until she saw the cart. In it was a soft

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PUSSY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

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sealskin cap which Tom's Aunt Sarah had given him. Pussy walked slowly across the room and dropped the kitten in the cap.

How Tom shouted! He thought Pussy the most wonderful cat in the world.

"She has brought me a Christmas present," he said. "Just see, mamma, what a pretty present."

Mamma smiled, but said nothing, for she knew Pussy and her kitten had been driven from the cellar, and that Pussy had thought the cap a warm nest for her little white treasure.

But Tom always said the kitten was Pussy's Christmas present to him, and he gave it the best of care until it grew big enough to take care of itself.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



A STOLEN GLIMPSE OF ST. NICHOLAS.

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JAPANESE SHOES.



I WONDER what the poor boot-blacks, if there are any, do in Japan where all the people wear bamboo shoes, and wooden sandals which never need blacking?

In the houses they go without shoes.

One of the queerest sights in the streets of Japan is the old and new, the large and small shoes, which are seen outside the doors of the houses where they are left.

These shoes make a great clacking noise, and there is a separate place in them for the great toe. The wearers step in and out of them so quickly that they hardly stop to do it.

In the house the Japanese sit or lie on the floor when they rest, and never walk unless with very clean feet.

When they travel they take several pairs of shoes in case the old ones give out. Well they may do so, as they cost only a cent and a half a pair.

MRS. G. HALL.

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A CHRISTMAS PONY.

UNCLE'S house was partly burned many years ago. Dandy went through the fire and water and came out scorched and scarred. He was put away in the garret, for his beauty was gone, and he could no longer be called a "dapper little pony." For twenty years he had stood in the darkest corner of the garret, though he would have made an excellent scarecrow in cherry time.

Christmas was near, and a little boy had sent a letter up the chimney to Santa Claus, asking for a "rocker horsey."

His mamma thought it would be nice for Charlie to have the very same horse which she rode when a little girl, so she had Dandy brought down and concealed for a few weeks in the cellar.

The first thing she did was to strip off his hide, which remained only in patches, and put on a coat of brown paint.

Poor Dandy had but one perfect eye, and no glass ones could be

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Rollicking, every one noisily
ey rollicking,
the
Bi le ones, big ones, all go
to fu frolicking;
a help's the "lord of misrule"
and d r our jolly king?
and a
, little feet daint-
pattering,
following, ram-
scattering,
figure we dance
atter ring.

Round again!
revellers, just
one round
again,
Trip, skip, lim-
ber toes, stiff
toes, bound
again!
At your next
holly tree we
will be found
ain.

URLEIGH.
AUN.

She made a saddle of bright new leath
trimmings and brass nails.

New stirrups which shone like silver, and a y
him look as gay as a peacock, and nobody would eve
that he was Dandy of the garret.

Charlie did not remember that he had seen him
thought Santa Claus a "jolly good fellow" to bring him
he wished for.

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A CHRISTMAS PONY.

UNCLE'S house was partly burned many ye
through the fire and water and came out sc
was put away in the garret, for his bea
no longer be called a "dapper litt
had stood in the darkest corner
made an excellent scarecro

Christmas was near,
chimney to Santa C
His mamma thou
same horse wh
brought down
The first t
only in pa
Poor D

a Claus,
scanty cause,
ity cause!
tree hurrying,
mbkins scurrying;
an run without worrying.
ng it, oh, how merrily!
around we'll dance, and verily
were to lag or go wearily.
ity, genuine twitting jollity,
ourishes best about cedar and holly tree,
both bearing fruit of the very same quality.

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Rollicking, every one noisily
rollicking,
Little ones, big ones, all go
frolicking;
Where's the "lord of misrule"
for our jolly king?

Pattering, little feet daint-
ily pattering,
Big feet following, ram-
bling, scattering,
This is the figure we dance
in our latter ring.





Round again!
revellers, just
one round
again,
Trip, skip, lim-
ber toes, stiff
toes, bound
again!
At your next
holly tree we
will be found
again.

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

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THE SKATERS.

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THE SKATERS.

Out upon the icy pond
 Lads are skating to and fro;
Lassies too, brunette and blonde,
 Aided by some gallant beau,
Merry changes now are making,
 Many a graceful curve and throw,—
Fear and care alike forsaking
 In this hour of healthful glow.

Snow is falling! What care they?
 Youthful blood is coursing fast;
Feet are nimble, hearts are gay;
 Like a zephyr seems the blast,
As it stirs the cheek with bloom;
 Sparkles bright the joyous eye,
While around their icy room
 Hand in hand they swiftly fly.

Thus upon the smooth, fine glass
 They will linger yet awhile,—
Now in couplets, now to pass
 Into independent file;
'Til at length home's bounteous fare,
 Stealing through their thoughts so sly,
Gives their appetites a prayer
 Which they fain would gratify.

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So with laughter's joyous ring,
Each must separate his way;
Hoping kindly fate will bring
All to skate some other day.

MRS. M. E. CARPENTER.

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MOTHER HUBBARD'S CHRISTMAS CUPBOARD.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to her cupboard
For citron, and raisins,
and spice, —
And, when she got there,
She said, "I declare!
Christmas will come in a
trice.

"Back to their old home
The children will come, —
Dear little grandchildren
too, —
Sammie and Sadie
And the new baby, —
Sweetest one ever you
knew!

"Now bright the fire
burns,
And brown, to a turn,
Pies, puddings, cakes large
and small.
Christmas is near, —
Blessed and dear, —
Christmas! the best time
of all!"

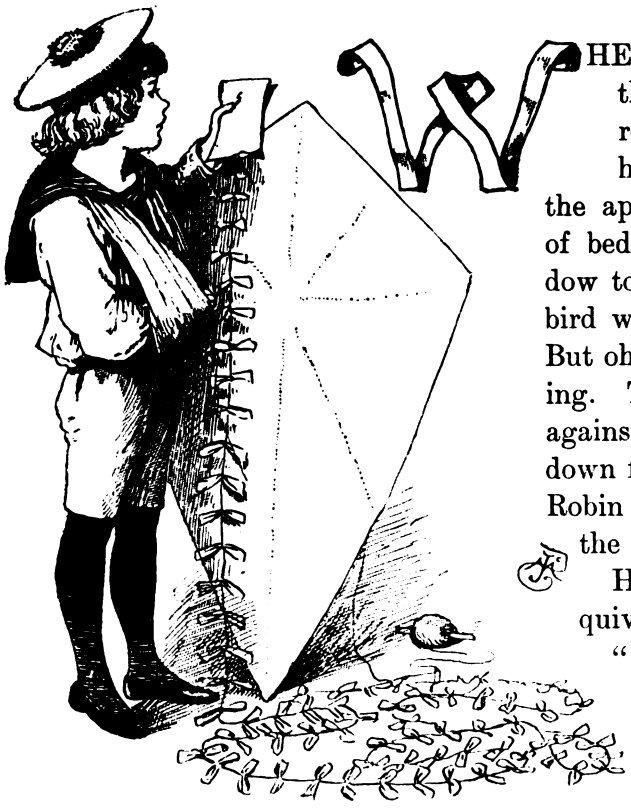
The old-fashioned clock
Said, "Tock! tick! tock!"
And held up its hands in delight
When old Mother Hubbard
Shut up her cupboard
With satisfied smile that night.

H. D. CASTLE.



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ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — III.



WHEN Robin Boy woke up the next morning, he remembered the verses he had found under the apple. He jumped out of bed and ran to the window to see if his wonderful bird was anywhere in sight. But oh, dear me! it was raining. The big drops splashed against the pane, and came down faster and faster, until Robin could hardly see across the street.

He turned away with a quivering lip.

"Can my bird fly in the rain?" he asked, as mamma began to brush the tangles out of his yellow curls.

"I am afraid he can't," said mamma; "but I will tell you what we will do. There is a big bird-book down in the parlor, and you shall look at all the pictures very carefully, and see if you can find your bird."

So after breakfast Robin sat down on the rug in front of the fire, and looked at the bird-book. There were pictures of eagles, and crows, and canaries, and great white swans, and tiny humming-birds. But every one had feathers, and could fly alone.

"My bird isn't in this book," he said, at last.

Then mamma laughed.

"See what has happened while you were looking," she said. And there on the floor was a streak of sunshine. When Robin flew to the

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window, there, tied to a clothes-pole, and flapping and fluttering in the wind, was a great paper bird — a big, beautiful, yellow kite.



On the end of its tail was tied this paper: —

"I'm black, 'tis true, not fair, like you;
But though I'm plain and dark,
I'll show you many a pretty thing,
If you my face will mark.

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"Fine houses you shall see, and trees,
And men, and boats, and books,
And anything you choose, indeed,
If you know how it looks.

"But if you'd have me always prompt
To join you in your play,
Then I, 'tis true, must have, like you,
My face washed every day!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.



AN ORACLE.

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THE DOG THAT DID NOT SPEAK ENGLISH.

LITTLE Eugénie came all the way from the south of France to make her home in this country with her uncle and aunt. After learning English she refused to speak French. This disturbed her aunt very much, but as the little girl had no French playmates she did not know any remedy for it.

One day an old Frenchman came in to see them, and in his pocket he carried a playmate for Eugénie. It was a little, curly-haired, black puppy, which had but just opened his eyes.

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"Oh, may I have it? may I keep it?" questioned Eugénie, dancing about it with delight.

"On one condition," promised her aunt; "that you always remem-



ber this is a French doggie, and that he does not understand one word of English."

The little girl readily agreed, and took the little creature in her arms. She talked to it so volubly in French that it was fortunate it was the dog's native tongue, or he never could have understood a word she said.

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They soon became excellent friends and were constantly together. When I first saw them, Fidèle, for so they named him, was quite an old dog.

"Come here, sir," I said to the doggie, by way of making acquaintance with the little girl. I repeated my command several times as coaxingly as possible, but the dog did not move. Seeing my surprise, the little girl timidly explained: "Il ne parle pas l'anglais, madame. Viens ici, Fidèle." ("He does not speak English, madam. Come here, Fidèle.")

Immediately the dog responded to her request, and when I addressed him in French, he promptly came to me.

"Il est un chien français; il ne parle pas l'anglais" ("he is a French dog; he does not speak English"), again explained Eugénie, while Fidèle gravely wagged his tail, and looked up in a way to confirm what his little mistress had said.

I saw him many times afterwards, and tried to surprise him into the admission that he understood English, but never so much as by moving an eyelash did he respond. But with true French courtesy, he always tried to understand the very first word spoken in the French tongue, even when the pronunciation was no better than mine.

JULIA M. PARSONS.



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THE SONG OF THE ANGEL HOST.

In the days of old,
When the Vikings bold
Came over the stormy sea,
Grim towers arose
To face these foes
On the shores of the North Country.

Where the sea-gulls fly,
And the wild birds cry,
We built us castles of stone;
And a chieftain's wife,
And her children five,
Were dwelling in one alone.

Every morn and night
They watched for a sight
Of a gallant ship breasting the main;
But the sun sank and rose,
And, except of their foes,
They ne'er saw a war-ship again.

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But at last, one fair night,
When the pale moon shone bright,
A strange ship came gliding by.
She was built of bright gold,
Most rare to behold,
And her masts were of pure ivory.

While her sails, who can tell
How they all rose and fell
In the silvery glow o'er the sea!
For the sails were the wings
Of an angel host, come
From the Blessed Country.

And they sang, as they sailed,
A hymn so sweet
That it filled all the listening night:
"The one whom you love
We are wafting above
To the Heavenly Realms of Light."

MRS. A. M. GOODHART.



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A STRANGE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

One dark afternoon, on the twenty-fourth of December, as Mr. Lenox stepped from the horse-car near his home, he heard his daughter's voice calling him.

He waited a moment, and she came running up to him, dragging after her a little girl about three years old.

"Why are you out so late, Bertha?"

"It wasn't late when I started, papa. I had to stop and wash and dress this baby before I could bring it."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"They are getting the Christmas-tree ready, and I had nothing to give mamma. I heard her say she would like something that we could all enjoy, and you know we all enjoy babies. I shall put this one on the tree for her."

Papa was very much amused.

"I'm afraid, my little girl, that we have no right to take Mrs. Brown's baby to give to mamma. Is Mrs. Brown willing to give her away?"

"I didn't ask her," said Bertha. "You know she has seven, and I heard her tell mamma that she did not know what to do with so many since Mr. Brown died."

Bertha's voice trembled, but she was a brave little girl, and tried to hide the tears that filled her eyes.

Mr. Lenox shook his head.

"I'm afraid, dear, that it cannot be done." Then, seeing her look of disappointment, he said: "However, let's take the baby home with us and we will try to arrange matters."

"But you must hide her, papa, or mamma won't be surprised."

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So the baby was given into nurse's care, and after supper Mr. Lenox called on Mrs. Brown. She consented to lend her baby to the Lenox family for a while, on condition that it was to be brought home once a day.

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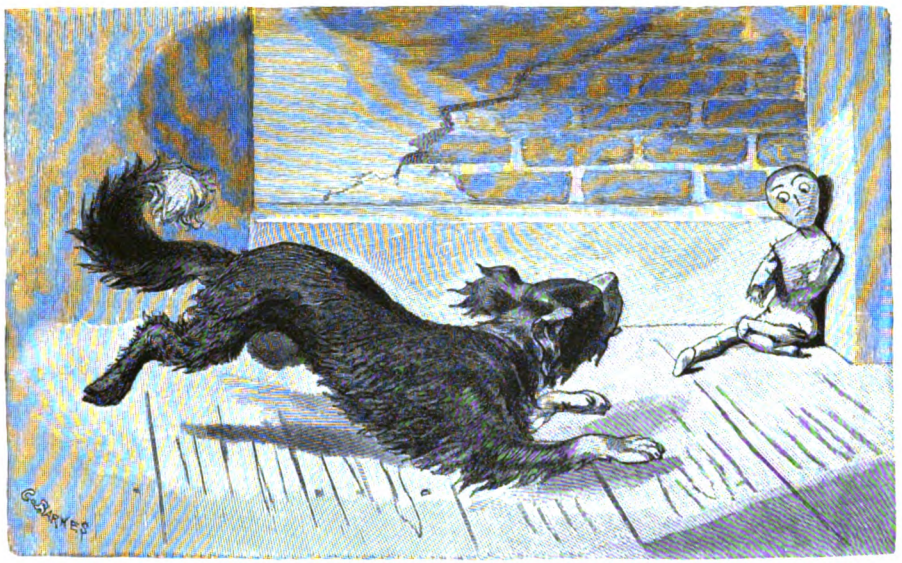


When the Christmas-tree was lighted, and the doors thrown open, there in front of it stood baby. Pinned to her dress was a little card, on which was written, "For mamma, from Bertha and Mrs. Brown."

Baby is a young lady now, and has two homes. She calls herself Susie Brown Lenox, and doesn't know which home she likes best.

M. A. HALEY.

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DUKE'S PLAYTHING.

A TRUE STORY.

WHO do you suppose Duke is?

Some nobleman, who has a crest showing that he comes of a proud old race of men?

Oh, no. Duke is a noble, great dog, and not a man at all. But what do you think Duke has for a plaything? It is not a rubber ball, nor a stick, nor anything of the kind.

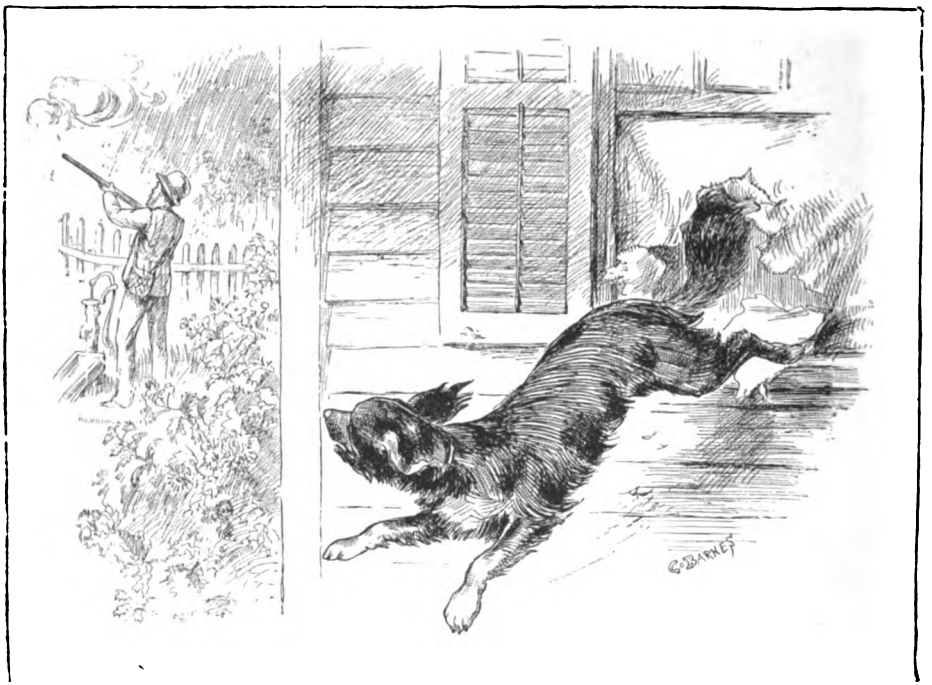
It is a doll. Duke's mistress says she has to give him a doll to play with, just the same as she does her little girl. When Duke feels like playing he will go to find the doll where he left it after his last frolic; then he will shake it as if he meant to shake all the breath out of poor dolly's body. Then he will chew her as if he meant to eat her up. Next he will catch her up in his mouth and run away with her.

By and by, when he is tired of playing, he will run and put

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Dolly in some sly place, where he can get her the next time he wants to play.

I must tell you something else that is funny about Duke. He never makes it a habit to follow his master or mistress when they go away from the house except on Sunday. When the family starts for church, Duke always goes too. He trots merrily along until he



reaches a certain corner; then he stops, turns around, and trots home again. Do you not think him a very wise dog?

When Duke sees his master take down his gun, he goes nearly wild. He is in part what is called a "setter," a dog that is very fond of hunting.

One day, when his master was going out gunning, he shut Duke up in a room to see what he would do; then he shot off some powder from his gun.

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There was a screen in the window covered with cloth in the room where Duke was, and when he heard the gun go off and saw the door was shut, he gave one great bound, burst through the screen, and was at his master's side in a moment.

I do not think Duke was to blame for bounding through the screen, do you? His master will not shut him up in a room again, and then fire off a gun to see what he will do. He has found out.

It would have been very cruel to have made Duke stay at home because he spoiled the screen. His master loved him too well for that. Duke went hunting, and a fine time he had, too.

Is it not strange that a dog should know so much? How kind every one ought to be to the animals who are so gentle and kind themselves.

MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

THIS IS MY DOLLY.

I DON'T think my dolly is a
single bit of fun,
She lies so flat and stupid,
and can't talk or laugh
or run.
So kitty'll be my baby, for
she can walk and play,
And beg when she is hungry,
and cry to get away.

MRS. E. PECK.



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The Land of the Midnight Sun.



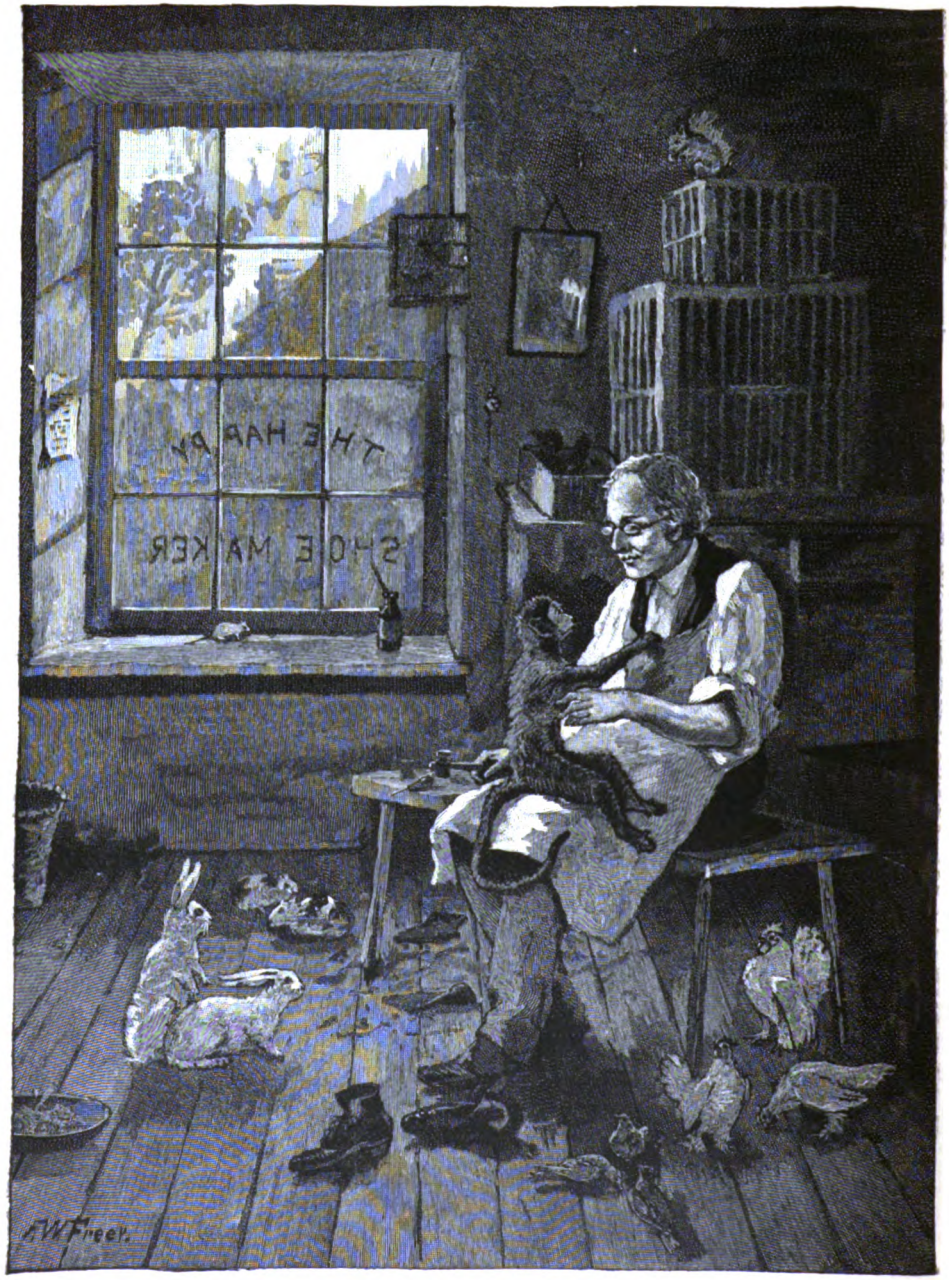
Norwegian Peasants

WHAT would you think if the sun should keep on shining right through the night? This is what it does in Norway, through the months of June, July, and August. Should you not think that it would be hard to know when to rise in the morning, or when it was bedtime? A great many travellers go there, just to see the wonderful spectacle of the sun shining at midnight as brightly as if it were day.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

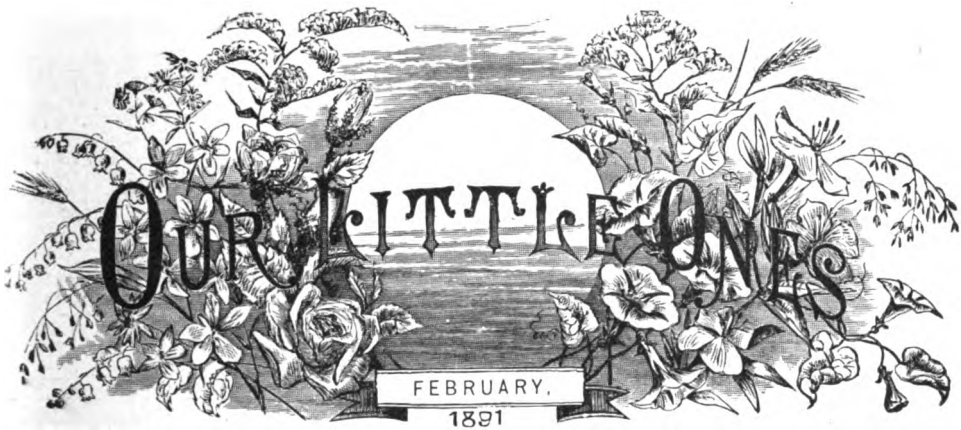
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THE SHOEMAKER'S NEW PET.

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THE SHOEMAKER'S NEW PET.

"I THINK Jocko would like a mate." So said the happy shoemaker one day, as he lifted up his hammer. Hearing his name, Jocko scampered over the floor, and took a seat upon his master's knee.

"Would you, Jocko? Say, now!"

"Oo, oo! o-o-o!" answered Jocko.

"Cut-cut-cu-dar-cut!" "coo, coo!" "wee, wee!" "pit, pit, pit!" "whir-r-r!" echoed the chickens, the doves, the guinea-pigs, and the white rats. The rabbits wiggled their long ears and looked wise.



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"Yes, and his name shall be Bimbo," said the shoemaker.

Bimbo came a few days afterward. He was rather shy at first. His eyes kept winking, and he seemed to say, "Why, I never saw such a lot of queer folks before." But he soon got acquainted. He pulled Jocko's tail and chased the doves.

Jocko did not like it, and squeaked with distress. The shoemaker reproved Bimbo; but the monkey chased the doves again, and scared the guinea-pigs.

"Ah," said the shoemaker with a sigh, "I fear Bimbo is a bad boy."

One night a dismal din arose in the shop. Squalls and screeches, and "pit-i-pits" and "cut-cuts," and sounds of things tumbling down, filled the air.

A policeman going by laughed, and said, "I guess the menagerie is having a picnic."

The shoemaker ran in with a lamp. What a scene met his eyes!

The bantam rooster had lost his tail. The chickens and the guinea-pigs were huddled in a corner. The rest of the pets were screaming and crying in their cages. The tools were pulled off the shoemaker's bench and flung about the floor.

Jocko cried, "No, no, no!" very pitifully when he saw his master.

Bimbo sat on a stool, looking dismal enough. Beside him were some fragments of matches which he had been chewing. A bottle lay upon the floor, spilling out blacking. Bimbo had drank about half of it.

"Come here, Bimbo, you rogue!" cried the shoemaker.

The naughty monkey wagged his head feebly. He crept towards his master and lay down at his feet. Two or three mournful squeaks — and poor Bimbo was dead.

"So much for wicked conduct," sighed the shoemaker, as he wiped a tear from his eye.

A monkey-skin now hangs in the little shop. Below it is a card, with these printed words: —

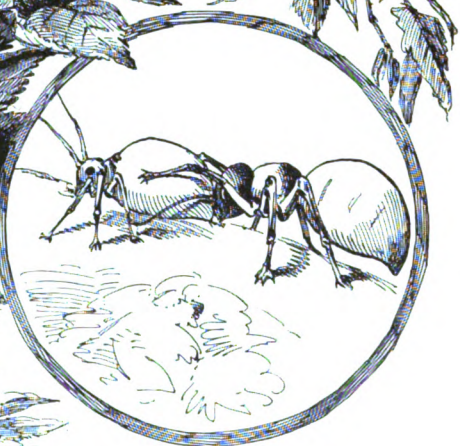
"BIMBO.

"DIED OF BAD BEHAVIOR AND BRIMSTONE MATCHES! TAKE WARNING, ALL!"

KHAM.

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The Ant's Milch Cows.



On many kinds of trees and plants there are little animals called aphides, that furnish the ants with all the milk they want. These little creatures throw out a kind of sweet fluid of which the ants are very fond.

If they are not generous enough with their milk they do not hold pails between their knees to get it, but stroke the tiny sugar tubes to make it come faster. That is the way they milk their cows.

They dispute with other ants about them, too, and watch them with the greatest care, for ants think a great deal of what they have to eat. There are honey ants in Mexico that eat so much they can't walk, and the rest of the community stand them up in rows by themselves. They feed them till they are so fat they can hardly breathe, and then they are eaten up by their affectionate brothers and sisters.

MRS. G. HALL.

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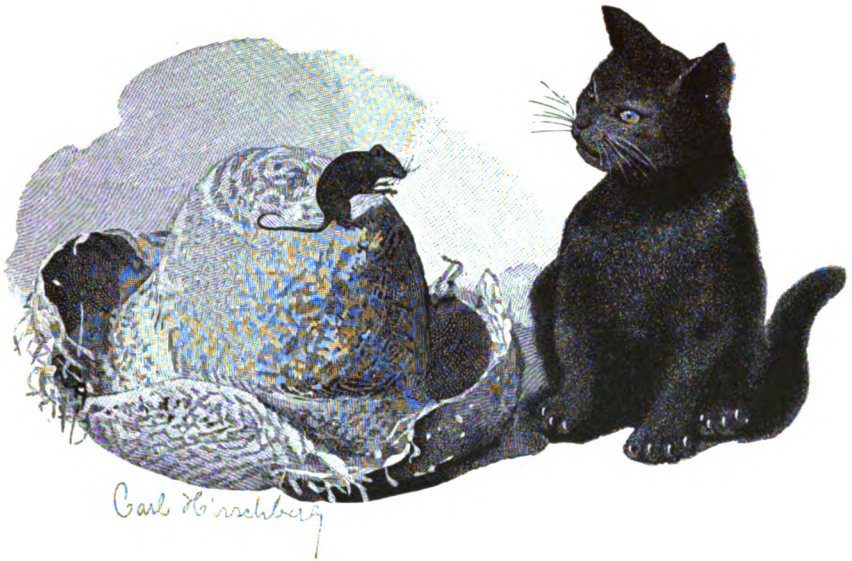
QUEER FRIENDS.

DINAH was a little black kitten, and Squeakie was a pretty gray mouse. Squeakie was not afraid that Dinah would eat her up, because they were very dear friends.

Did you ever hear of a cat and a mouse that were dear friends?

Well, it happened this way. One evening little Donald Duncan lay upon the rug in front of the open fire, watching the sparks snap out and sail up the chimney. Mamma sat near by, writing letters. Just as Donald's eyes were getting sleepy, he heard outside the low window a weak little "Mew! mew!"

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"Mamma, I hear a kitty!" he exclaimed, jumping up, his eyes wide open.

"Yes, I hear it too," said mamma. "Open the window and see if it will come in."

Donald did so, and, sure enough, there was a tiny black kitten shivering with the cold. He brought it in, gave it some warm milk, and made it a comfortable bed in the wood-shed. The next day Donald tried to find the owner; but nobody claimed the little wanderer, and so it came about that the kitten was his.



One morning, soon after this, when mamma

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went to the pantry, she found a young mouse caught in the trap, but in such a way as not to be hurt.



"Oh, don't kill the dear little thing! Let's keep him, mamma," said Donald. "I can tame him; I know I can, mamma!"

"Squeak! squeak!" said Mousie; and that settled it.

Donald had an empty bird-cage, and he put Squeakie into that at first. Of course Mousie felt very strange for a while, but he soon became so tame that he would eat from Donald's finger, and it was not long before Donald could take him out and feed him from his hand.

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After a while little Dinah was allowed to come into the room and be introduced to Squeakie, but was taught not to touch him. She soon learned that Squeakie was to be her playmate, and so it came about that they ate from the same saucer, played hide-and-seek, and often took a nap together. But the funniest sight of all was to see Dinah walking proudly about with Squeakie on her back. That always made Donald laugh. Wouldn't you have laughed too?

AMELIA A. FROST.



AN UNEXPECTED TRIP.

A CHIPMUNK sat on a cedar tree,
First on two feet, then on three,
 As he combed his beautiful tail.
He watched the river down below
As it hurried by with rapid flow,
 Till he longed for a bit of a sail.

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He hunted about for a minute or two,
Till he found a chip which he thought would do,
 Then launched it on the tide.
He leaped aboard his frail canoe,
Which shot ahead, then faster flew,
 Though to stop it he vainly tried.

But soon he grew to like the speed,
And laughed for joy, with little heed
 To the distance he had come.
But now the night is settling down.
He sees the lights of a busy town,
 And hears its distant hum.

Still through the dark he rushes by,
The fields and houses faster fly,
 Till he gains the open sea.
And now he is rocked and tossed about,
And very soon begins to find out
 How sick a chipmunk can be.

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After days and days of this wearisome life,
He is thrown from his boat in the terrible strife
 Which the ocean has with the shore.
And so he is dashed on the firm white sand,
Where he lies at rest, till a friendly hand
 Lifts him to life once more.

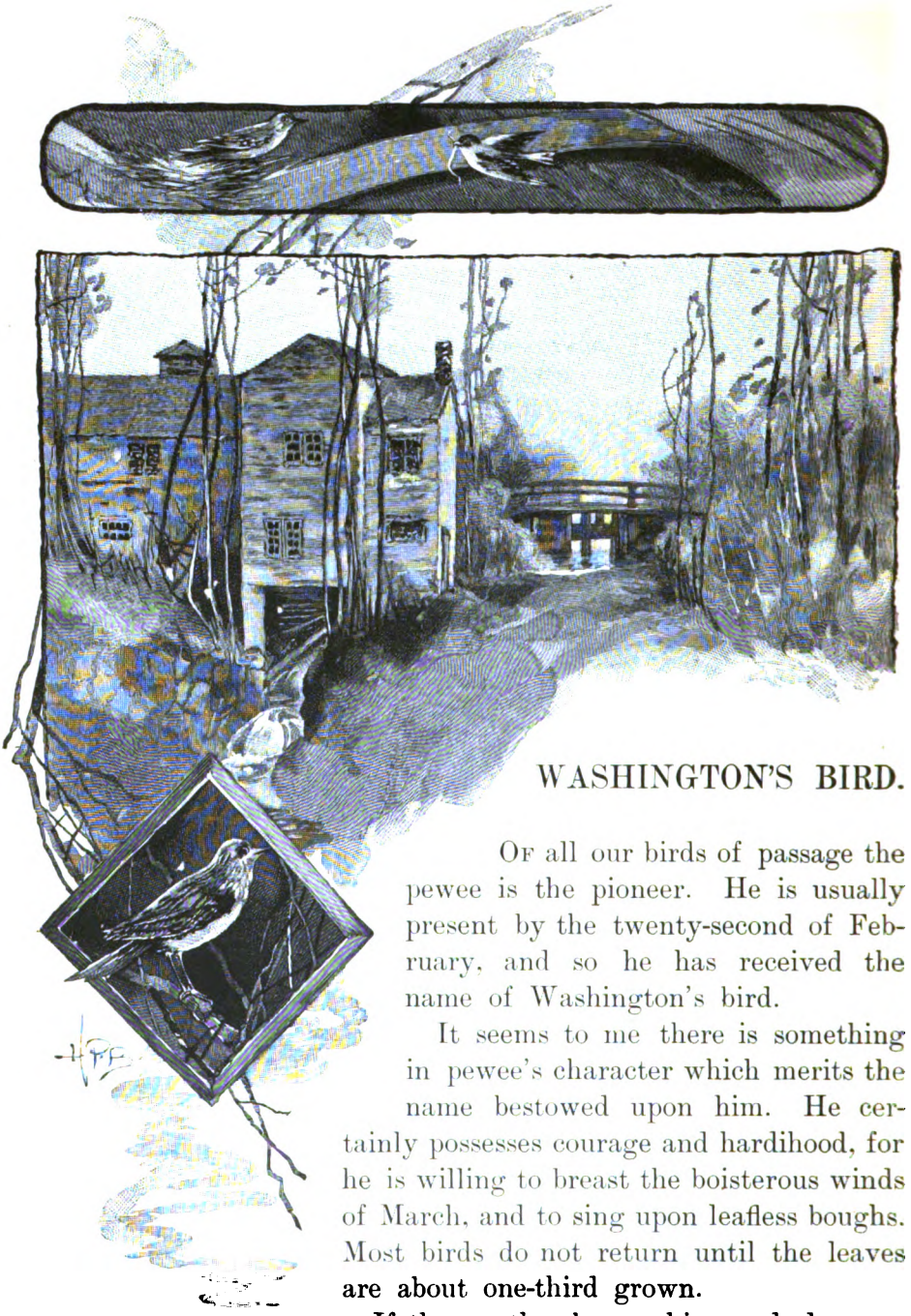


He sees a curious, chattering crowd,
Who look at him, touch him, call aloud
 At the wonder dropped by the sea.
They feed him, tend him with reverent care,
And build him a temple rich and rare
 As a sacred place can be.

And so it comes to pass, one day,
As I watch the dark-skinned natives pray
 At a heathen goddess's shrine,
I see a strange and wonderful sight:
A chipmunk frisking from height to height,
 Where golden offerings shine.

AGNES G. GRAY.

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WASHINGTON'S BIRD.

Of all our birds of passage the pewee is the pioneer. He is usually present by the twenty-second of February, and so he has received the name of Washington's bird.

It seems to me there is something in pewee's character which merits the name bestowed upon him. He certainly possesses courage and hardihood, for he is willing to breast the boisterous winds of March, and to sing upon leafless boughs. Most birds do not return until the leaves are about one-third grown.

If the weather be sunshiny and pleasant, pewee helps honor Washington's birthday with the cheerful carol,

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"Pee wee, pee wee!" If it prove to be bleak and drear, he sounds the plaintive lay, "Ah, me! ah, me!"

Washington's bird is a plain, brown little creature with a yellowish tinge. It does not build its nest in trees, but prefers old bridges, mills, or eaves. A pair of birds always consult in reference to the selection of the best place for a nest. Madame never gives in to Mr. Pewee, and if there is a difference of opinion, a new site is selected which is agreeable to both.

"Birds in their little nests agree," but it is after the "tiff" is over. The nest is made of grass, mud, and moss, and has a soft lining of hair and silky grasses. The eggs are pure white, spotted with red, so that at least two of the national colors appear, as is proper on the part of so patriotic a bird.

There is a peculiarity about the pewee, noticed by the poet Lowell. He is the first bird to pipe in the early morning, but always preludes his song with a slender whistle, unheard at any other time. It is said, too, that his song grows more melancholy toward autumn. Let us fancy that it is because he is soon to leave the human friends to whom he has become attached by building his nest for many years in or near the same spot.

This affection for people may also account for his early return, in which case it is clear that so intelligent and devoted a bird deserves this name of honor, — Washington's bird.

B. P. D.



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THE TWO VALENTINES.

PATTY stood on mammy's door-step holding something in her apron with one hand, while she knocked with the other.

"Come in," said mammy, opening the door.

As soon as she was seated, with Patty on her knee, she asked, "What you got to show to mammy, honey?"

"Valentines I'm going to send to all my friends," answered Patty.

"Valumtimes? Let mammy see 'em." She put on a pair of heavy-rimmed spectacles, and together they peered at the valentines, the little yellow head resting lovingly against the gray one.

"Brother Charley says they are all about hearts and darts. Don't your specs show you that, mammy?" said Patty.

Mammy couldn't read a word with spectacles or without them; no more could Patty.

But mammy answered, "No, honey, somehow I can't make it out." Patty seized the spectacles, put them on, and tried to read. She shook her head and cried, "I don't believe these old specs are any account," and then ran laughing to the house.

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All that day mammy was shut up in her house, busy with something. Patty was shut up in mamma's room, equally busy.

Valentine's morning came, and Patty started to mammy's house, bearing in her outstretched arms a great heart-shaped pin-cushion



made of crimson velvet and trimmed with lace. Tied in the centre, with a bow of ribbon, was a pair of bran-new silver spectacles. Below the bow, stuck in with the brightest of pins, were the words, "Mammy's valentine from Patty."

Just as she reached the corner of the house, she ran full tilt into mammy, who came from the opposite direction. In her hands she

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had an immense heart-shaped cake, snowy with frosting, while across it, in pink sugar-plums, was, "Patty's valentine from mammy."

Patty screamed, and mammy cried, "Bless me!"



After awhile, when Patty had explained the words mamma put upon the cushion, and mammy those Brother Charley put upon the cake, they examined the two valentines through the new spectacles. Both found they could now read very well.

"I think these are very good specs, indeed," said Patty; and mammy said she thought so too.

MRS. M. E. SAFFOLD.

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MARJORIE'S DOLL.

SAMMY is the baby's doll,
A fat doll, a rubber doll,
Made so if he gets a fall
He will not break at all.

His gingham trousers are of blue,
A pale blue, a grimy blue;
Rather old and shabby too,
But what can Sammy do?

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His little mamma does not know,
Is not old enough to know,
How to wash them, or to sew,
And so they have to go.

One thing, though, she knows instead,
A funny thing to know instead, —
She blows the whistle in his head
Until her face is red.

C. D. B.



ROBBIE'S RAILROAD.

Robbie lived in the city, quite near the railroad station, where the trains were coming and going at nearly all hours of the day. He was never tired of watching them, and would sit at the window for hours, only saying, hopefully, "Pretty soon another car will come, mamma."

Last summer his mamma took Robbie into the country to spend a few weeks at Grandpa Ray's. He was very happy for a while, everything was so novel and interesting.

But one day, when he heard the car-whistle in the distance, he looked up wistfully into his mother's face and asked : —

"When can we go home, mamma, so I can see the trains again?"

After that he had the same homesick look whenever he heard the whistle. Grandpa Ray dearly loved his little grandson, and he did

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not like to see him unhappy. One day he said, "Robbie, if the cars won't come to us, we must have some of our own."



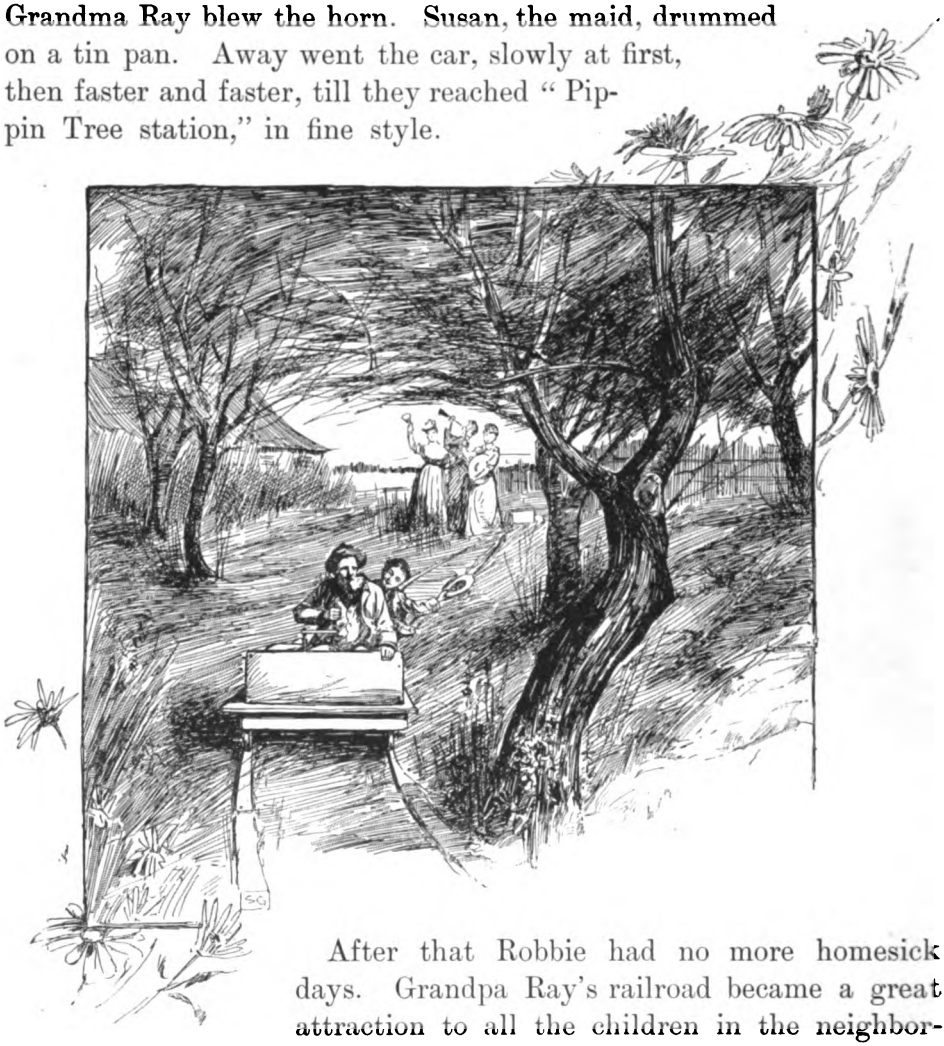
So he harnessed "Dick" to the lumber wagon, and took Robbie with him to the saw-mill. He brought back a load of boards sawed into narrow strips. Robbie was so excited he could hardly eat his dinner.

After dinner they went out to the orchard in front of the house, and began work. The land sloped gradually, and Grandpa Ray and Robbie laid the wooden rails the entire length, fastening them in place. Then the car was built — a platform, with seats for two passengers, on wheels, which fitted the track, and could not run off.

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There was a brake in front and a flag behind. When the time came for the first train to start Robbie was wild with excitement.

Mamma came out with the big dinner-bell, which she rang. Grandma Ray blew the horn. Susan, the maid, drummed on a tin pan. Away went the car, slowly at first, then faster and faster, till they reached "Pippin Tree station," in fine style.



After that Robbie had no more homesick days. Grandpa Ray's railroad became a great attraction to all the children in the neighborhood, and trains were running from morning until night.

"It is nicer than the steam-cars," said Robbie, one day. "And, Grandpa Ray, you are the kindest, and best, and dearest grandpa in all the world. I think I had better live with you always."

JULIA I. PECK.

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DOGVILLE, PUPPYLAND.

LITTLE James lives in what is often called Dogville, Puppyland, where most of the inhabitants speak bow-wow, with a marked mastiff accent. To be sure there is a tall creature, which goes about on hind legs, whom little James calls "Papa," and a very pretty one who seems to move on rollers, very softly, whom he calls "Mamma," who live there also. But the most of the inhabitants, as I said, are of the great mastiff bow-wow family, a family of very aristocratic birth, and of foreign ancestry.

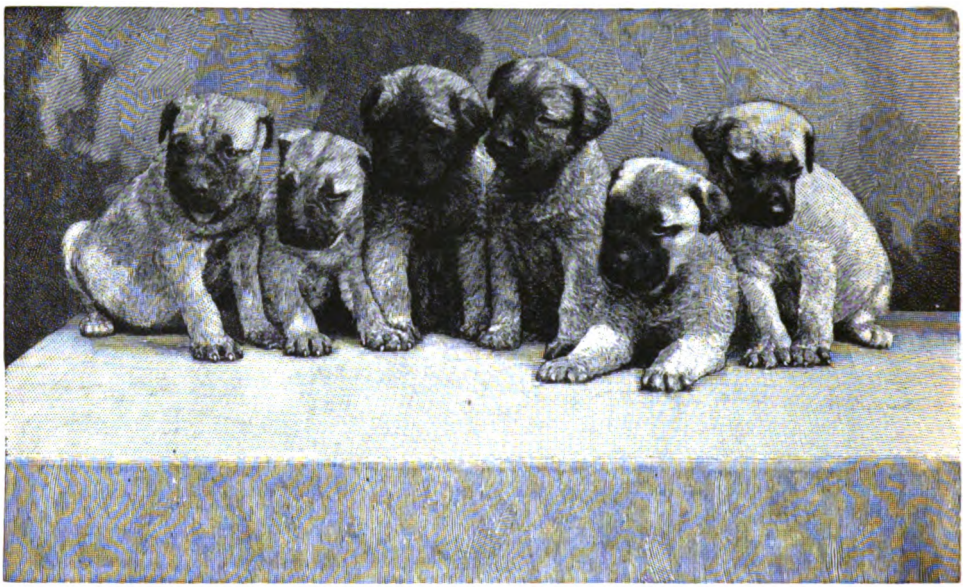
There are great Lord Raglan, and Eaglesford, and Donna, beside the six large puppies with names too numerous to mention, and the five little puppies with no names at all. Such a yardful!

They have great trouble to make the tall two-legged people understand them. Indeed, Lord Raglan is almost in despair of ever being able to do anything with them. Little James and Baby Alice, who go about on all-fours with the puppies, in a very proper manner, can understand him beautifully. He thinks he can train them to be

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quite respectable puppies in time; but he can never get the tall papa and mamma to walk as they should, on four feet, or to speak bow-wow with a correct accent.

Donna says, "Let's send him away, James! He is always taking a nap when we want to play!" but James begs to have the papa stay,



that they may have the nice bonbons and bones he brings. I rather think they will keep him, which is certainly very kind of them.

One day an ugly-looking tramp came over the fence into the orchard. Seeing no one but a little boy, he began to pick the nicest apples; but before he had his hands filled, Lord Raglan stepped out of his kennel, and told him, in bow-wow, that those were his master's apples.

I think the tramp understood, for he left the apples very hastily. Lord Raglan took a bit of his trousers to remember him by, as he got over the fence.

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A cross nurse once shook Baby Alice, and Donna told her very plainly she should not allow such actions on her premises.

You see the mastiff bow-wows are very kind to their children.

Do you not think Eaglesford looks so in this picture ?

MRS. FRANCES SMITH.

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THE LOST LASSIE.





A CHILD clad in a long, warm coat,
With a band of fur about the throat,
With a small white muff, and little bonnet,
All made of plush, with lace upon it,
Was skipping along so merry and gay,
When she suddenly found she'd lost her way.

A boy was coming down the street,
Shabbily dressed, but clean and neat.
As he trudged along and was passing by,
Spied the wee lassie ready to cry.
He glanced at the bonnet trimmed with lace,
Then shyly again at the tearful face.



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"What's the matter?" he finally asked;
"Thought you looked troubled as I passed."
The little girl tried to dispel her fears,
And brushed away the gathering tears, —
Then answered the boy in a timid tone,
"I'm 'fraid I can never find the way home."



The humble boy then asked her name,
Where she'd been, from what street she came,
And he walked with her to her happy home,
Then went whistling back through the streets alone.
But the little girl who was made so glad
Did not soon forget the poor little lad.
He received, the next day, a kind, dainty note,
With shoes, and mittens, and a nice new coat.

E. C. L.

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ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — IV.



PLASH, splash! gurgle, gurgle! Robin was having his face washed.

"Hurry, Jane!" he cried; "I want to go and find my fing (Robin could not say thing) that has to have its face washed too!"

He was in such a hurry that everything went wrong that morning. Strings tied themselves up in knots, stockings went on wrong side out, and there were snarls in his yellow curls and tears in his blue eyes. A cross and unhappy Robin Boy, he went downstairs at last. Mamma looked at him, but said nothing, and he did not speak until he had finished his bread and milk. Then he got down from the table, and went over to her.

"You did not kiss me," he said.

"No," said mamma. "There is a big pout on your lips and a big frown on your forehead, and I cannot kiss my boy unless his face is fresh and sweet."

Robin went away soberly. He still felt cross, but how could he go without his morning kiss? Suddenly a bright thought came to him. He ran upstairs and into the nursery, crying:—

"Jane, Jane! come and wash my face!"

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"What, so soon!" said Jane. "It isn't half an hour since breakfast."

"No," said Robin, shyly. "But there is someting on my face, and I would like to have it washed, please, Jane."



Splash, splash! gurgle, gurgle! went the water again, and rub, rub, went the towel, and the round cheeks glowed like two apples, and the frown and the pout were quite gone.

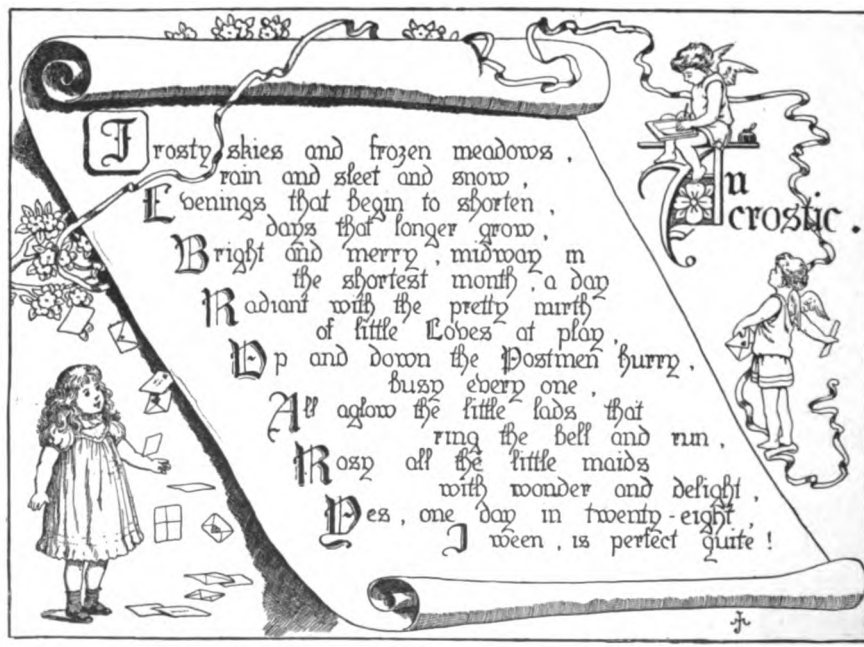
"Will you kiss me now?" said Robin Boy at mamma's knee. And when she had kissed the smiling mouth and dimpled cheeks, she pointed to the table, and there was a fine big slate with a pencil, and

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a book full of pretty pictures to copy. And on one side of the slate was Robin's next riddle.

"Empty you shall find me, dear,
When to-morrow's sun is clear.
Look about, now here, now there,
Up and down and everywhere.
Little moons, so round and white,
You shall find, from morn till night.
If you give them all to me,
Full of sweetness I shall be.
Yet the whole delicious store
Would not make you, doubled o'er,
Sweeter than you were before!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.



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TED'S HAIR-RIBBON.

RATTLE! rattle!! bang!! Bumpity-bump tumbled the large pan on to the floor.

Spill! spill! ran the sour milk over the clean pantry-shelves.

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Drip! drop! drip! fell the milk on little Ted's first jacket and trousers.

Ted looked up at the high shelf from which he had tried to pull



the pan, thinking that it held some of Aunt Mary's nice doughnuts, instead of that milk.

Ted looked down at his new suit, and the lake of milk that covered the floor.

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"Whe-ew!" he whistled. "S'pose I'll have a whipping for this. I don't care. 'Aunt Merry' couldn't hurt a flea if she tried."

Just then Aunt Mary opened the door.

It looked as if there had been a milk-storm in the pantry. Shelves, dishes, and floor were covered with it. Even the old black cat, who had crept in after Ted, was sprinkled.

In the midst stood a small boy, with the puggiest kind of a nose, and a large mouth, that didn't know whether to turn up and laugh, or turn down and cry.

This boy, too, was dripping. "Milk spilled," said the boy, in a frightened voice.

"I should think it did!" exclaimed his tired aunt. "Ted Lyman, you are the naughtiest boy! Didn't I tell you not to go near this pantry?"

"Yes, 'um," little Ted whispered, hanging his face, with its pug nose and large mouth.

She led the dripping boy into the kitchen.

"Now, Ted, I am afraid I must punish you, so that you will remember to obey. Whippings don't do you a mite of good. I shall tie a girl's ribbon round your head for the rest of the day."

Ted looked horror-struck. He had a great contempt for that creature called a girl, who could not even climb over fences, but had to crawl through the rails. To wear a girl's ribbon was torture and disgrace.

"Oh, Aunt Merry, I can't do that. I'd rather a billion times be whipped, and then fried and roasted in the big oven."

But gentle "Aunt Merry" for once in her life was firm.

All the rest of that day Ted gloomily stalked in the shade, and on the very top of his bullet-shaped, closely-shaven head was tied the scarlet bow of a girl's hair-ribbon!

ELIZABETH ABBOTT RAND.



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ST. VALENTINE.

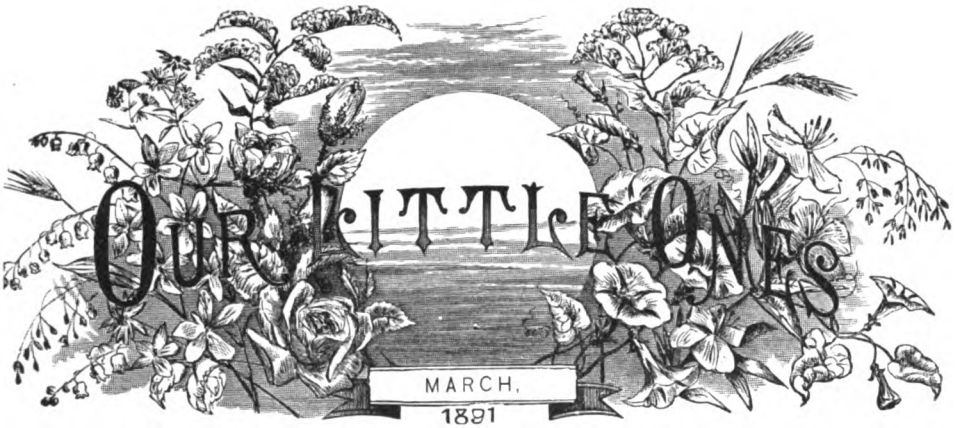
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A THRONE IN THE TYROL.

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A THRONE IN THE TYROL.

AWAY off on the Tyrolese mountains the people make a great feast once a year.

The house is nicely trimmed, garlands are placed over the door, and flowers arranged everywhere. A big chair is set under an arbor and covered with flowers. Outside the window there is pretty music, usually a violin and flute.

A table in the middle of the best room is covered with all sorts of gifts; some are very handsome, and some very humble.

The rich and poor, all carry something: a pair of gloves knit by some loving hand, a basket of flowers, a jar of sweetmeats, or a loaf of steaming bread. Each has some kind message pinned on.

Now if you asked what all this was for, they would tell you it was the grandma's fête.

At the proper time she is placed in the big chair. This is her throne for that day. There she sits, in her high velvet cap, white apron, and spectacles. In her lap is placed a sweet cake with plenty of plums, which she cuts, and gives to all her friends, big and little, a slice.

Don't you wish we had this custom here? But then we can always carry some little gift, or say some loving words, that will tell of our care for the dear old grandma in our homes. They need not live in the Tyrolean mountains to receive our love gifts.

MRS. G. HALL.

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HURRAH FOR TEDDY.

THE school-house door opens wide, and out rush the children. During the morning silence within the school-room was hopeless, for the snow fell in great feathery flakes.

The older scholars in the back seats turned the book leaves listlessly. Teddy in the front row was copying from his primer upon his slate. Look over his shoulder and you can see; yes! it is larger than the copy; but Teddy is only a little boy, and this is his first term at school. The teacher announced a half-hour nooning and an earlier hour of closing. The old school-house is perched halfway up a hill which is short and steep, with a turn as the ground becomes level.

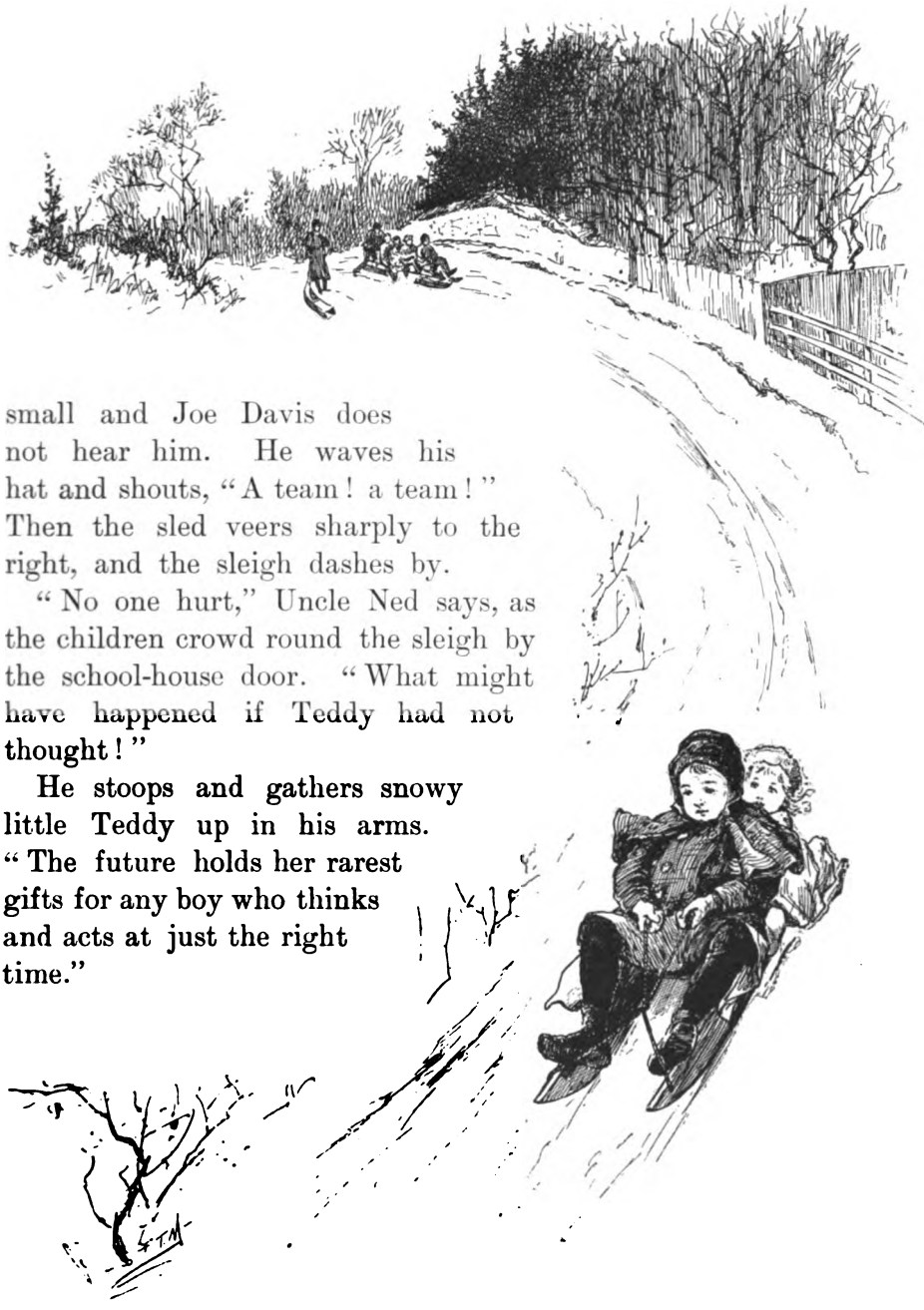
"You take Alecia with you, Teddy!" shouts Joe Davis, while he draws his long sled from under the school-house shed. "We won't start till you get to the turn. I'll give you a push!"

So Teddy, the youngest boy in school, goes sliding down the hill. Little Alecia, her golden curls blown from under her hood, clings tightly to his shoulders. Teddy's full brown eyes look straight ahead. At first the sled wavers, then it shoots straight onward. Swiftly it moves round the turn.

Teddy sees down the road a light sleigh and Uncle Ned's young horse plunging and running toward him. Without a word he gives a quick pull on the rope that sends the sled into the snow beside the road. Leaving Alecia half buried, he frees himself and hurries back.

"If they should meet at the turn," is the thought that urges on the little fellow. He catches a glimpse of the long double-runner sled. It is coming and he tries to shout; but his voice sounds very

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small and Joe Davis does not hear him. He waves his hat and shouts, "A team! a team!" Then the sled veers sharply to the right, and the sleigh dashes by.

"No one hurt," Uncle Ned says, as the children crowd round the sleigh by the school-house door. "What might have happened if Teddy had not thought!"

He stoops and gathers snowy little Teddy up in his arms. "The future holds her rarest gifts for any boy who thinks and acts at just the right time."

ANNIE K. CHENEY.

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MARJORIE'S SINGING.



When she is sleepy,
The little thing
Does her baby best
To sing.

The sound is between
A kitten's purr
And the little tree-frog's
Rainy chirr.

And yet half like
A bumble-bee
In the clover-top droning
Drowsily.

Rock her a little,
And she will keep
The music up
Till she's asleep.

C. D. B.

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MARJORIE'S SINGING.

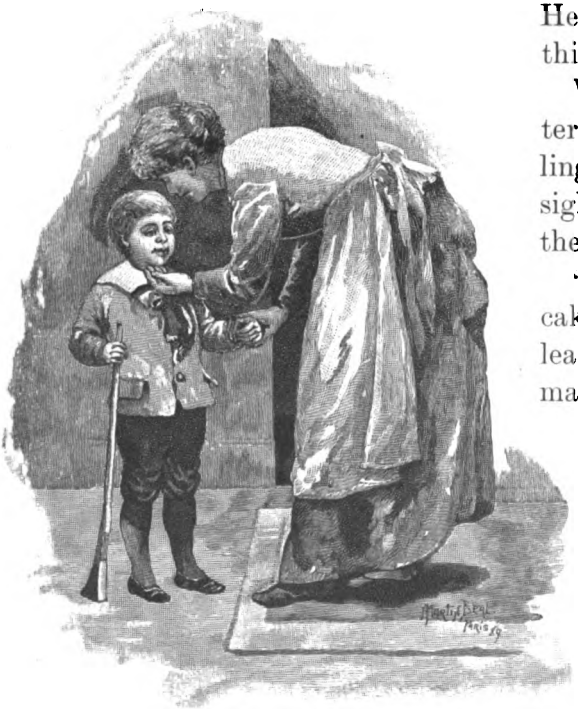
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How Nattie Got the Cake

"MAY I have some cake, mamma?" asked Nattie, at the hotel table.

"Yes, dear," said his mamma; "but let me see if there is any plain cake."

Now Nattie preferred the fruit cake, but every day his mamma handed him the plain cake. He determined to change all this.



When his mamma and sister left the dining-room he lingered till they were out of sight, and then went back to the waiter and said,—

"Clara, when you fix the cake to-night, will you please leave out the plain cake? My mamma always makes me eat it."

Clara thought this was very bright for a little six-year-old boy, and she promised to do as he asked.

When Nattie's mamma came in to supper

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he noticed that Clara whispered something to her that made her laugh.



When Nattie asked for the cake his mamma answered as usual, "Let me see if there is any plain cake." Much to Nattie's joy there was none.

"Why, Nattie," said his mamma, "there is no plain cake to-night; how do you account for it?"

Nattie felt very uncomfortable as he looked up and down the table. The temptation was strong to say that some one else had eaten it, or that he did not know why; but another look at his mamma's serious face gave him comfort, and he stammered, —

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"I asked Clara not to put any on the table."

His mother was pleased that her boy had not tried to deceive her, and she gave him the fruit cake. But she told him that he must always trust his mother's judgment in such matters. If he did not like what she did, he must talk it over with her, and not go to servants for help to resist her wishes.

M. A. HALEY.



NAMING THE BABY.

"WHAT shall we name the baby?"

This is what Papa Brown said every night when he came home from business. Every morning, when Mamma Brown held up the baby for a good-by kiss, she said, —

"What shall we name the baby?"

For the matter was this: There was no name good enough for the baby! Still, it was too bad always to call such a dark-eyed, pink-cheeked little beauty just "Baby Brown." So every one sat down and thought over all the sweet-sounding girl names in the dictionary; but none of these would do. Then Mamma Brown's friends called on her in the daytime, and Papa Brown's friends came in the evening, and they talked all day and all night; but still they could not get the right name.

The matter must be settled soon, for the baby had been growing out of her long clothes, while these not-very-short discussions had

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been going on. Great-aunt Mehitable came one day, and the baby was more than usually attractive. She dimpled and chirped and wrinkled her little brows, till Great-aunt Mehitable said, —

"I'd be willing to have the baby called after me! Give her my full name and she shall have my silver spoons when she is married."

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When Papa Brown heard of the offer he exclaimed, —

"The full name! That means for my little blossom to be called Mehitable Green Brown. Never!" And Mamma Brown echoed, "Never, never, never!"

The baby grew taller and stronger, and the curly rings all over her head reached down into her neck. Every week some name was tried, but none seemed to fit her. She began to talk a little; then she walked a few steps.

Perhaps the baby would have gone on growing till she was as big and as wise as her mother, and still have had no name, if something had not happened.

Papa Brown sailed away one day across the seas to a country called Spain. The people over there are Spaniards and talk in a different language from our own. Among these strangers, and away from home and Mamma Brown, poor Papa Brown was taken very, very ill. But a kind Spanish woman took care of him, and when he could write all about it he said that if it had not been for this good care he should never have been well again. Then he said he would like to have the baby named after the Spanish nurse.

Benita Brown! It was a queer name for an American baby, but it seemed to suit the dark eyes and curly hair. Whenever Mamma Brown heard it spoken she thought of the kind foreigner who had saved Papa Brown's life.

So the baby was named at last, and everybody was pleased except Great-aunt Mehitable!

ALICE M. KELLOGG.



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A Little Old Maid.

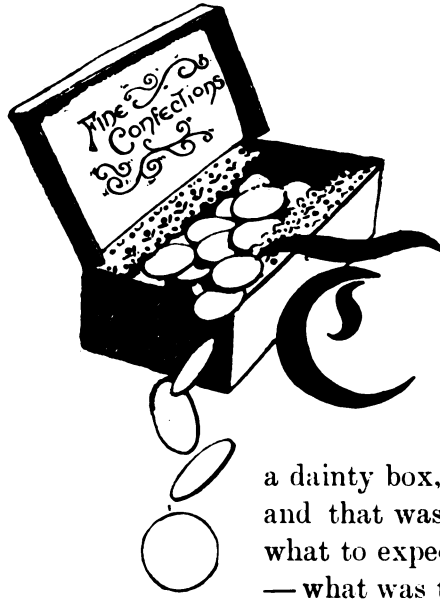


That little Miss Betty will be an Old Maid
Is evident, very to me,
For she takes her white kitten wherever she goes
And sips, every morning, her tea.

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ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — V.



HERE was a bunch of flowers at the breakfast table, and there were beefsteak, and eggs, and potatoes, and there was Robin's own blue and white bowl full of sweet milk, and a plate of the brown bread he loved. But Robin did not see any of these things. He saw only the package which lay beside his plate, tied up in white paper with a pink string. He opened it quickly, with shining eyes. There was a dainty box, and inside it a border of lace paper, and that was all. Well, his riddle had told him what to expect, and he was not disappointed, and — what was that under his plate? Why, a "little moon," to be sure, — a big, round peppermint drop, so white, and creamy, and tempting, that, pop! it was in Robin's mouth before he knew it.

"I thought you were to put them in the box!" cried mamma, laughing.

"So I was," said Robin; "but I had to eat just that one, mamma; truly I did."

What a good time he had all that day finding the "little moons." When he lifted his napkin out tumbled another, and there was one under his silver mug, and two more in the folds of the clean handkerchief Jane had given him. There were seven in his bag of marbles, and between the leaves of his picture books, and in his own pockets,

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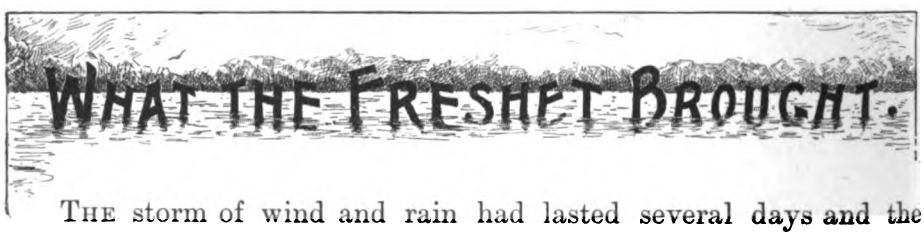


and in mamma's pockets, and in Jane's pockets. And at night the pretty box was quite full, and he found the last moon on his pillow when he jumped into bed. Under it was another folded paper, and Jane read his next riddle to him before he went to sleep.

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Sweeter than the sweetest flower
Ever found in field or bower,
Made of roses, violets blue,
Rippling brooks and honey dew,
Snow and sunshine, pearls and gold,
Precious more than may be told.
Though at first you may not see
I'm your riddle, look at me —
You shall find me all I say,
Sweet as any summer day,
Sweeter still, for I am May!

MARGARET JOHNSON.

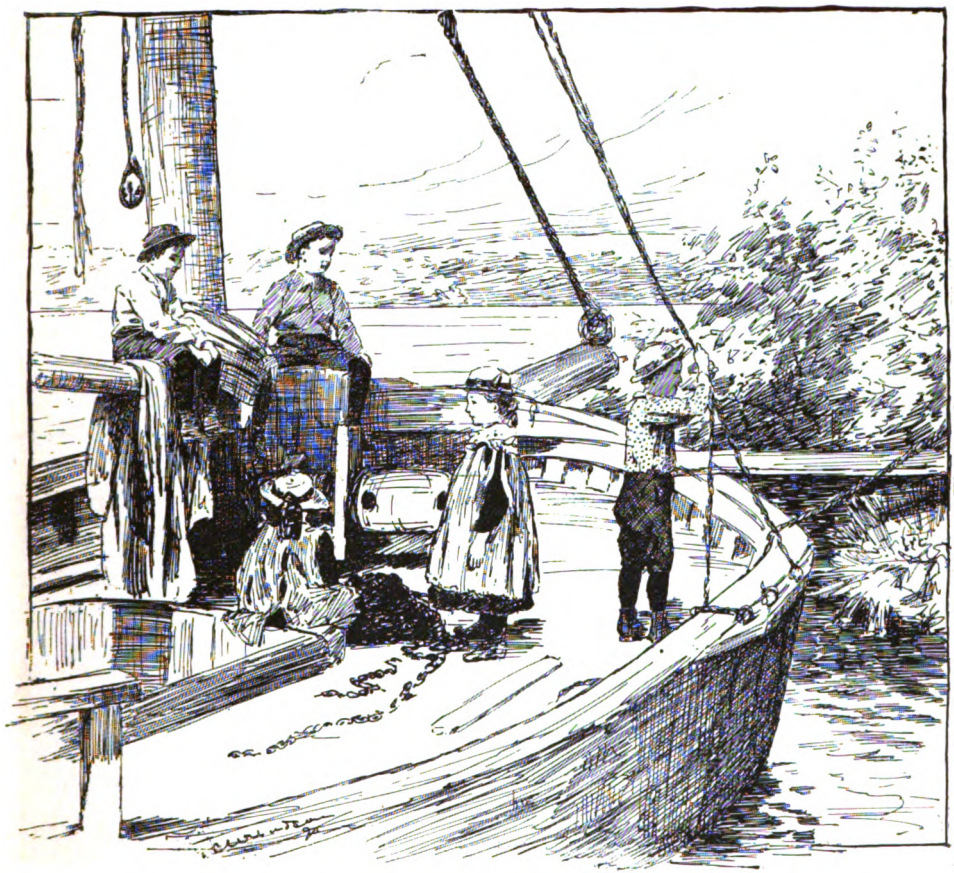


THE storm of wind and rain had lasted several days and the Rappahannock river overflowed its banks. Every day the freshet brought something new down the river, — logs of wood and parts of houses. One day a milk cupboard, or portable dairy, with pans and plates on its shelves came floating on the waves.

One morning Phil Gray went to the beach, and looking up the river saw a schooner with two masts drifting down stream. There were no sails, and the vessel rocked helplessly, as if no one guided it. It came quite close to the shore, and Phil's father, with two other men, went out in a little boat to see what was the matter. They carried a strong rope with them, and towed the vessel to the shore, finding it quite deserted. Then they made it fast to a post high on the beach, so that when the waters subsided they might leave the schooner high and dry.

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Phil went on board with the men, and they found many things in the cabin, as if it had not been long deserted. There was a berth or bed, a table, and plates, knives, and forks, with cups and saucers.



"Oh, I will stay here and be the captain!" said Phil, and his father told him that he might play here until somebody claimed the vessel. A troop of little boys and girls soon took possession of the deserted schooner in the daytime, and Phil was the captain. He wanted to sleep there one night at least; but his mother said "No," and it was well he did not.

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Another storm of rain and wind raised the river again, and the water was too high for Phil and his crew to reach their vessel. When the sun shone out and they could visit the beach, no schooner was there; only a post with a broken rope hanging from it. Their "play-ship" was gone; but far down the river they could see the dismantled hull tossed on the waves.

"I am glad we are not on her now," said Phil; but he was ready to cry at losing his schooner.

PINK HUNTER.

THE HEADLESS DOLL.

ONE day when Belle Gray was on her way to school she saw a little girl about four years old sitting on the steps of a small frame house, holding in her arms the body of a large doll. One arm was gone as well as the head, and it had no clothes on; but the little girl was kissing and talking to it.

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Belle stopped to look at her, and laughed.

"What a doll!" she said. "You must like dolls if you can play with that thing without a head."

The little girl looked at her a moment, and then, bursting into tears, ran into the house.



Belle was sorry she had said anything. She thought of the little girl a great deal that morning. On her way home at noon she stopped at a toy store and bought a doll's head with long, curling hair.

In a trunk at home were a great many doll's clothes that Belle had put away. She kept them in memory of the dolls she had loved and played with when a child. She took the best of these, and packed a little trunk with them.

On her way to school she stopped at the little frame house, and

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asked to see the little girl. But she was asleep. There she lay on a bed in a corner, with her cheeks stained with tears. The doll was beside her.



"She cried herself to sleep," said the mother. "Her heart was almost broken when she found out that her doll was not pretty, after all. It is the first doll she ever had. I found it in a bag of rags given me by a lady for whom I wash every Monday."

Belle took the poor ugly kid body up, and in two minutes it had a handsome head on. It was dressed in a pretty lawn, with a ribbon sash, and a white apron trimmed with lace.

Then Belle put the doll on the bed again, close to the little girl's hand. And we can all fancy how happy that little girl was when she waked up.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

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REBECCA AND ISAAC.



WHAT do you think they were? A couple of owls.

Bertie's big brother found them away up in the top of a tall tree. He climbed up and got them for him.

They named them Rebecca and Isaac, but everybody called them Becky and Ike.

Bertie made a little nest for them and tied their legs with a string so they could walk a little but could not fly away.

They grew very tame and would come to Bertie when he called them. They sometimes flew upon his shoulder or alighted on his curly head.

They looked very funny rolling their big, round eyes in the daytime, and blinking away at the light.

But when it grew dark they could see when Bertie could not.

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After a time he let them go all over the house. Sometimes they went out-of-doors, but they always came back.



At last they grew very troublesome, and Bertie's mamma told him she thought they had better go into the woods again.

He felt very badly over it at first. But when Becky flew against a pan of milk his mother was carrying and spilled it all over her clean dress, and Ike broke sister Lucy's prettiest vase, knocking it off the organ with his long wings, he consented.

So his big brother went with him, and when they got away out in the woods they let them go.

Bertie cried a little, but knew it was best.

He never saw them again but once. That was when he and his brother and sister were in a boat on the river. Two owls flew down from a tree on the bank and round and round their boat; and they seemed to know him when Bertie called them.

He thought it was Becky and Ike, and I think so, too; don't you?

EMMA HARRIMAN.

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THE TRUE STORY OF SUE.

WENT to school, our little Sue,
Pinks her hat adorning;
In her hand a primer new,
On a summer morning.
Hardly cared she for the birds,
Or the chiming water,
Though they seemed to sing the words,
"Happy little daughter."

Teacher heard the A B C
Of her youngest scholar,
Hoped that she would quiet be,
Smoothed her white lace collar.
By and by, when came recess,
Tired and faint-hearted,
Sue slipped off from Cousin Bess,
And for sweet home she started.

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"Sue, dear! There's the bell — oh, come!"
Cousin Bess was calling;
Faster, faster toward her home
Wee footsteps were falling.
No more school for Sue that day,
Though the squirrel yonder
Seemed to chatter "Runaway!"
Gaze at her with wonder.

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But next morn, in other mood,
 Face a shy reminder,
By the teacher's chair she stood,
 Locked her hands behind her;
"Had to see the baby's feet —
 Darling baby brother!
Will you speak to me all sweet,
 And forget the bother?

"I remember A and N,
 That's a consolation;
Now I've come to school again,
 For my education."
Scarce her smiles the teacher hid,
 Sue was so amusing;
Could she do but as she did,
 This first fault excusing?

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.



"WELL, whom have you seen to-day?" asked papa at the tea-table.

"I met Frank Weston when I was riding this morning," mamma answered.

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"Ah! Home on his vacation?"

"Yes; he was in his father's handsome buggy, driving towards home. He had a new pet by his side."

"In the buggy with him, mamma!" asked the children eagerly. "What is it? What color? Is it pretty?"



"Yes, quite pretty; color, buff and white."

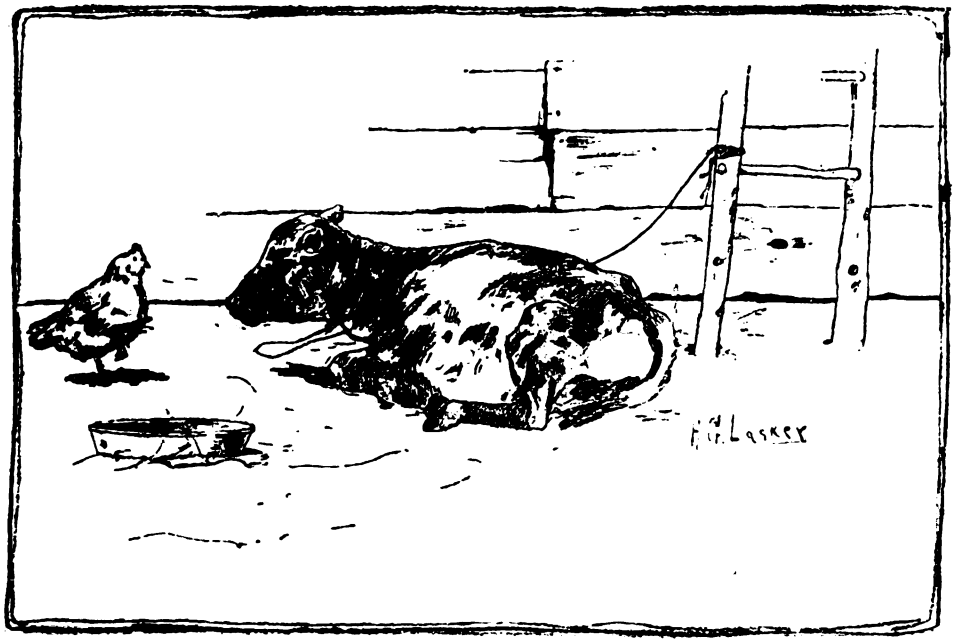
"Oh, a dog, and he has three now! What kind is the new one, mamma? Is it a collie or a setter? Or a dear little Skye terrier?"

"Not a dog of any kind," answered mamma.

"Why, what is it? A cat or a kitten? Or a rabbit? A squirrel? A bird? Was it in a cage? In a basket?"

"Oh, children, stop!" said mamma, laughing, and holding her hands over her ears.

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"Don't all talk at once. No, it was not in a basket, not in a cage; but standing beside him."

"On the cushion?"

"No, on the carpet. And it was an animal I never saw on a carpet before, nor in a buggy. It was very quiet, and seemed to enjoy the ride. At least it was not at all frightened. Frank had one arm around it, but no collar or chain."

"Why, what is it?" asked the little folks, more and more puzzled. "Can you guess, papa?"

Papa shook his head.

"Never was good at guessing," he answered as he buttered his muffin.

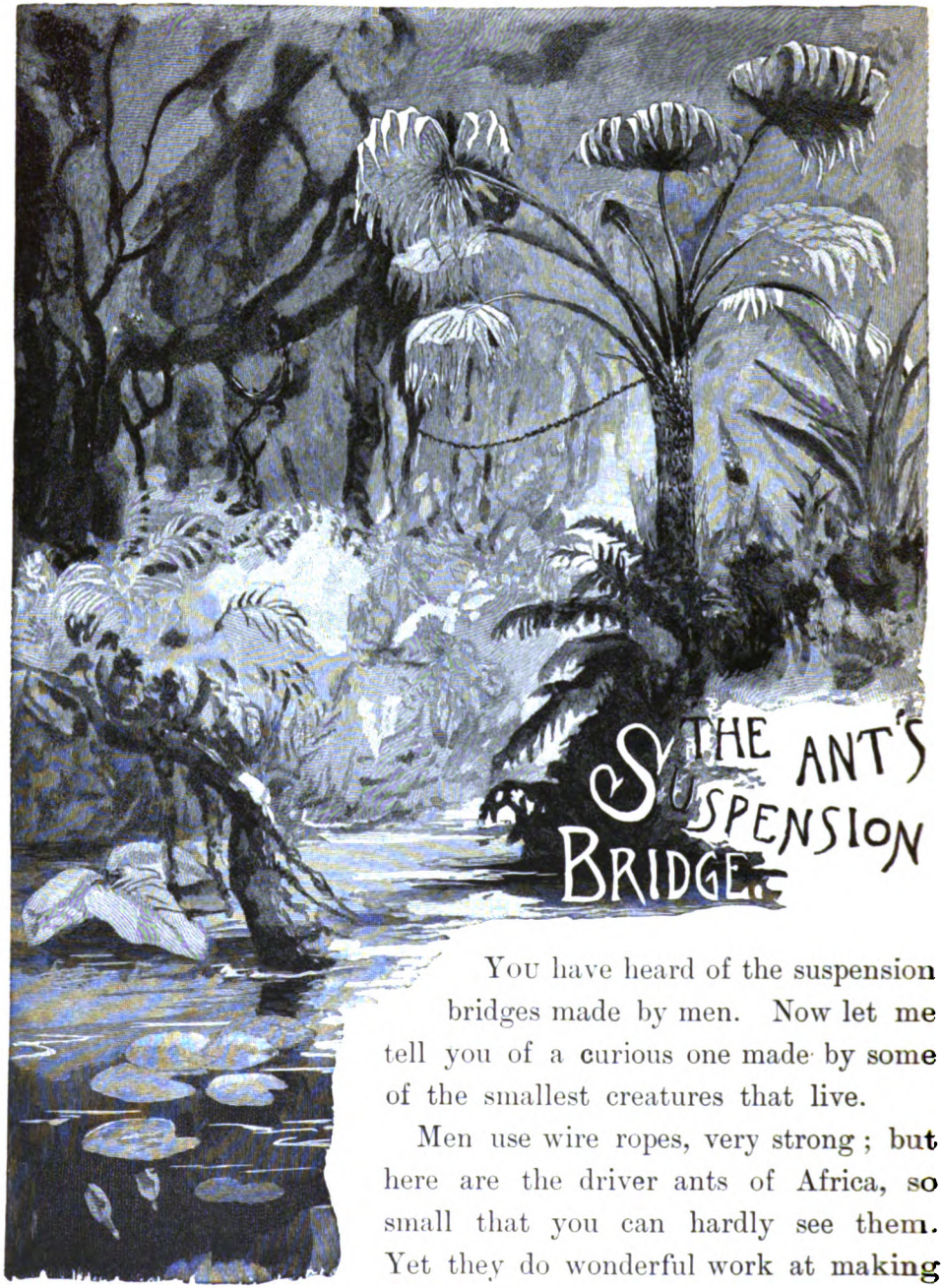
"Do you all give it up?" asked mamma.

"Yes, yes; do tell us."

"A calf; a little spotted calf."

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

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THE ANT'S SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

You have heard of the suspension bridges made by men. Now let me tell you of a curious one made by some of the smallest creatures that live.

Men use wire ropes, very strong; but here are the driver ants of Africa, so small that you can hardly see them. Yet they do wonderful work at making bridges without any rope.

This is the way they go about it. One of the largest ants takes

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hold of the branch of a tree with its fore-legs, letting its body hang. Another climbs down over the first one, and clings to his hind-legs, letting his own body hang down. Thus they keep on until these bright little fellows form a chain.

Then away they go, swinging until the end ant can get hold of something, usually some tree or shrub, — and the bridge is done!

A regiment of ants go over this live suspension bridge. When all are well over, the ant on the first tree lets go the branch, and climbs over the string. The next one follows this example, and pretty soon they all take their places at the rear end of the marching company. These ants have big heads, and they must have a good deal of brain to help them.

MRS. G. HALL.



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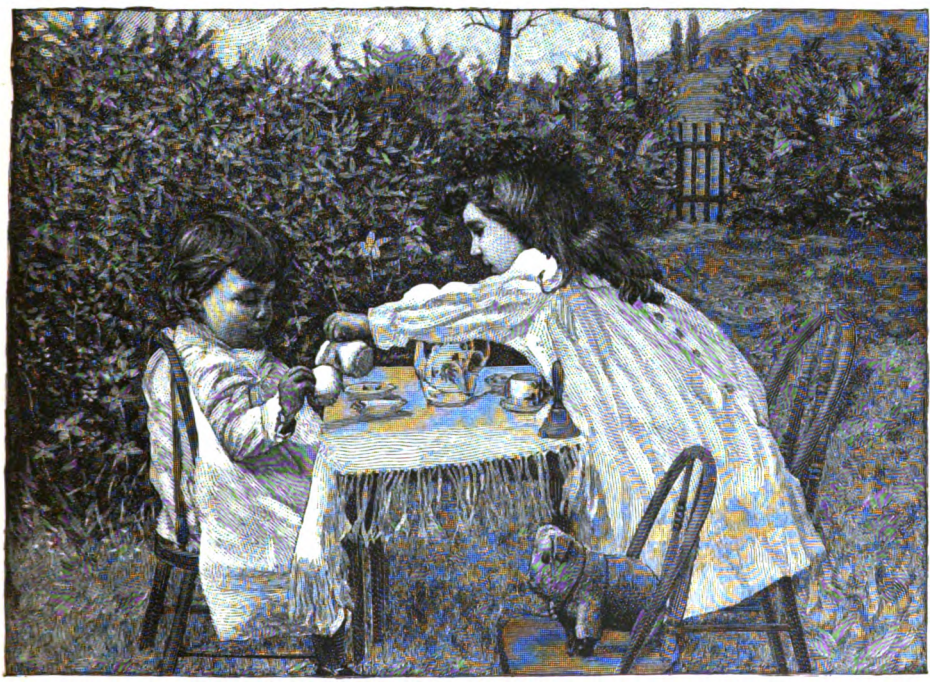


LADY COME TO TEA.

Oh, the sweet politeness
 Of this busy bee
To her little visitor
 Lady come to tea!
Even the plush poodle
 Has his proper seat,
Though, because he's made of wool,
 He doesn't really eat.

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"Have more cream," she urges;
"Have some sugar, too;
Dolly's tea-cups are so small,
Have another — do!"
Then they nibble crackers,
Bright-eyed little mice,
Playing they are pies and cakes,
And very, very nice.



Little flecks of sunlight
Flicker on the grass,
Poodle doesn't try to bark
At people when they pass.
They talk like grown-up ladies,
As nearly as may be,
And like this play the best of all —
This lady come to tea.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

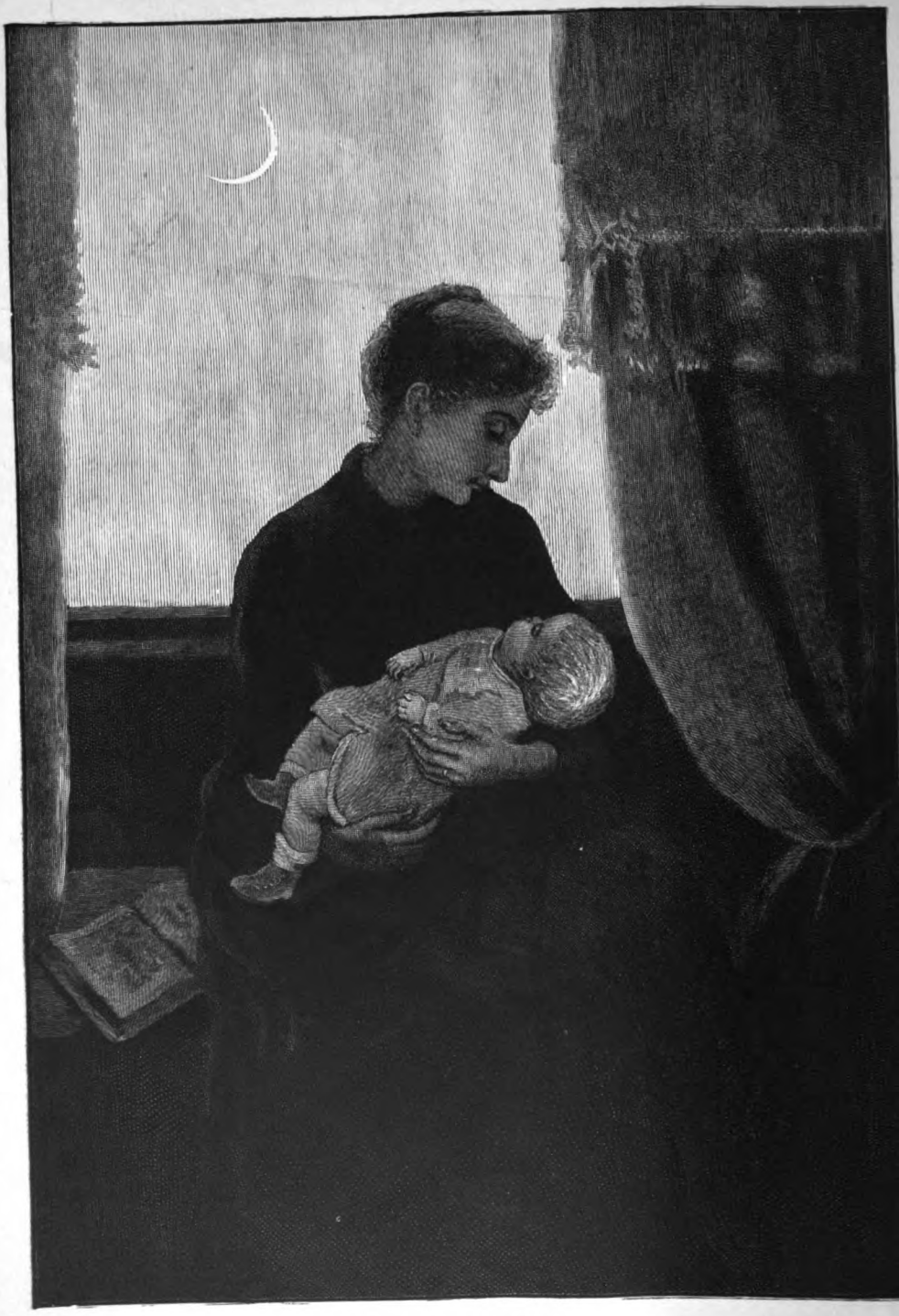
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SOMETHING TO SELL.

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BABY'S BYE-AWAY.

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BABY'S BYE-AWAY.

HIE away, hie away, dear little cry-away,
Into the sleepy land why don't you fly away?
Now in the west the sunbeams all die away,
While I sing softly a sweet, simple bye-away.

Rock-away, rock-away; fold the small frock away,
Pick up the picture-book, put every block away;
Tired the shepherd sends his pretty flock away,
And "Quite time for baby's slumber," now let him rock-away.

Croon away, croon away; set cup and spoon away,
Shadows of evening have driven warm noon away;
Sailing through stars floats the boat of the moon away,
And lower and lighter sinks my tender tune away.

Sleep away, sleep away, now no more weep away,
Danger and fear from thy cradle shall keep away,
Till o'er the hill-tops the morning shall peep away,
And then shall my baby boy once more creep away.

MARTHA B. BANKS.

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No matter how hard Mamie was crying, she would always stop if she heard Bunjer's voice. It was a funny, squeaky voice, but to Mamie it was delightful. She had never seen Bunjer, but she was very fond of him, almost fonder than she was of Santa Claus. Santa Claus came only once a year, while Bunjer came almost any time. He did not climb down the chimney, but he seemed to make his home in the wall.

Sometimes Uncle Ed came in from college singing —

"Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny-goat;
I wonder how they could do so."

If he found Mamie with her fists screwed into her eyes, and a noise coming out of her mouth which was not at all like singing, or, at any rate, like good singing, Uncle Ed would be likely to say: —

"Hey diddle, diddle, don't you want to be 'some punkins'? Well, you never will be if you don't bite this chin-music right off short;" or "Whew! what's all this kickapoo-rinkum about? When I was a little girl I never cried."

Mamie perhaps took one fist out of an eye to look at him; but it soon went in again, and the noise kept right on, for, though she was a dear, sweet little girl, she did like to have her own way.

At last her uncle always said, "Well, I shall have to see what Bunjer thinks about this," and he would go into the corner and knock upon the wall and call "Bunjer! Bunjer!"

Mamie always listened then, and pretty soon she could hear the little, squeaky voice answer, "Yes, yes! here I am. What do you want?"

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UNCLE ED. — "Have you anything for Mamie, to-day?"

BUNJER. — "Has she been a good girl?"

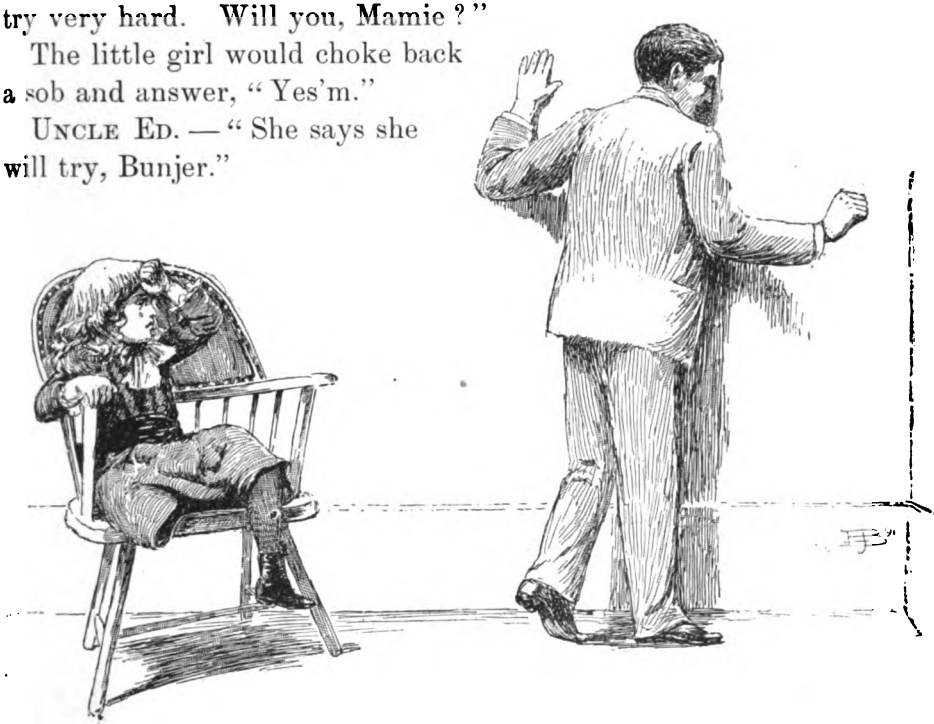
UNCLE ED. — "I am afraid not."

BUNJER (decidedly). — "Haven't anything for bad little girls."

UNCLE ED. — "Oh, wait a minute; don't go yet! Perhaps she will try very hard. Will you, Mamie?"

The little girl would choke back a sob and answer, "Yes'm."

UNCLE ED. — "She says she will try, Bunjer."



BUNJER. — "All right! If she is going to keep on trying all the afternoon, I'll scratch around and see what I can find for her."

In a minute or two Uncle Ed would turn around with an orange or a piece of candy or a handful of peanuts in his hand.

Sometimes Bunjer did not answer the call, and then Uncle Ed said he was out. Sometimes he said he had nothing to give Mamie then, but he would bring her something by and by; and he never broke his word. So you can see now why Mamie liked him.

When she grew to be a big girl, there was no longer any Bunjer. She had learned to be good because it was right, and not for the sake of a present; and so there was no more need of Bunjer.

FRANCES STOUGHTON BAILEY.

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SORRY AND HAPPY.



The girls in white dresses and laces,
Put on the most sorrowful faces,
In chorus they sadly complained,
"How sorry we are that it rained!"

The roses grew red in their blushes,
The lilies rejoiced in the rushes;
In chorus they gladly exclaimed,
"How happy we are that it rained!"



FRANK H. STAUFFER.

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WHERE JACKEY FOUND THE RAINBOW.

JACKEY MERRY was a very little boy, and his eyes were as blue as a summer sky.

He had yellow hair, that looked as though the sun was shining on it.

His little hands were always in mischief, and his feet ran away with him the minute he was outside of the gate.

But he was a very sweet little boy for all that.

Jackey's mamma had taken him away from the city, where their home was, to a pretty country place. The houses were not so close together as he was used to seeing them, and there were plenty of trees, and green grass to roll and play upon.

The day I am going to tell about was very rainy. Jackey had played with everything he could find.

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He had been in the kitchen, but he had spilled the sugar and put the cat's paw in the cream. In fact, he got into so much mischief, that Mrs. Lane had to send him up to his mamma.

He asked so many questions that he almost set her crazy.

Then she told him about the rain, and that when it rains and the sun shines there is a beautiful rainbow.

Jackey watched the sky, and late in the afternoon the sun shone brightly, although the raindrops were still falling.

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Jackey ran out on the porch, and pretty soon shouted with delight, "O mamma, I see the rainbow! I see the rainbow!"

After a few minutes, as Jackey did not come into the room, his mamma went to the door, to see what mischief he was in.



She did not find him anywhere around, so she stepped outside of the gate. Away down the road she saw a little golden head bobbing up and down, as he trotted along.

Mamma put on her hat, and walked as quickly as she could in the direction Jackey had taken.

Soon she came to a little stone church, where the doors were wide open.

In the aisle stood Jackey gazing intently at a broad ray of sunlight, with all the beautiful colors of the stained-glass window reflected in it.

"O mamma," he whispered softly, "I've found the rainbow; and it comes from up there, where Jesus is blessing the little children." And he pointed to the picture on the window.

"Yes," said mamma gently, as she led him away.

The rainbow is still one of Jackey's greatest delights, and he always says he "found it in the church, where it came straight down from heaven."

ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL.

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THE OLD BOY.



Our Jack, at twelve, is very free
With his advice this season.
We think long pants can but increase
His judgment and his reason.

"You'd better get that
horse of Jones,"
Said Jack to me this
morning;
"He'll pull a bigger
load than Mike —
He's just the build
for farming.



"You'd better sell the
brindle calf,
She won't amount to shucks;
I told the butcher, he'll be up;
He wanted mother's ducks.

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"It's going to rain; I don't believe
You'd better cut the grain.
'Twill come off clear some time this week,
The moon is on the wane.

"I'll drive Ben down and get him shod,
And take the eggs to market.
Now, mother's cleaning house, and you
May shake the parlor carpet."

MRS. ELDON WRIGHT.



THE BABY KING'S BIRTHDAY.

ALFONSO, the little king of Spain, was two years old in May, 1888. His queen-mamma said he must have a birthday party. He clapped his chubby hands and crowed with delight; for, although he did not know what a birthday party was, he was sure it would be great fun. His small majesty was bound to have as good a time as other little boys who are not kings at all.

It was a grand festival, for all the school-children of Madrid were invited. They paraded before him, dressed in their Sunday clothes, and each carrying a bright flag. He thought it all a splendid joke. He laughed and kept time to the music with his saucy, royal heels. He kicked as hard as he could against the legs of his high-chair, which is the kind of throne he has now.

Every child was given a pretty silver medal with a portrait of the tiny sovereign stamped upon it. Alfonso himself, and his mamma and little sisters, wore similar ones of gold.

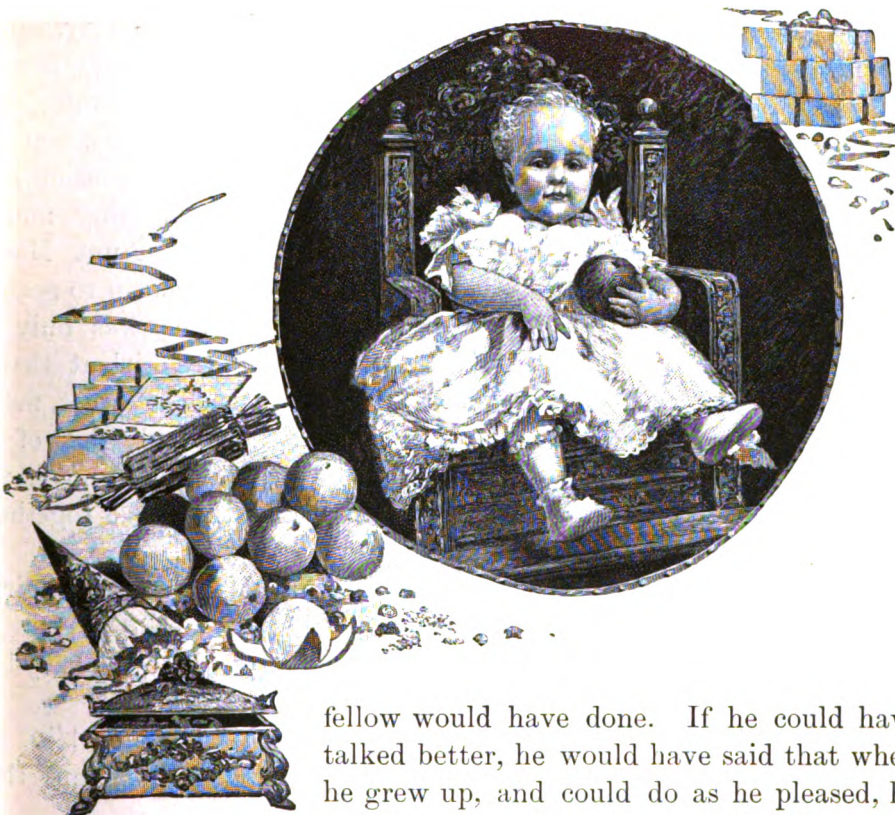
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THE BABY-KING'S BIRTHDAY.

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Such a feast as the young folk had! Fourteen thousand meat pies, twice as many cakes and oranges, and two thousand pounds of candy were ordered and disposed of. His Majesty, the host, grabbed for the oranges and cried for the sugar-plums just as any other wee



fellow would have done. If he could have talked better, he would have said that when he grew up, and could do as he pleased, he would have a party every day in the week.

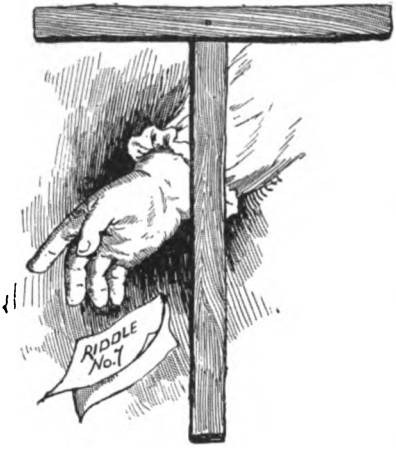
I wish I could show OUR LITTLE ONES a photograph of the queen and her children. Just such a sweet picture may be seen any day in their own homes. The mamma is pouring tea at table; Alfonso is in his high-chair at her side, and the two small princesses are in their places, smiling and dainty, in their plain white dresses.

I hope all the little people who read this story have a dear papa to sit opposite mamma; but there is none in this photograph. The royal papa is dead, and that is the way it happens that Spain has a baby king.

MARY C. CROWLEY.

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ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — VI.



THE sun shone brightly in at the nursery windows, and Dick, the canary, sang as if he would split his tiny throat, and two other little voices rang out with happy laughter at the sound. Robin Boy had quite forgotten his riddle, for he had something much better to think about. Aunt Mary had brought his little cousin to spend the day with him. She was only a baby, to be sure, and a girl at that; but then, she was such a sweet, merry, good-natured, roly-poly dot of a baby, that even a big boy with pockets in his pants could not have wished for a better playmate; and a lovely time they had together among the toys and treasures of the nursery.

Robin did not think of his riddle until Aunt Mary came upstairs, and said it was time to go home.

"Oh!" he said, "if I had my fing, I would give it to the baby!"

Aunt Mary and mamma began to laugh at that.

"If you look hard," they said, "maybe you can find it now!"

"I don't see anyfing," said Robin, puzzled. "Anyfing 'cept the baby."

Then they laughed again, and caught up the darling, and showed him the roses in her pink cheeks, and the violets in her blue eyes, and the pearly teeth in her pretty mouth. And Robin clapped his hands with delight, when he remembered that, besides all this, her name was May.

"She's it! she's it!" he cried. "And I fink she is the nicerest fing of all!"

"Dee, Wobin!" cooed the baby, holding out her hands to him. And shut close in her dimpled fist he found his next riddle-rhyme.

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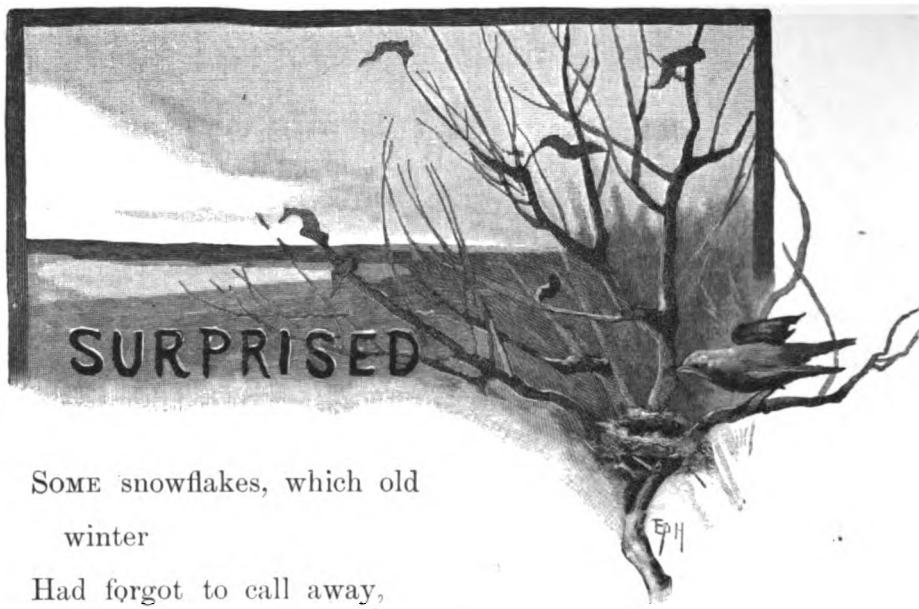
I am ten, and I am one.
You can hold me in your hand.
One to look at, ten to count.
Robin, do you understand?

In a snug and quiet place,
Where you'll never think to look,
Under lots of other things
Crowding this convenient nook,

Far, far down, and out of sight,
Though you strain your eyes to see,
With your fingers, Robin Boy,
Feel, and find, and capture me!

MARGARET JOHNSON.

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Some snowflakes, which old
winter
Had forgot to call away,



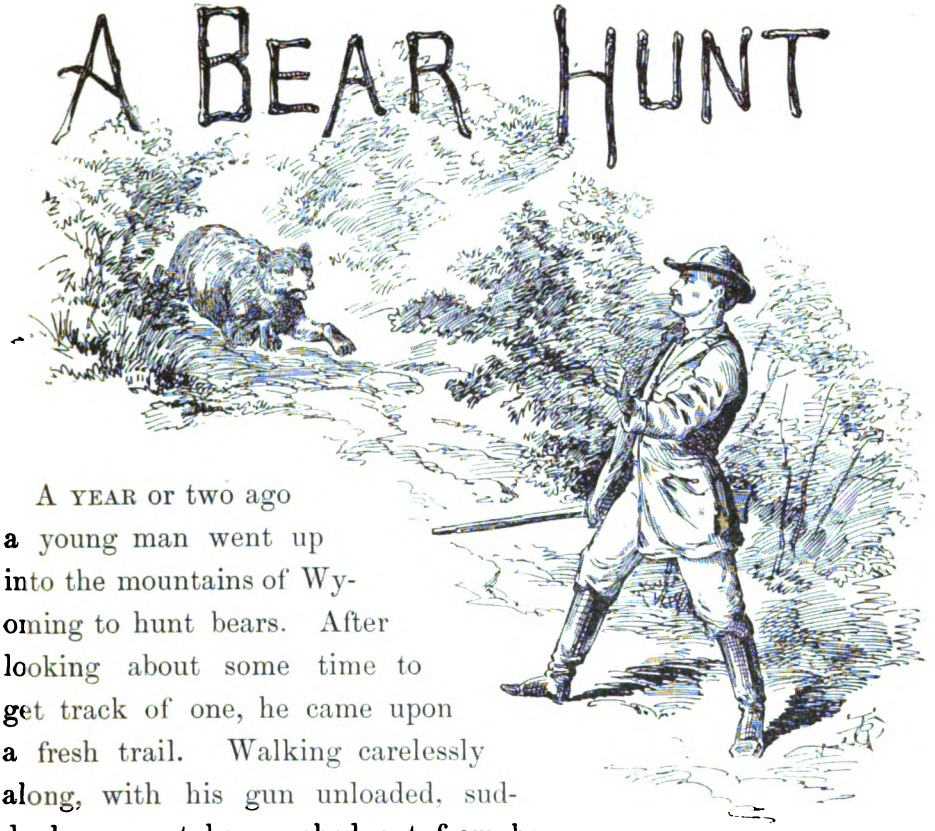
Once flitted to an
empty nest,
And snugly in it
lay.

A very early blue-
bird
Soon a sight of
them did catch;
She fluttered round,
and chirped,
"Ha! Ha!
What funny eggs
to hatch."

GEORGE COOPER.

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A Bear Hunt



A year or two ago a young man went up into the mountains of Wyoming to hunt bears. After looking about some time to get track of one, he came upon a fresh trail. Walking carelessly along, with his gun unloaded, suddenly a great bear rushed out from behind some bushes, and, with an angry growl, came running right towards him.

The young man had no time to load his gun, and he ran away as fast as he could. In a grove of trees he had seen some wood-choppers at work. When he reached the grove, he dropped his gun at the foot of a tree, and climbed up just in time to get out of the way of the pursuer.

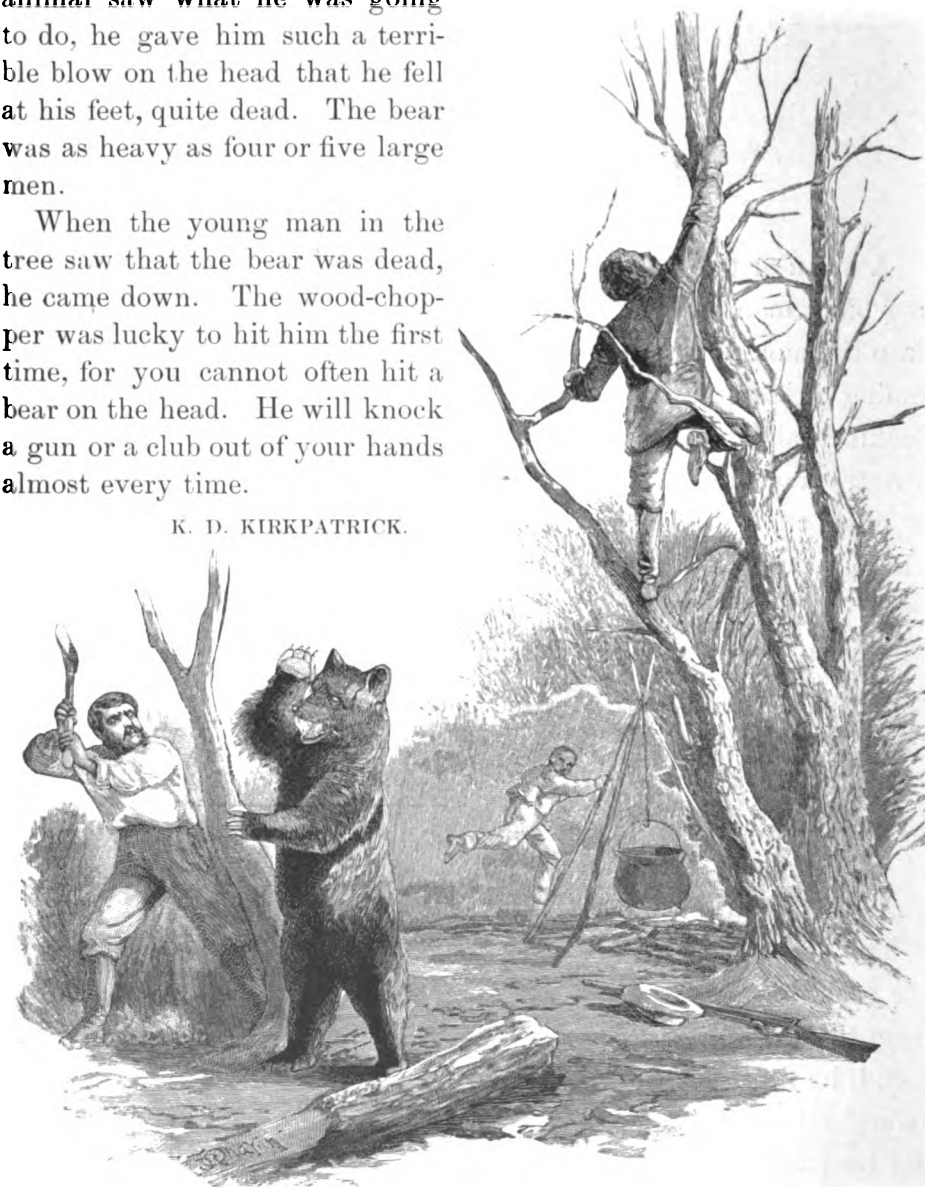
The bear reached the grove, but did not notice the young man. He rushed after a wood-chopper he saw close by. This man had no time to run away, or to climb a tree. Hiding himself as well as he could, he lifted his great, sharp axe, and, as the bear came near, he brought down the weapon with a swinging blow right on the head of the bear.

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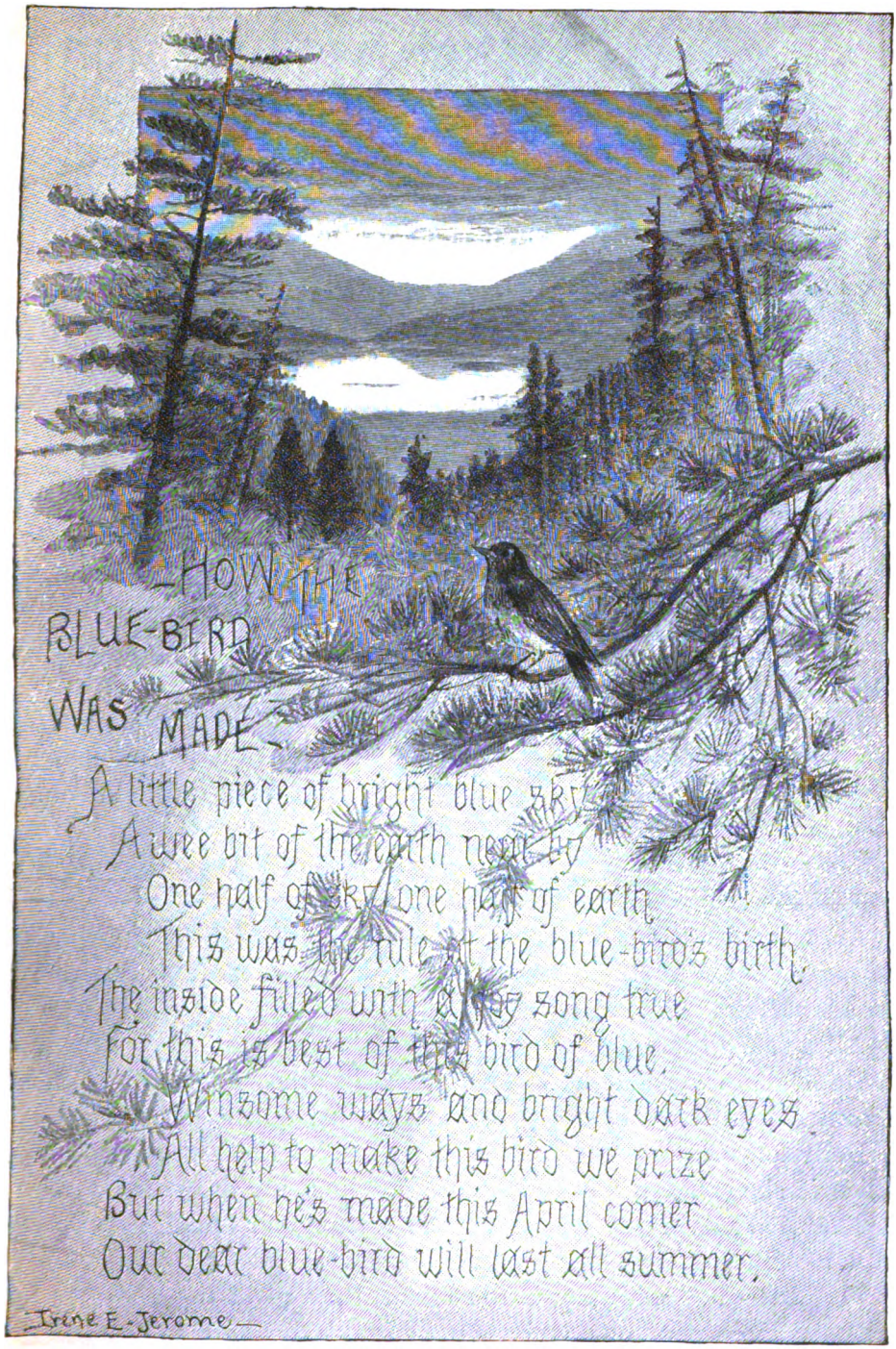
The bear struck at the man with his paw, and knocked the axe out of his hands. The poor man was terribly frightened. He thought the bear would certainly kill him now. But he saw that the bear was so dizzy he could hardly stand, and he picked up his axe. Before the animal saw what he was going to do, he gave him such a terrible blow on the head that he fell at his feet, quite dead. The bear was as heavy as four or five large men.

When the young man in the tree saw that the bear was dead, he came down. The wood-chopper was lucky to hit him the first time, for you cannot often hit a bear on the head. He will knock a gun or a club out of your hands almost every time.

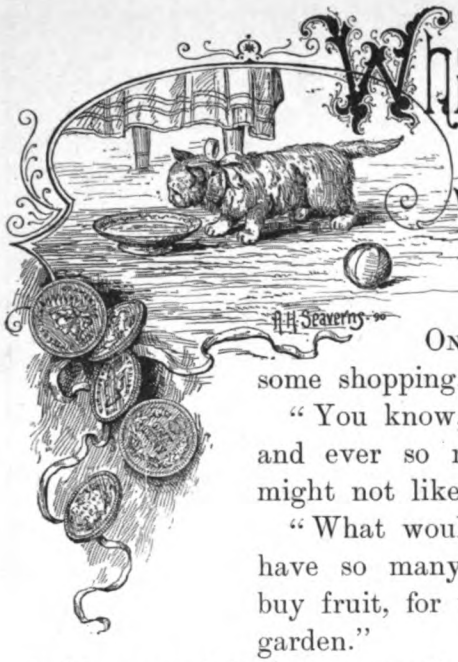
K. D. KIRKPATRICK.



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What Dolly bought with her Pennies

One day Alice was going out to do some shopping. Dolly asked to go with her.

"You know, Alice, I have my runaway penny, and ever so many more, and I'm afraid they might not like to stay much longer."

"What would you like to buy, Dolly? You have so many toys; and you do not need to buy fruit, for we have nearly every kind in the garden."

"Of course, I don't know until I see. But I guess there is something for little girls."

Dolly looked at a great many things that she did not want, and she saw some she would like to have, but they cost too much money.

So she carried her little purse tightly in her hand, and danced alongside of Alice.

They met a friend, who gave Dolly some delicious candy, and Alice bought her a plate of ice-cream.

As they came out of the store, two little boys stood near the entrance. One of them had been crying, and the tears were still on his cheeks.

Alice asked him what was the matter.

He held up a small basket, and said his mother sent him out to drown the kitten, and the great tears rolled down his cheeks.

Dolly felt so sorry for the boy, as well as for the kitten, and asked Alice if she could not have it instead of its being drowned.

They looked in the basket at the kitten, and found it was very pretty, with soft gray fur and white feet.

The little boy said they were so poor, they could not afford to buy milk for more than one, and they all loved the mother cat best.

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WHAT DOLLY BOUGHT WITH HER PENNIES.

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"Alice," said Dolly, "I will give him five of my pennies for the kitty, and they will buy milk for the other cat for five days, won't they?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Alice: "and the little kitty shall be your own."

Dolly was delighted to have a new pet, and the boy was glad not to have to drown the kitten.



Dolly gave him five of her pennies, and they all walked home together, the little boy carrying the basket.

Dolly named her kitten Muff, and tied a blue ribbon around its neck, because it looked so pretty with the soft, gray fur.

They soon became great friends, and Muff follows her little mistress about the house and garden.

Many a fine romp they have on the grass; but Muff can run up a tree and hide when Pilot comes along. Dolly is not afraid of him, as they are old friends.

ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL.

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"Oh, come with me," said the big doggie,
As he winked with his eye that was dotted;
He had, they say, a fascinating way
Of seeming to be kind when he plotted.

The little dog good said he wished he could,
But mamma "No, no" had told him.
He was very much afraid, if away he strayed,
That mamma would surely scold him.



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"If only you yield and come out in the field,"
Said the big dog, whispering low,
"There's a wee little mouse for you to touse,
And a bird to chase, I'll show."

With a yearning sigh, and a soft "Oh, my!"
The little dog pricked up his ears.
There was fun alive, could he contrive
To elude his mother's fears.

The tempter wily his chops licked slyly,
And added, in accents thick:
"Down by the stone there's a great, big bone
For you and me to pick."

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Then the little dog moral he scented a quarrel;
"Oh, no; my ma," said he,
"Told me I ought to 'void him who sought
To pick a bone with me."

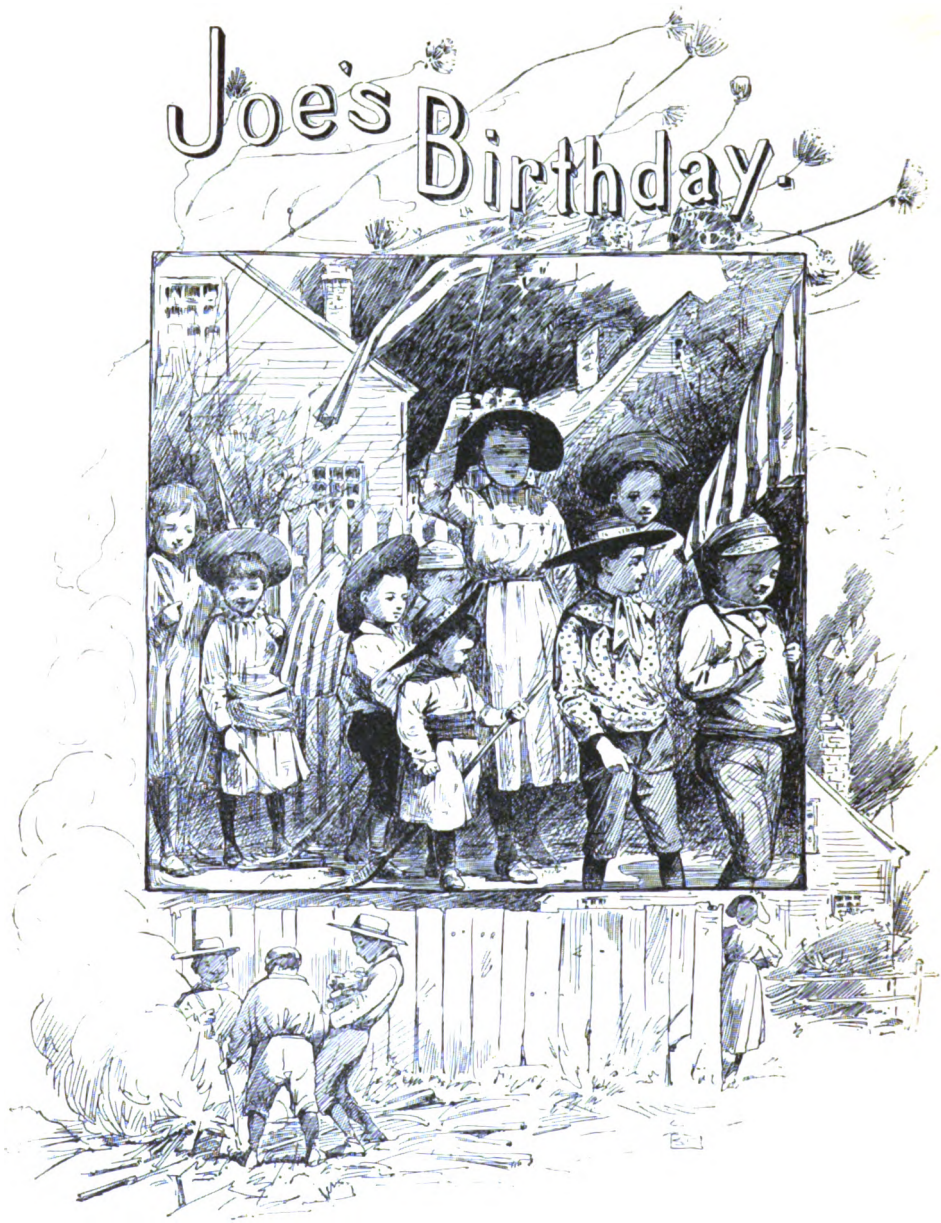
So the wise dog stayed and his ma obeyed,
For he truly had found the reason
Of the big dog's bribe, who was one of that tribe
That delights in fights and treason.

And the little dog sage lived a good old age,
While he fed on pie and liver;
But the big dog squabbled on a bridge that wabbled,
And was drowned in the roaring river.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.



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It was Joe's birthday. I hadn't many pennies to buy presents with, so I just made up my mind I'd get up a "percession" for him, and a percession worth seeing, too. There must be cavalry and infantry and artillery.

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It was a good deal harder to make the boys and girls do my way instead of their own; but I'm biggest, you know. Besides, I had a pocketful of peanuts, and that helped some. Joe promised all who would mind a piece of his birthday-cake.

So we started, cavalry ahead; Billy Brown was the horse, — a real war-horse, you know. He was so old and honorable he had to be led or driven, and Jack Jones could do that.

Joe and half a dozen other boys on sticks, were cavalry. I'm the girl with the flag, the biggest one, and Mamie Brown carried the other.

Josie Jones had her baby out for an airing, and couldn't march without it; so she was infantry and artillery both, for she had a cork-pistol and plenty of torpedoes.

We marched twice around the square, and twice down to Uncle Billy's store, for he almost always treats us when we come. He did this time, too, — candy and a bubble-pipe all around. Then he said, "Don't come again to-day;" but I did, though!

By and by the "percession" broke up. Josie went home. So did I, for I had two whole towels to hem. The boys played all alone out behind the house.

I couldn't see what they were doing. I knew they were having a lovely time, there was such a big pile of boards and boxes and straw out there to play with.

By and by I heard a great shout, and a great many shouts. Mother was sitting right by me, so I didn't dare go out to see the fun. After the noise had kept up quite a while she said, "I guess you'd better see what the boys are about. I think I smell smoke."

Smell smoke? I should think so, for the air was blue with it! The flames were bursting out from under the boxes and barrels the boys had piled up in the alley.

The fence was on fire, and little fiery tongues were running along

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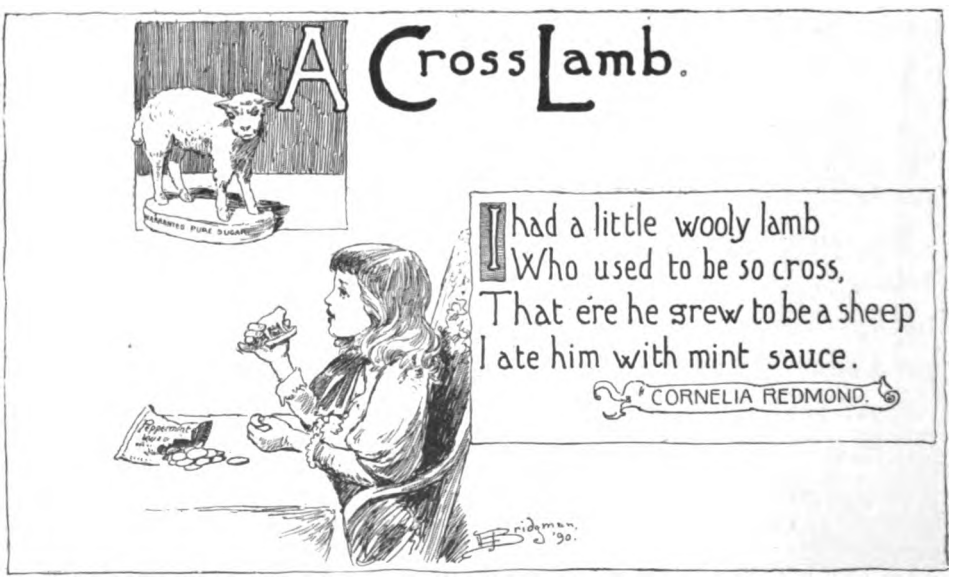
the ground, licking up the loose straw. There were plenty of boards and boxes all around that would soon catch.

I screamed and ran, first, to Uncle Billy's store, then for a policeman, or any other man I could find. I found a good many, and they all came, every one. By the time I got home the engine was there.

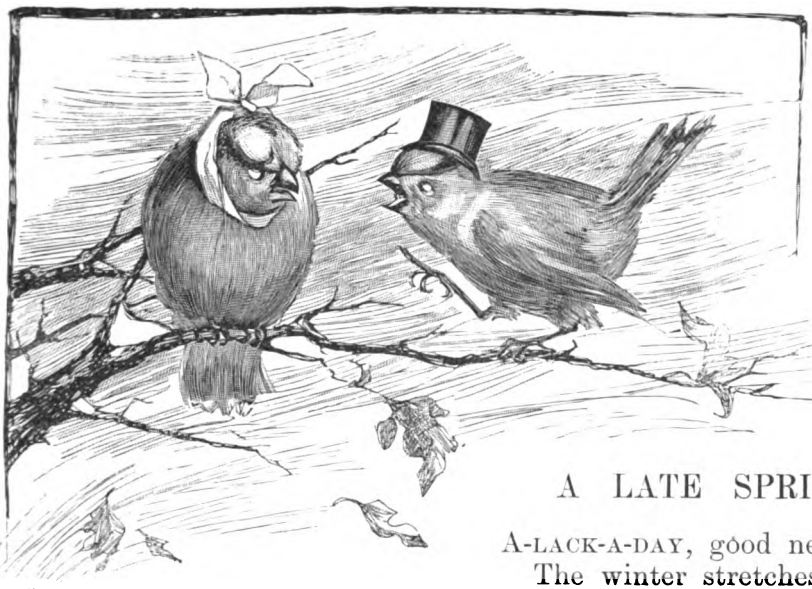
It looked like an awfully big fire when I started, but the firemen made such short work in putting it out, that I felt a little ashamed I'd called them at all. The minister patted my head and said, "You saved a big fire by putting out a little one." He pointed to a great, great pile of old houses near. "If the fire had reached them, half the town would have been burned."

Joe thought it was a jolly fire, though, and wanted to start another; but after a whole hour in the dark closet, he didn't think so any longer.

FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.



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A LATE SPRING.

A-LACK-A-DAY, good neighbor,
The winter stretches long!
How can you have the courage
To raise so sweet a song?
My voice is fairly ruined
By this cold that's in my head,
And food's so scarce — why, really,
I can't find a crumb of bread.

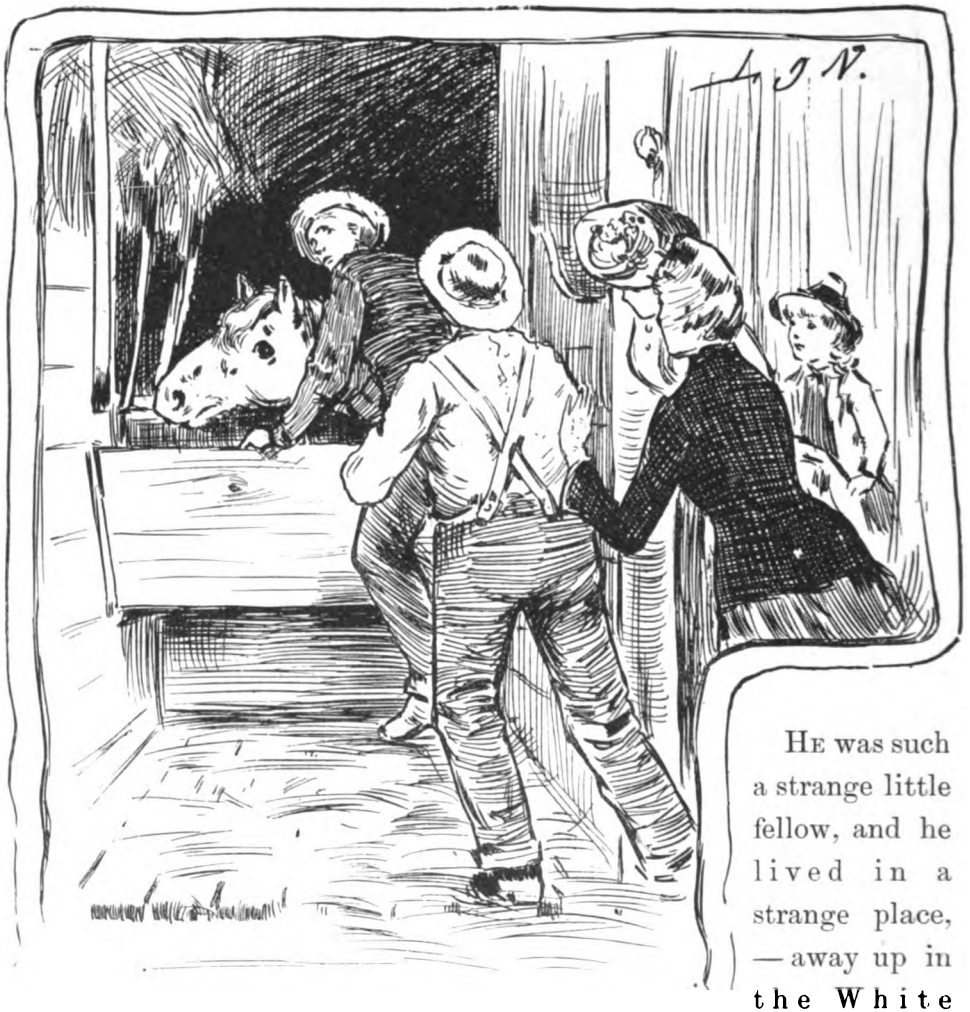
Oh! come now, brother sparrow,
What's the use of feeling blue,
When winter's sturdy backbone
Is almost broke in two?
Our coldest snap is over —
The spring will soon be here,
With gentle showers, and dainty flowers,
With plenty and good cheer!

JESSIE B. McCLURE.



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A FUNNY PONY.



He was such a strange little fellow, and he lived in a strange place, — away up in the White Mountains, at the Tip-Top House. The ladies used to ride him, and he grew tired of it. When he saw any one coming to catch him, he went limping off as if he were so lame he could hardly walk.

One day a new man was sent to catch him, who did not know his tricks.

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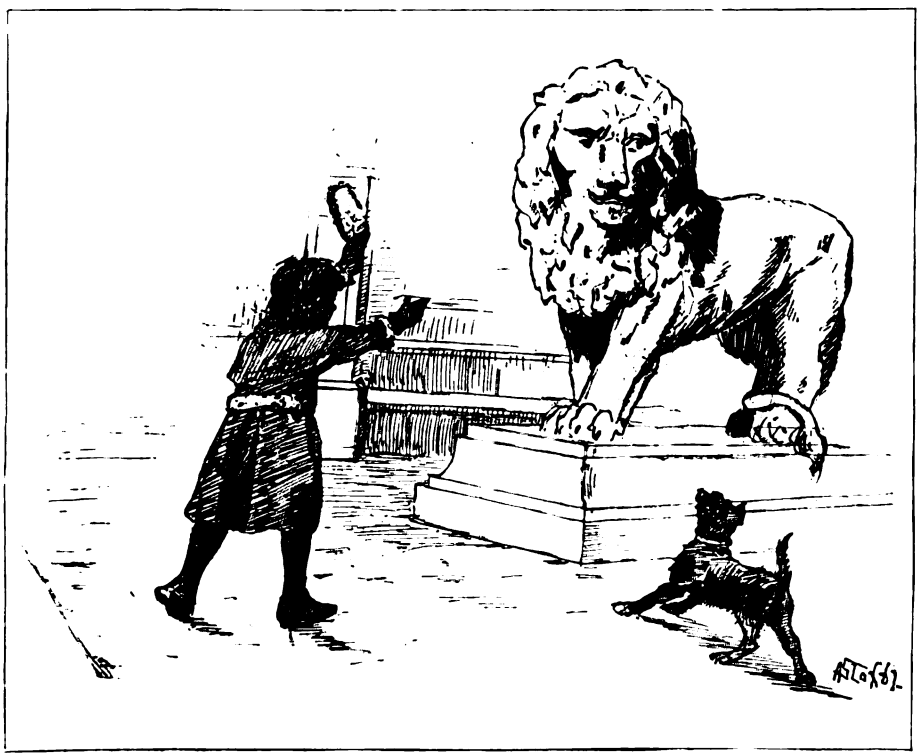
"I did not catch the pony," he said, when he came back, "because he is so lame no one could ride him." Then how the men laughed!

One day when the men opened the stables, the pony was gone, and they thought some one had stolen him.

But at last they heard him chewing, and after they had hunted a long time, they found him over in behind his manger. He jumped over in there, and when he couldn't get out again, he just lay there and reached up and ate the hay that fell over so he could get at it.

They had to get hammers and axes and pry off the boards before they could get him out.

EMMA HARRIMAN.



"APRIL FOOL."

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POMPEY AND HIS OWL.

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THE GONDOLAS OF VENICE.

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THE GONDOLAS OF VENICE.

VENICE is a city in Italy. It is built in the water, and contains four hundred and fifty bridges, the handsomest of which is built of marble, and is called the Rialto.

The streets are canals, and are traversed by boats known as gondolas, managed by boatmen called gondoliers. These boats are about thirty feet long and five feet wide. They are very graceful in shape, and deliver passengers and goods in every part of the city, just as street-cars, cabs, and express-wagons do on the paved streets of our cities. There is a cabin, called the *felze*, in the centre of the boat. It is carpeted, hung with curtains, and furnished with soft cushions.

The prow, or fore part of the boat, is high, and is often richly gilded and handsomely carved. The prow is made still higher by being surmounted with a curiously shaped head of bright, flat steel, and called the *ferro*. The gondolier steers by it, and his quick eye tells him at once that if the *ferro* will pass under a bridge, the cabin will pass under it too. There are two steps at the prow end, by means of which the passengers enter the boat.

The gondolier stands up on the boat, looks very graceful, and handles his boat with much ease. The oar is not fast in a rowlock, like our oars, but is free, which enables him to stop instantly, to turn

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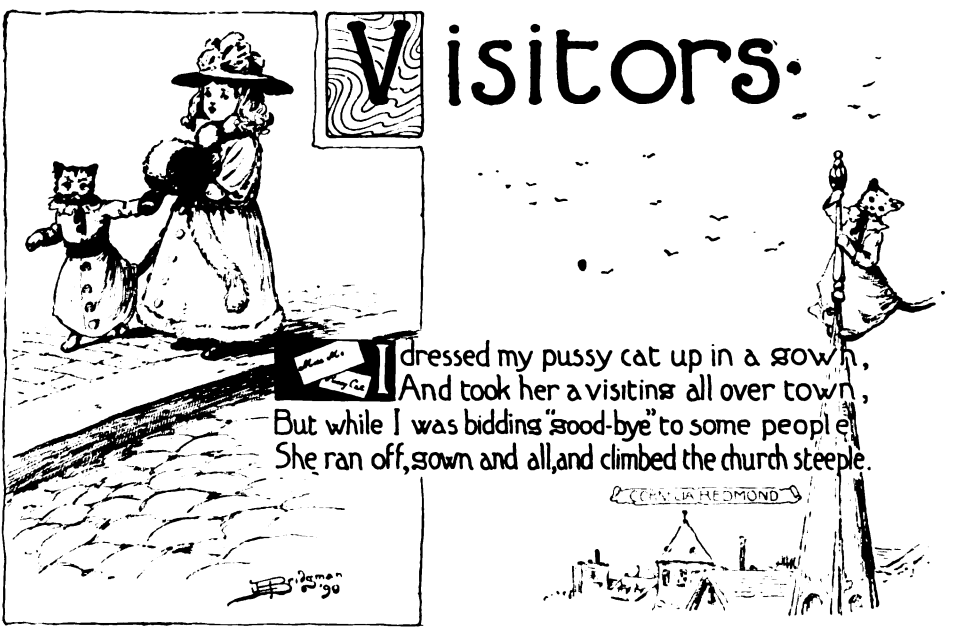
as if on a pivot, and to glide in and out of every nook and cranny. He is expected to know every sunken pile, and every iron ring in the walls. He flashes his eyes about him, and is constantly on the alert. He is very quiet, hence Byron, in one of his poems, says:

"And silent rows the songless gondolier."

He does not seem to be working hard, and he would stare with astonishment, and with something of disgust, probably, at eight university men straining and pulling at their oars in smooth water. It would strike him as very funny, too, to see them rowing with their backs toward the prow.

Because of a very old law, the ordinary gondolas are painted black and are hung with black cloth, which gives them a sombre look. Those used by foreign ambassadors, and for state purposes, however, are bright and pleasing in their appearance.

FRANK H. STAUFFER



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"I AM going down to the Frog Pond to sail my new boat," said Ralph Brown to his sister Susie one summer afternoon.

Now, Ralph Brown is a Boston boy whose home is near the Common, and the Frog Pond is not an ordinary frog pond, as one might suppose on hearing it spoken of, but it is the name of a pretty little sheet of nice, clear water right in the midst of the park called Boston Common. The bottom of the pond is made of stones, and it is hemmed in all about its margin by smooth granite edgestones, while around these is a nice gravel walk. Beyond on all sides is grass, and overhead are the wide-spreading branches of great elm-trees. The water is supplied by a beautiful fountain near one end of the pond.

The city of Boston is nearly surrounded by water, with the harbor in front and the Charles River running in the rear, and a great many men are interested in boating and yachting. Thus the little boys hear their fathers and larger brothers talk about these sports, and also become interested in them, and not a few of them have toy boats. As they cannot, of course, sail their boats on the big river or in the deep harbor, they go to the Frog Pond, and on a pleasant summer day one may see its surface dotted here and there with small white sails, and the owners of the tiny craft standing on the shore watching with eager interest their miniature vessels as they are wafted by the gentle breeze from side to side of the pond.

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Mixed in with these youthful yachtsmen may now and then be seen a boy or two having grand fun with their dogs. The boys throw sticks into the pond, and the dogs plunge into the water, swim out and grasp the pieces of wood in their teeth and bring them



ashore again, seeming to enjoy the sport as much as do their masters. There is usually quite a number of people seated on benches in the shade around the pond, and they have to take care that they do not get sprinkled when the dogs come out, for then the animals shake themselves and scatter the water in every direction, and whisk their wet tails about, sometimes right in the faces of the children.

Ralph has a dog named Dash, and it was his intention to take him along with him to the pond.

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Susie thought it would be pleasant for her and her cousin, Ethel Eaton, who was playing with her, to go also. Ralph said he was willing, and as Mrs. Brown gave her consent, off they all went. Ralph carried his boat, which he called "The Neversink;" the girls each took a doll, of which Susie has quite a family; and Dash ran ahead, then came back to bark, and then ran ahead again.

When they reached the Frog Pond, Ralph first amused the girls by throwing in a stick and sending Dash after it. Dash is a Newfoundland dog, and consequently very fond of swimming.

After a short time, however, Ralph arranged the sail and fixed the rudder of the pretty little boat his father had bought for him, and placing it in the water, gave it a push, and away it sped out across the pond. The children ran around to the other side to meet it when it arrived, and thus "The Neversink" made several voyages.

"Don't you wish you had some passengers on your boat?" said Ethel.

"Yes," said Ralph. "Let me take the doll, Ethel, and I will send her across on the boat."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Susie, "you can't have my nice French doll."

"Oh, please let me take her, Sue," pleaded Ralph.

"You can try this Japanese doll, Sing Hi, if you want to," Susie replied.

"I don't care whether my passengers are French, Japanese, or Chinese," said Ralph, and placing the doll Susie gave him carefully on board the boat, off sailed Sing Hi in fine style on "The Neversink," amidst the gleeful shouts of the children at her comical appearance.

Sing Hi reached the other shore of the pond in safety, and she had behaved so well that it was immediately decided to give her a ride back again. So the boat was once more headed in the other direction, and Sing Hi started on her return voyage.

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When she was well on her way, the children set out for the other side of the pond to receive her, but hardly had they got their backs turned when a boy shouted out —

"Doll overboard! doll overboard!"

Sure enough, there had been a disaster. The rudder of "The Neversink" had got loose, the sail had shifted, and the boat had taken a new tack, that is, changed its course. This would have done no harm, but, in the "coming about," poor Sing Hi had lost her balance and fallen into the water. Luckily she was very light and did not sink. But there she was out in the middle of the pond.

The boat came ashore at the end of the Frog Pond, but the question was how to get the doll.

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Susie's eyes were filled with tears, but Ralph said, "Don't cry, Sue, I can get the doll. I will send Dash in after her."

However, Dash could not be induced to go. He would not take his eyes off from Ralph, and as he had not seen him throw anything into the water, he could not understand what was wanted, and only ran about and barked.

Then Ralph had a happy thought. He took a stick and threw it



out beyond the doll. In sprang Dash and swam straight ahead toward it, but when he came to Sing Hi he probably got some water in his eyes, and he thought she was the stick. So he grabbed hold of her and brought her to the now overjoyed Susie.

Sing Hi was a wretched-looking object to behold. Her clothes were wet through, and Ethel and Susie agreed that the best thing to do was to take her home, as soon as possible, and put some dry clothing on her, so that she should not take cold.

FRANK J. BONNELLE.

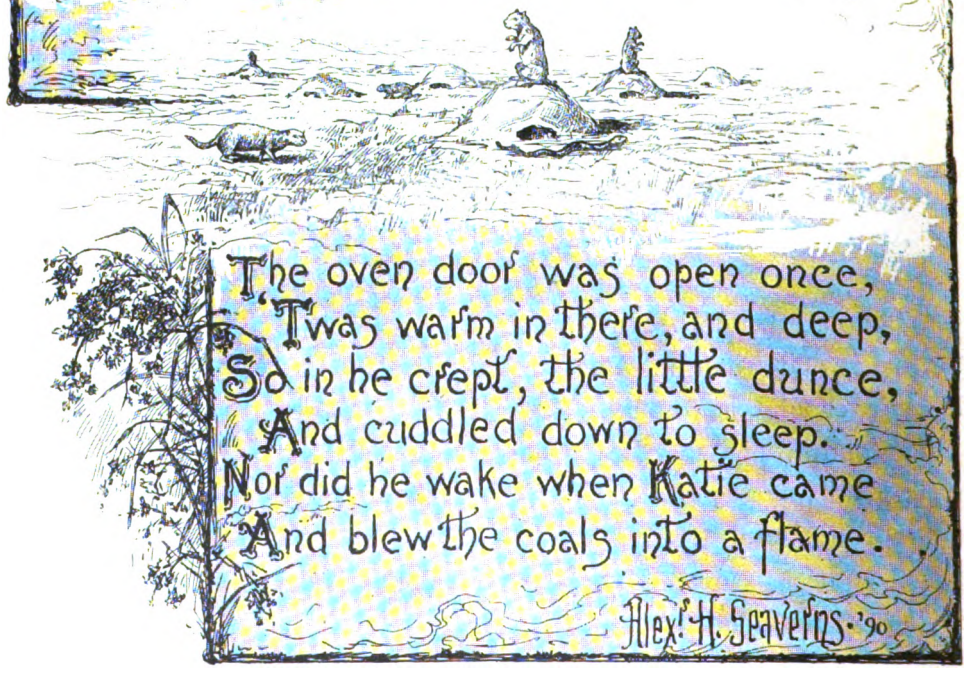
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My Idaho Pet.

Clara G. Dolliver.



I have a funny little pet
He came from Idaho,
His coat is brown, his eye is jet
I call him Angelo.
A little prairie dog is he,
Tho' not like any dogs you see.



The oven door was open once,
'Twas warm in there, and deep,
So in he crept, the little dunce,
And cuddled down to sleep.
Nor did he wake when Katie came
And blew the coals into a flame.

Alex. H. Seavers. '90

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TED'S MEMORIAL DAY.

Sir John was a handsome shepherd dog that had belonged to Mr. Northcote. Not far down the street lived a little dog that was very deaf. He was always getting into trouble. Sir John always took his part, and fought many a battle for him.

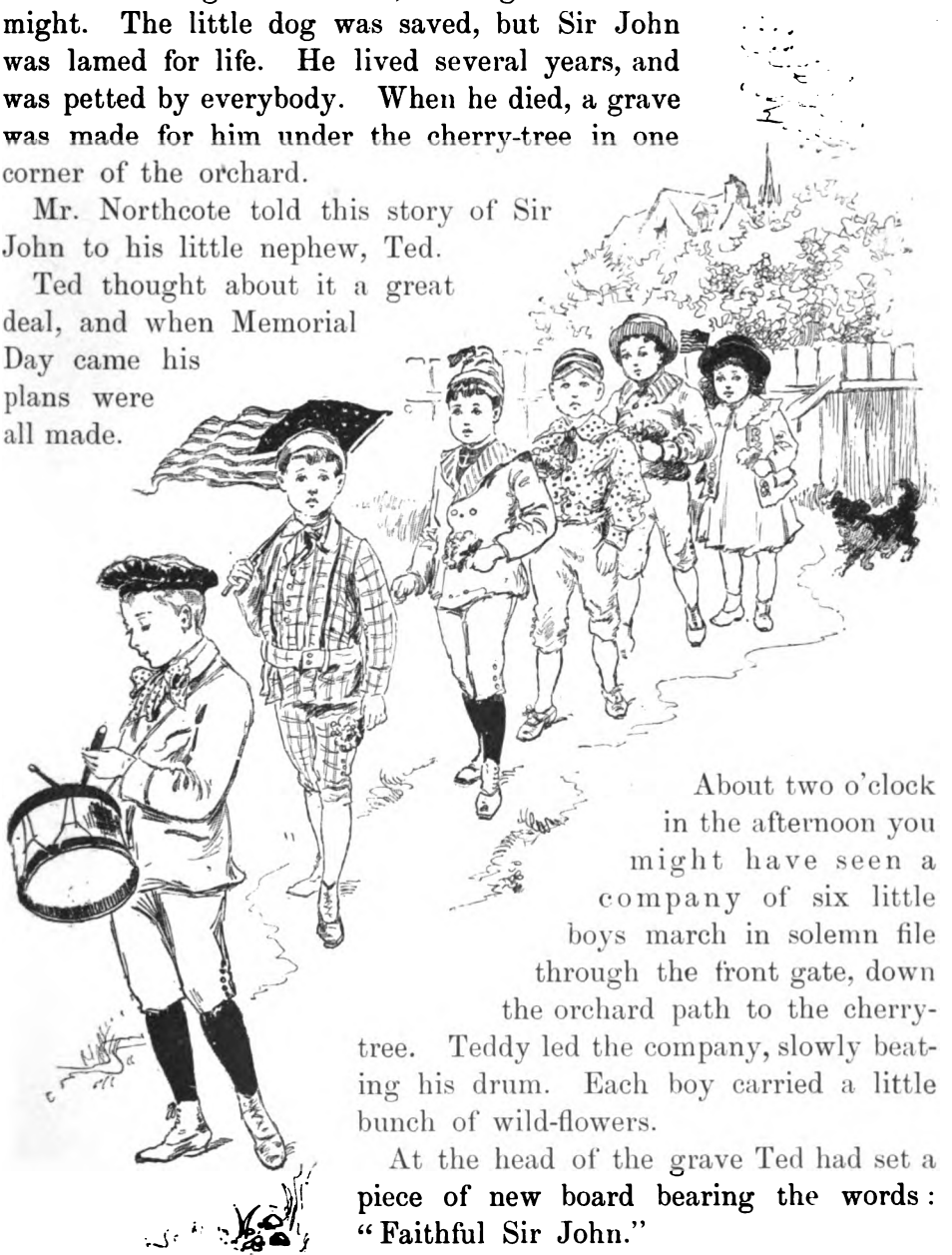
One day as Sir John was walking down the street, a runaway team came dashing around the corner. The little deaf dog stood

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right in the way, and would have been killed but for Sir John, who rushed headlong toward him, barking with all his might. The little dog was saved, but Sir John was lamed for life. He lived several years, and was petted by everybody. When he died, a grave was made for him under the cherry-tree in one corner of the orchard.

Mr. Northcote told this story of Sir John to his little nephew, Ted.

Ted thought about it a great deal, and when Memorial Day came his plans were all made.



About two o'clock in the afternoon you might have seen a company of six little boys march in solemn file through the front gate, down the orchard path to the cherry-tree. Teddy led the company, slowly beating his drum. Each boy carried a little bunch of wild-flowers.

At the head of the grave Ted had set a piece of new board bearing the words: "Faithful Sir John."

At the foot of the grave waved a little flag.

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The boys stopped under the tree, and Teddy said : —

"Here lies a dog that always took the part of weak and sick dogs, and was lamed for life in saving a poor, deaf dog from being killed. Let us strew his grave with flowers."

Then each boy dropped his flowers, the drum began to beat, and the little procession moved slowly away, all thinking tenderly of the hero Sir John.

AMELIA A. FROST.



A LITTLE BEAU.

I HAVE such a dear little beau,
With eyes that are black as the sloe,
And lips with the strawberry's glow ;
His aprons and stockings are checked ;
I'm sure you would never suspect
That with kisses and hugs he'd be slow ;
But he is, tho' he says he's my beau.

When first in the morning he's seen,
He's always most painfully clean ;
At noon he's betwixt and between.

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But when the birds bid him "Good-night,"
His dear little face is a fright,
And his hands are a spectacle quite,
With smudges of purple and green,
Or black as a boiler-machine.



I hear his sweet laughter to-day
Ring out like a bobolink gay,
With shaggy old Bruno at play;
He's ready enough to hug him,
With a heart full of love to the brim,—
That toothless old dog that's so grim,
And I'm sure would be dreadfully gray,
If doggies were ever that way.

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But I know, Mr. Dog, how to buy
A soft glance from that beautiful eye.
And kisses and hugs, if I try:
 No need of sweet figures of speech, —
 With an apple, a cooky, a peach,
 The core of his heart I can reach.
But I could just sit down and cry,
To think that to have, I must buy.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

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ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — VII.



OBIN! Robin!" called Jane.

"Yes, Jane," answered Robin, from the store-room. His voice had a queer, muffled sound.

"Where are you?" said Jane, coming in and looking around. There was no little boy to be seen.

"Here I am," said the muffled voice. And, looking closer, Jane saw two little black legs and slippered feet sticking out of the big rag-bag in the corner.

"What are you doing?" asked Jane, astonished.

"Looking for my fing," said Robin, coming out of the bag very red and rumpled. "Don't you know it's under lots of nover fings, far, far down, and out of sight."

"Well, I'm pretty sure you won't find it there," said Jane, laughing.

Robin looked disconsolate.

"I've been in papa's waste-basket," he said, "and I can't fink of any nover place."

"Come and let me brush your hair, and take you downstairs now," said Jane. "There is a lady in the parlor who wants to see you."

"Dear me, what a big boy you have grown!" cried the lady, when Robin came into the room. "The last time I saw you, you were still a baby in kilts!"

Robin straightened up proudly, and thrust his well hand deep down into his beloved pocket.

Then a pink flush flew into his cheeks.

"I've found it! I've found it!" he cried. And out of the pocket came a handkerchief, a ball of string, two peppermints, a piece of paper, a pencil, some shells, and last of all, a bright, new ten-cent piece.

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"'One to look at, ten to count,'" quoted mamma, picking up the piece of paper. "Here is the next riddle, Robin Boy:" —

No throat have I to sing with,
 No tongue to speak a word;
Yet I will sing you songs as sweet
 As ever you have heard.

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From far away a singer
 Shall reach your ear through me.
This is a riddle hard to guess,
 But wait, and you shall see.

A little talk with mamma,
 A little walk with Jane,
A nickel dropped into a crack, —
 And everything is plain.

MARGARET JOHNSON.



SHE never would have thought of it if the grown-up people had not so foolishly flattered her about the way she made her doll's dresses. Her poor little head was turned, and she thought she could do almost anything in the way of dress-making.

"I expect to see you making a dress for your mother next," one old lady said. Then Margaret felt that she would never be satisfied till this friend's expectations were fulfilled.

"I believe I could, if I only had the chance," she thought. "Big people's dresses are just like dolls', only bigger."

And then it suddenly occurred to her that just that very minute

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her mother was out looking for a dress-maker. Upstairs, in the spare-room, a new dress was waiting to be made.



"Why, I have the chance to try now!" said Margaret. 'Everybody is out, and what a lovely surprise it would be to have that dress made for mother when she comes in."

Thereupon this dress-maker, aged nine, flew into the house. In five minutes she had the cloth out, and was cutting adventurously into its soft folds.

"I'll make the waist first," she thought, "for most people hate to make waists, and I don't." And with that the waist was cut after Miss Margaret's only pattern.

With it she had made very successful dresses for the clumsy dolls which were the fashion in those days. Truth compels me to say that

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when applied to her mother's dress, it looked very different. For the first time a twitter of uncertainty disturbed little Margaret, and she lacked the spirit to begin on the skirt.

She did finish the waist, but it was with a doubtful mind she surveyed even it, as it lay on the bed. The sleeves were sticking out of those two little holes in the pattern as stiffly and straightly as though two wooden arms were inside them. Doubt was resolved into sad



certainty, when her mother, being called in to admire it, burst into tears instead.

"Why, mamma!" faltered the poor little dress-maker, "I thought it would be such a lovely surprise!"

But that proved too much for the mother. Drying her eyes, she at once gave Margaret a surprise. Though not "lovely," it was successful.

For a long while afterwards this small person was content to confine her skill to her dolls, and paid no attention whatever to the flatteries of the grown-up people.

HESTER VICKERY BROWN.

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Billy's Answer.

Said mamma to Billy one day,
"Shall I tell you of Joe, and the way
His horses he drove one dark night
When the stars had put out their light?
Over the hill,
Down by the mill,
They dragged the old coach with right good will,—



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Those fleet-footed horses so strong,
Never dreaming that something was wrong,
That the river had carried away
The bridge, with each timber and stay.

"But Joe, fearing all was not right,
Though the darkness hid all from his sight,
Tried quickly his horses to turn,
Then cried 'Whoa!' in voice loud and stern.
Quick as the word
Each good horse heard,
He stopped in his place and never stirred,
Though he shook and trembled with fear,
As a leaf that is withered and sear.

"In fear we leaped out of the stage.
We could hear the wild waters rage,
And see the dark flood just below.
Now, Billy, you surely must know

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What saved us from fright
That dark, stormy night,
And kept us unharmed, all safe and all right!"



"'Twas 'cause Joe was a reg'lar old brick,
And his horses, they minded so quick!"

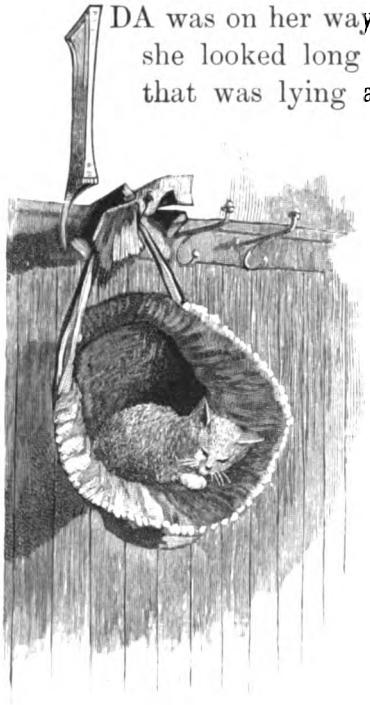
"And will you mind mamma that same way,
Each time that she speaks, night or day?"
In tones that were clear, sharp, and shrill,—
"When I am a horse!" answered Bill.

FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.



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IDA'S KITTEN.



IDA was on her way to school. As she passed Mrs. Kimball's, she looked long and lovingly at the little Maltese kitten that was lying asleep on the piazza. Mrs. Kimball saw her from the window, and said, —

"Would you like that kitten, Ida?"

Ida's pretty teeth and dimples showed themselves as she answered, "Yes'm."

"I told Mr. Green, the grocer, that he might have it; but if he does not want it, you may have it. I heard this morning that Georgie Conant had given him one."

"May I take it this noon, and ask him," said Ida.

Mrs. Kimball told her that she might do so, and Ida took the kitten tenderly in her arms and carried it away.

Mr. Green said that he had a kitten already, and did not care for another one, and Ida left the store with a happy heart.

When she looked at the church clock she was surprised to see that she had hardly time to reach the school before it began. What should she do with kitty?

She could not carry it home, for that would make her late for school, and she could not leave the poor little thing in the street to get lost. There was nothing to be done but carry kitty to school.

The teacher was surprised and the scholars amused to see Ida walk in with a kitten in her arms. The teacher shut kitty up in the dressing-room, where he cried distressingly. After a while, all was still. One of the girls went to the dressing-room to get a pencil, and returned with the news that kitty was gone. The teacher searched the building in vain, and Ida's face was a very sad one.

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IDA'S KITTEN.

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"He probably jumped out of the window," said Miss Brown, "and has gone home."

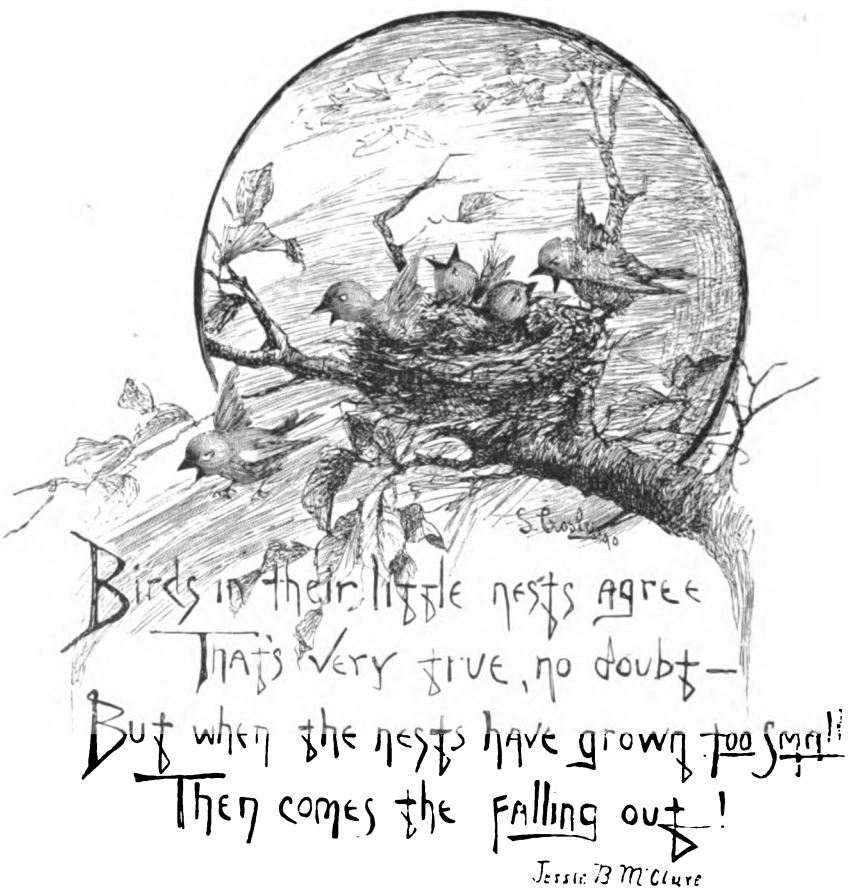
"I think he is too little to find the way home," added Ida.

Just then the bell rang for school to dismiss, and the children walked slowly to the dressing-room. In a moment one of the largest girls came running back, followed by Ida, whose face was again covered with smiles and dimples.

"Miss Brown," said Maggie, "here's the kitty, asleep in my hat!"

Maggie's hat hung on the highest nail, and kitty had climbed up to it. Nestling in the crown, he had slept there while every one was looking for him.

M. A. HALEY.



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MARJORIE'S POODLE.

Marjorie's little poodle
 Is odd as he can be,
A brown plush skin and straight cloth tail
 And black bead eyes has he.

His legs are strong and stubby,
 And yet he walks with a string,
And just as it happens, on his nose
 Or on his back, poor thing!

And dearly as Marjorie loves him,
 If he had teeth, and knew
Just how to bite, I almost think
 He'd tear her quite in two.

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And he'd growl and bark about it
When left alone, I know,
And sob, "Yap, yap," the whole night through,
At being treated so.

C. D. B.



POLLY'S BEAR.

"Now, don't go out of the door-yard, Polly!"

"No, ma'am, I won't."

Polly really and truly meant to keep her promise. But what is a wee girlie to do when a big yellow butterfly flutters right before her eyes, and then dances off from one flower to another?

To be sure, this happened more than a hundred years ago; but little girls were very much the same then as now.

What could Polly do but follow on and on, from one flower to another, looking like a big butterfly herself in her pink sun-bonnet and blue dress?

Suddenly she found herself at the edge of the big corn-piece. Remembering her mother's words, she was slowly turning to go home when that bothersome butterfly fluttered in between the corn-stalks, and settled down upon a big, yellow pumpkin-blossom.

"Now I'll get him, and then I'll go home," thought Polly, as she tiptoed along and reached the blossom. Mr. Butterfly left it for another.

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Then it flew to another, and another; and then up and out of sight. Polly, half ready to cry, turned to go home.

But which way was home? All around her stood the tall corn. She ran first one way, then another, but only got deeper into the wilderness of corn-leaves and pumpkin-vines.

Listen! What was that? Polly had heard dreadful stories of bears in this very corn-field.

Puff, puff, puff! Rustle, rustle, rustle! Nearer and nearer it came.

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Bless me, how Polly did run! The sharp-edged corn-leaves scratched her face, and the pumpkin-vines caught her toes. But on she went till a hidden root tripped her, and down she fell in a little heap. In a moment her pursuer was standing over her.



"Puff, puff, puff! Don't be skeered, little girl. Nobuddy'l hurt ye!"

Then Polly looked up into the round, kindly face of Uncle Nathan, who stood, leaning on his cane, breathless with his run and his asthma.

Then he took her on his shoulder, after he got his breath, and carried her home to her mother. She couldn't thank him enough. If he hadn't seen and followed her when she entered that big, bewildering corn-field, there was no telling what might have happened to the poor little runaway before she was missed from home.

M. L. UPTON.

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ANNIE AND THE MOCKING-BIRD.

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ANNIE AND THE MOCKING-BIRD.

I LOVE you, pretty mocking-bird!
I've listened to your song
The whole bright April afternoon;
It didn't seem so long.
You sang and sang so sweet and clear,
And then so soft and low,
And trilled such laughing little tunes,
They made me glad, you know.

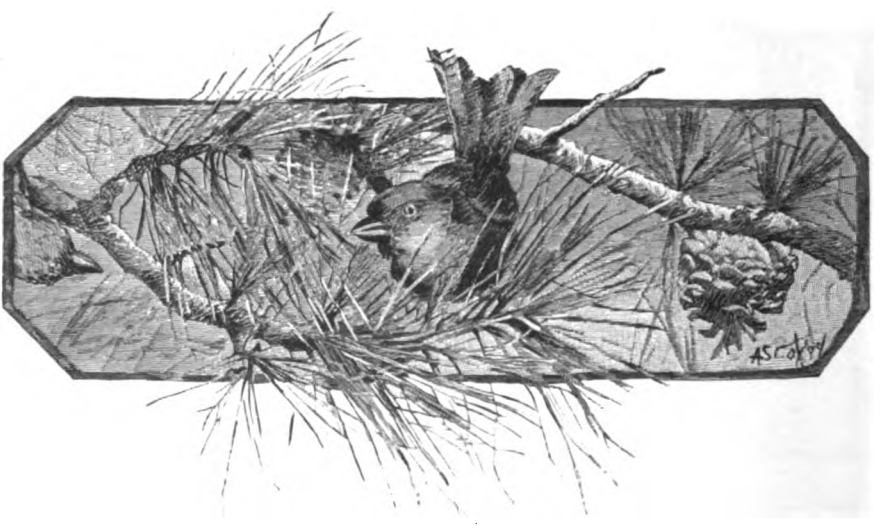
The aspen leaves were happy, too;
They danced and shook with glee,
And then I saw them clap their hands,
And bend to peep at me.
I wish I knew as well as they
Just what you sang about;
I've tried my best to understand,
But could not quite find out.

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Was it about the pretty nest
 Among the branches hung?
The laughing leaves all seemed to try
 To hide it, while you sang.
And do your little birds live there?
 And do they like to hear
Your happy songs as well as I?
 And love to have you near?

My mamma often says my voice
 (Save when I'm in distress)
Is sweet as any bird she knows;
 She knows you not, I guess.
I'll bring her here some pleasant day,
 And let her hear your tune;
Perhaps, by then, I'll know it, too;
 We're going to stay till June!

MAY M. ANDERSON.



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HOW CHARLIE BATHED ALONE.

"MAY I go in bathing, mamma?" asked Charlie, as he and his mother walked down to the beach.

"Why, no, dear; not this afternoon. I do not care to bathe, and you could not go in alone, you know."

So Charlie, who was a wise little boy and had learned to make the best of things, began to play in the sand.

Pretty soon, however, his attention was attracted by a little boy

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who was having a splendid time in the surf. It was not the regular bathing-hour, so the little fellow had the whole ocean to himself, and he was splashing about in grand style. Charlie could not understand it at all. Why would he be in danger, if another little boy could go in in safety?

"Mamma," he said at last, "that little boy is lots littler than I am, and he is in all alone. See! there is a great big wave coming, and I should think his mamma would be afraid that he would be washed away."



But the little fellow's mother did not seem to be in the least worried. She sat quietly on the beach, and watched her boy tumbling about in the water, as though he was not in the slightest danger.

In a minute more, Charlie understood the reason. On came the big wave, tumbling and tossing; but before it reached the little bather, whom Charlie watched very anxiously, he saw him suddenly skip backward. In another instant, he was lying high up on the sand. Then Charlie noticed that there was a small rope tied to a belt about his waist, by which his mother had pulled him in.

"O mamma!" he cried, "that is a very nice plan — oh, a very nice plan indeed! Don't you think that you would let me go in, in such a very safety way? Will you harness me to-morrow, mamma?"

Mamma was so much pleased with the "safety way" of bathing

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that the next day two little boys might have been seen, harnessed, as Charlie expressed it, and tumbling about in the surf together. Of course they made each other's acquaintance immediately, and soon became firm friends.

They both decided that bathing at the end of a rope was by far the most enjoyable way.

A. L. HANNAH.

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A SECRET OF LONG AGO.

HERE'S a secret to tell of days of old,
A secret of bird and flower of gold.
"Too many birds, not enough flowers,"
Was the sad refrain in this land of ours.
Long, long ago
This happened so.

The goddess of flowers then looked around
To see what help could near be found;
And the black and gold of a bird close by
Seemed a message sent from Jove on high.
Long, long ago
This happened so.

So half of the orioles turned into flowers,
And made yellow daisies for this land of ours —
Great yellow daisies with hearts of black,
For the meadow lands for daisies lack.
Long, long ago
This happened so.

And there's a kinship dear 'twixt flower and bird,
And by and by, sometime I've heard,
The daisies fair in the Land of Souls
Will be turned again into orioles.
They know, they know
It will happen so.

IRENE E. JEROME.

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ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — VIII.



IT was as bright and sunny a morning as one could wish to see. Robin Boy had had the "little talk with mamma," and she had given him a new five-cent piece, and sent him off for the "little walk with Jane." Down the street they went, and into the big drug-store on the corner.

"This little boy wants to hear some music," said Jane to the clerk. He smiled, and led Robin up to a big brown box that stood in the centre of the store. Two long rubber tubes came out of the top of the box, with little black cup-shaped things on the ends. The clerk held these close over Robin's ears, and told him to drop his nickel into a crack at the side of the box.

Dear, dear! what a wonderful thing happened then! A piano began to play, loud and sweet, and presently a man's clear voice joined in and sang with it. Robin could hear every word of the merry song, every note of the pretty music. His eyes grew big with wonder. When the sounds ceased and there was only a whirring in his ears, he pushed away the cups and looked around to see where the music had come from: but there was no one to be seen except Jane and the smiling clerk.

"What is it?" he cried.

"It is a pho-no-graph, my little man," said the clerk. That was too big a word for Robin to understand.

"But I want to come and hear it every day," he said. And the clerk laughed, and, making him a low bow, handed out a note which he said had been left in his care by a fairy that morning. This is what was in the note: —

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Round and plump and soft,
 Pretty as a pink,
Whiter than a ball of snow,
 Quicker than a wink.

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When the door-bell rings,
 Run and take a peep;
If you find me, Robin Boy,
 I am yours to keep.

Please to love me, dear,
 Much as I love you,
For I'm just a little, white —
 Don't you wish you knew?

MARGARET JOHNSON.



ONE afternoon Richie Belford sat on the curbstone in front of the bakery, eating a large apple.

It was ripe and juicy, and each bite seemed to taste better than the one before. When the apple was about half eaten, Charlie, the baker's boy, came along and began to tickle Richie's ear with a straw. Richie looked round to see who was thus interfering with his enjoyment; and just then Kate, the baker's horse, who stood there harnessed, ready for her afternoon trip, reached her head down and took the half-eaten apple into her mouth, and, in spite of Richie's cries of grief, she crunched it leisurely down. The baker's boy laughed; but when he saw how badly Richie felt he said to him, "Come, stop crying, and you shall have a ride on the cracker barrel, which is strapped on the back of the cart." This promise appeased Richie; and he was soon mounted to that place. All that afternoon he rode there. People smiled to see him sitting on the barrel, which was labelled "Crackers" in large letters; and his cousin Tommy, with whom he had that

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morning quarrelled, cried out, "Say, Richie, are those snap-crackers?" Richie had recovered from his anger, so he did not reply, which I think was the better way, do not you?

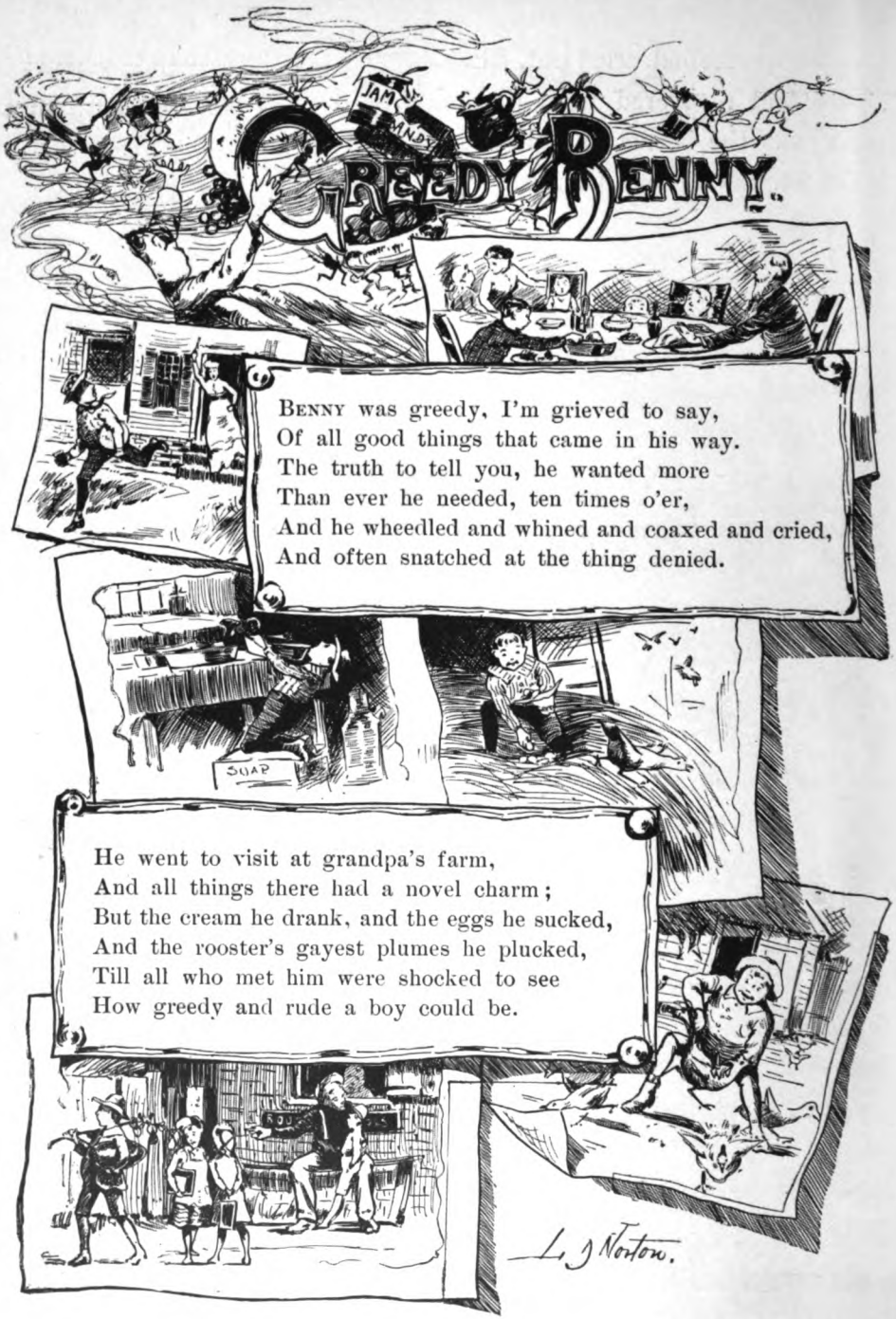
When he was hungry, Charlie gave him



a little pie to eat. As he reached out his hand to take it, he slipped from his seat and rolled over in the dusty street. Charlie sprang down to help him up and said, "Never mind, a turnover is as good as a pie." This caused Richie to laugh, which helped to digest the pie.

VIRGINIA C. HOLLIS.

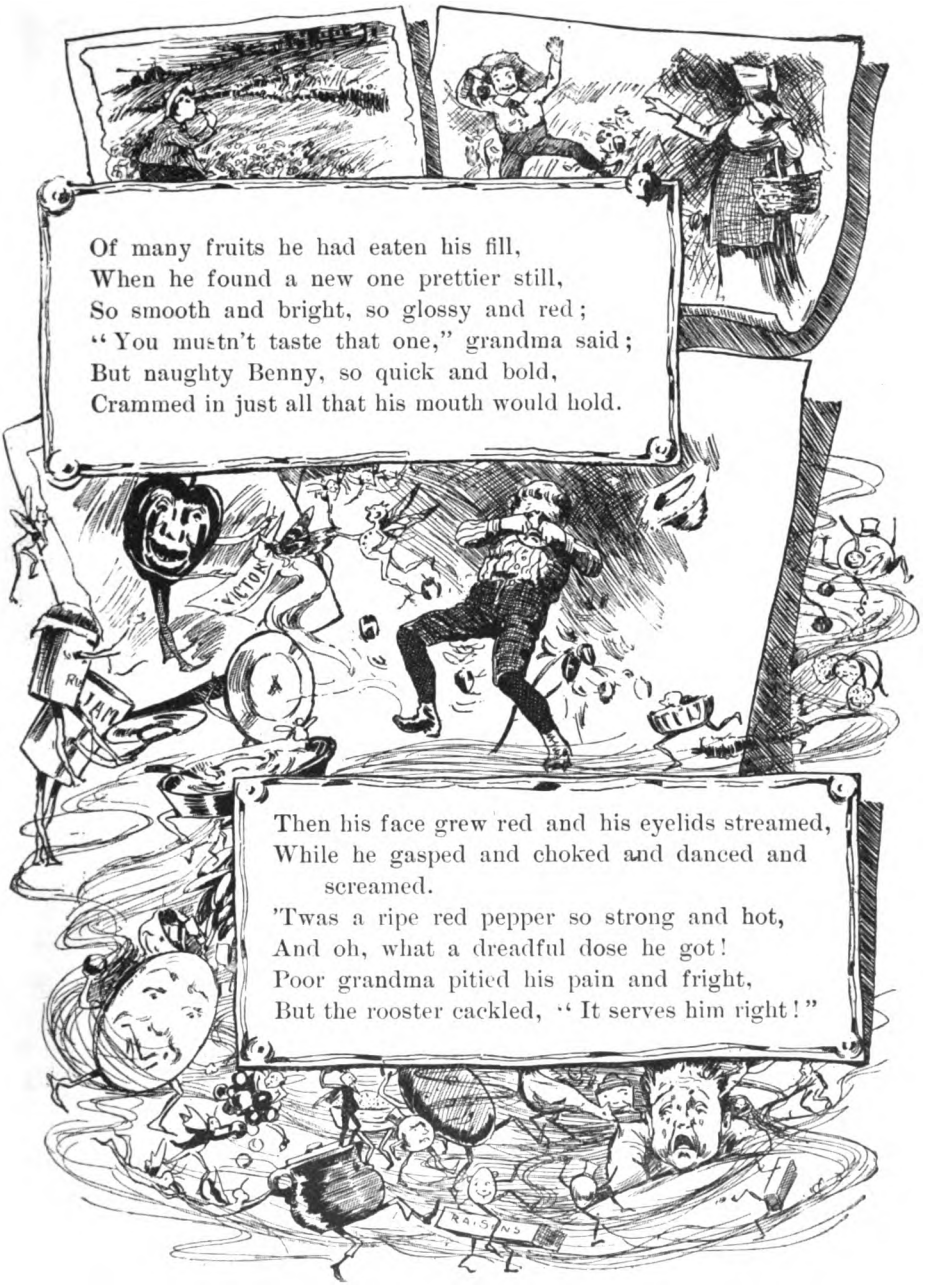
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Benny was greedy, I'm grieved to say,
Of all good things that came in his way.
The truth to tell you, he wanted more
Than ever he needed, ten times o'er,
And he wheedled and whined and coaxed and cried,
And often snatched at the thing denied.

He went to visit at grandpa's farm,
And all things there had a novel charm;
But the cream he drank, and the eggs he sucked,
And the rooster's gayest plumes he plucked,
Till all who met him were shocked to see
How greedy and rude a boy could be.

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EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

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THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.

"WOULD you like some of this queen of puddings, dear?" asked Mrs. Reed.

"Queen of puddings!" replied Dora, tossing her head; "it's only common bread-pudding with jelly and frosting on top. I don't like it, and I don't want any!" Dora pushed back her chair and started for the garden.

"We will excuse you, Dora." Mrs. Reed spoke in a tone of gentle reproof. Dora was an only child, and had lately been very ill. Both papa and mamma "made allowances" for her.

She swung in her hammock, watching two busy ants running up and down a balsam stalk.

"We are looking for you," said a voice.

The ants had suddenly grown big as she was. One stood on each side of her.

"They are as black as — funerals," thought Dora.

"The Queen commands your presence," said an ant.

"Dear me! What Queen can it be? It must be Queen Victoria. I suppose I must be very polite and ask her how the Prince of Wales is getting along. I ought to have a train"

"It's only a little way."

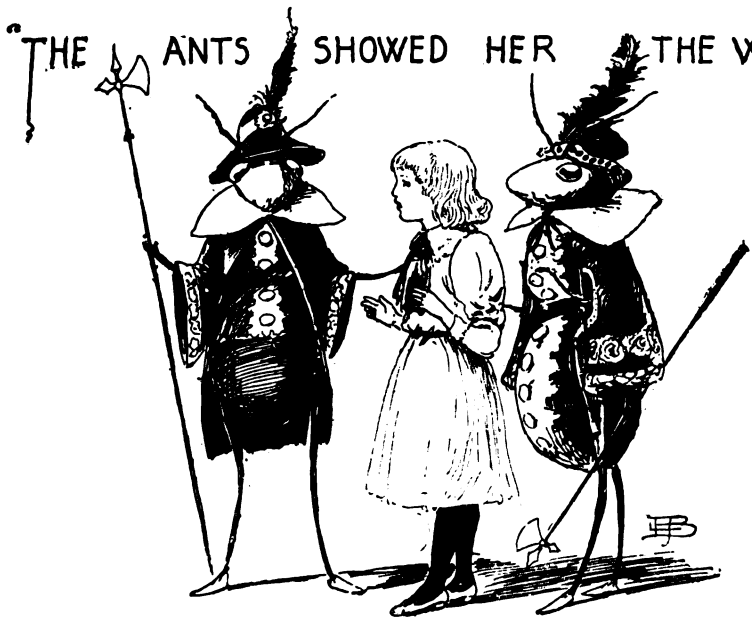
"A train to my dress, and feathers, and a fan. She'll think I'm not dressed up much."

The ants showed her the way to the Queen's palace.

"How funny it looks! It is made of bread, and the doors and windows are soda-crackers. I never" —

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The doors flew open as they came near. The ants drew back. Dora was so interested in looking for what was to come next she did not notice that she was alone and standing right before the Queen on her throne! The Queen was fat and round, just pin-cushiony. Her skin was damp, a light buff in color. She had raisins for eyes, nose, and mouth, and her sceptre was a stick of cinnamon tipped with a clove. Her robe was bordered with



raisins. Her hair was the color of currant jelly, and she wore a white frothy-looking cap, under a crown of raisins.

Dora saw all this before she had winked twice.

"Don't wink at me, little girl. You ought to know better."

"Yes 'm."

"Call me 'Your Majesty.'"

"My — My Majesty," stammered Dora, much scared.

"So you don't like me. You think I am common. Look at me. Do I look common?"

The Queen's voice echoed loudly through her cracker halls.

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"I think you look very nice," faltered Dora.

"What ho, without!" A procession of queer-looking little folks



filed in, bowed low to the Queen, and ranged themselves in a half-circle behind her. They were made of crusts of bread; their jackets buttoned up to their chins with raisin buttons.

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"Open your mouth," ordered the Queen. "Your teeth are good. Why do you leave your crusts?"

"WHY?" demanded the funny, solemn little men, all together.

Dora jumped as if they had fired guns.

"Your teeth must be sharpened," declared Her Majesty.

"MUST!" exploded the manikins again, marching forward together, each waving a saw made from a crust.

"Oh, I'll eat them! Indeed I will! Every one, every teenty-tonty bit, Mrs. Queen! I mean, My — My Majesty."

Dora knelt on the step to the throne, almost crying.

"Very well. Get up. But you shall be punished for turning up your nose at me and calling me common."

"SHALL!" burst out the crusts together, as before.

"She shall be put in a prison, with walls six feet thick, made of bread pudding, there to stay and starve, or eat her way out."

Dora fell in a faint. Then she heard a voice. Her mamma was saying: "Why, Dora, you went to sleep and almost rolled out of the hammock. I reached you just in time."

"Oh!" Dora rubbed her eyes. There were the ants on that same balsam. "I'll never go with you again to see such a hateful, homely Queen."

LULU W. MITCHELL.

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TWO BOYS — TWO MEN.

Two boys were travelling over a hill,
And they sang as they went, "Yee-hover,
Life is jolly, we'll both get rich,
And then we will live in clover."

One boy sang, as he went on his way,
"I can't," and "I won't," and "I sha'n't, sir;"
And the other, he carolled a better lay,
"I'll try," and "I'll hope," and "I will, sir."

So both trudged on and grew to be men,
And they sing no more, "Yee-hover,"
For "I can't" is a drunkard, gaunt and grim,
And "I'll try" is living in clover.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

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THE RAIN-HOUSE.

Little Clarsie Clover
Said to Bibby Brown,
"I have thought a way to make
The cosiest house in town.
It will have a silken roof
And have a silken wall,
But of windows — real, true windows —
None at all.

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THE RAIN-HOUSE.

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"We can peep from under —
There'll be no need of glass;"
So she stuck an old umbrella
Handle in the grass.
Faded, rather shabby was it —
Once it had been blue;
Clarsie crawled beneath, and Bibby
Crept in, too.

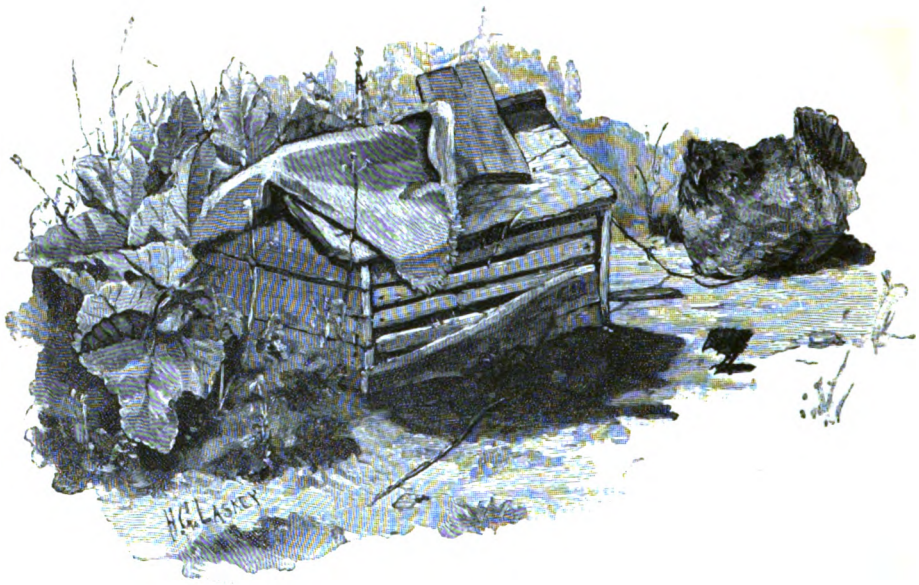
"Now let's play 'tis raining,
Play the sky is dark,
Play there is a big tornado,
Play it thunders — hark!"
It did thunder; Bibby
Heard it very plain.
Clarsie cried, "We're safe and cozy —
Let it rain!"

Came a gust — a shower
That wasn't any play,
And right in the midst of it
Their house walked away.
Silken roof went flying,
Silken wall went too,
And there the little girls sat,
Both wet through.

House went whirling over,
Far across the grass.
"'Tis a lucky thing it hasn't
Windows of glass!"
So laughed Clarsie Clover,
And, laughing, Bibby Brown
Cried, "I guess we are the wettest
Girls in town!"

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

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DOLLY'S TEA-PARTY.

Zip was a crow with a coat as black and glossy as coat could be. He was not hatched in the top of a tall hemlock-tree, as he should have been, but under a big Brahma hen. The egg, which Ben had found in a nest in the woods, had been given to little Dolly for a keepsake. But Dolly had slyly tucked it under the old hen's wing to hatch. And it did.

The mother-hen knew that the little black, scrawny thing, with such a big head, did not belong to her family of dainty chicks. She pecked Zip so sorely that Dolly took him away and brought him up by hand. And Zip grew very fast.

He liked the best food to eat, and the warmest corner in the kitchen. He used to watch Towser's bowl, and when any meat was set down for him he would pounce upon the little dog's back. Seizing his ears in his big, sharp beak, he pinched them so hard that Towser would run howling away. Then naughty Zip would eat the meat.

Dolly had no brothers or sisters small enough to play dolls with

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her, so Zip was made to do duty for both. He would sit, very solemn, upon the top of the old spinning-wheel in the attic, with a red cravat tied about his black throat. With a critical eye he watched Dolly dress and undress her children, all the while chattering and asking Zip's advice, to which he would respond very promptly in crow language.



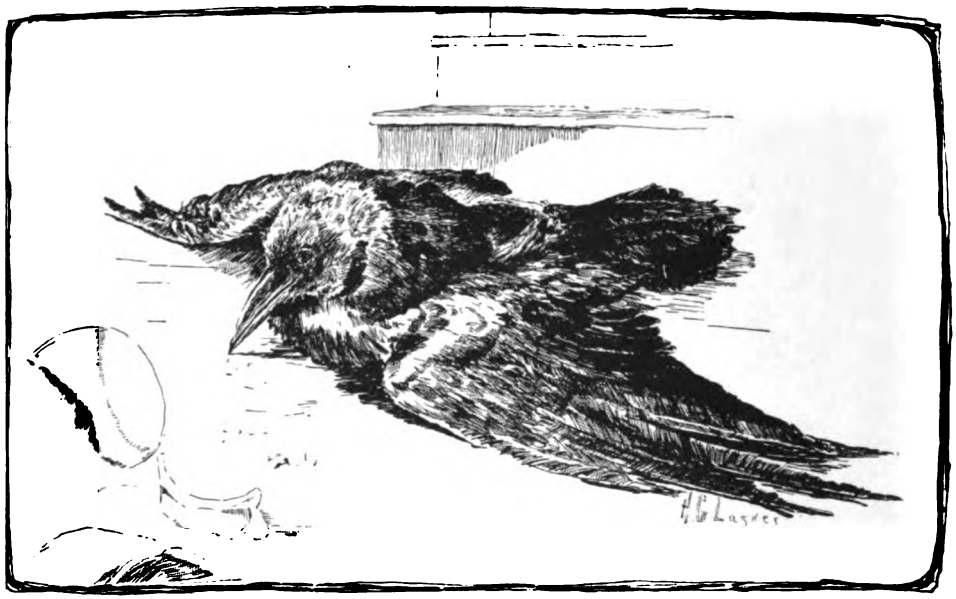
One day Dolly made a tea-party. She invited only Towser and Zip and the dolls. She put on bits of bread and cake for Towser, herself, and the dolls, but for Zip — what do you think? Corn — just bright yellow corn! And to tease him a little, Dolly put it in a wide-mouthed bottle.

Zip could see it, but Dolly thought his head too big to go in. Zip danced about the bottle, pecking at it with ruffled feathers, and croaking angrily. Then, to Dolly's dismay, he plunged his head deep into the corn.

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But it would not come out, and in a moment Zip was hopping all about the attic with the bottle on his head.

Dolly tried to catch him, but he was too spry for her, and slid off the side of the attic stairway, breaking the bottle and scattering the corn all over the stairs.



Zip did not stop to preen his tumbled plumage, but with feathers all awry he made haste to swallow every kernel of the corn before any more tricks could be played upon him.

CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.

Look out! for I'm going a-fishing;
Perhaps I shall catch me a whale.
If he isn't a very big fellow
I'll carry him home in my pail.

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I've a nice wriggling worm here for bait,
And a pin, with a beautiful crook,
Fastened tight to the end of my line;
I am sure it's as good as a hook!

There's no fun digging holes in the sand;
I don't like to make pies, like the rest;
Such things do for babies, you know;
But big boys like fishing the best!

JESSIE B. McCLURE.

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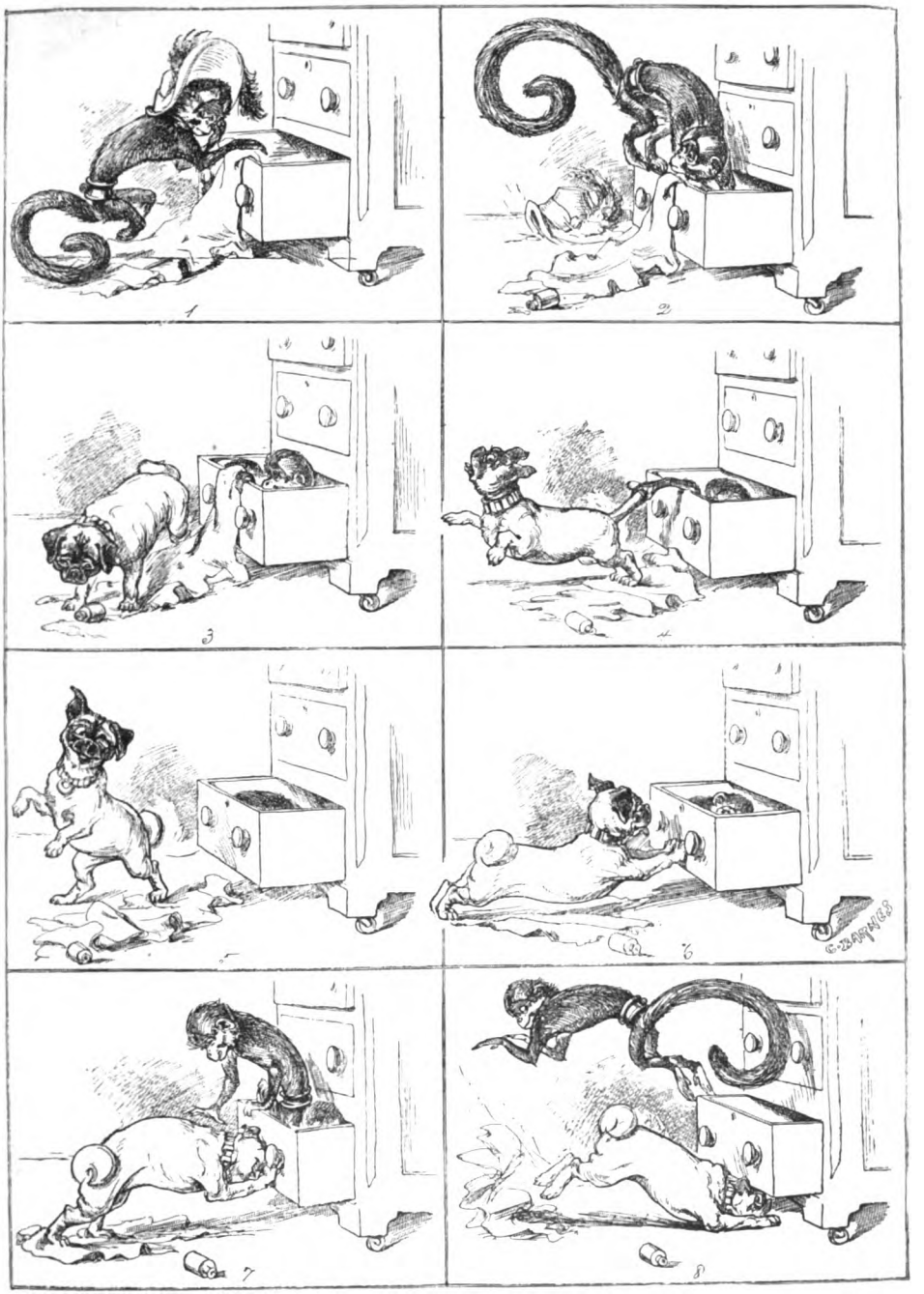
PUGGIE AND THE PET MONKEY.

THEY call me Puggie. I suppose it is because I have a pug nose. Well, I can't help that. But what I wished to tell you about is that the people who own me have got another pet, a monkey, which gives me no end of trouble. He pinches my ears, pulls my hair, and twists my tail, and I have never yet been able to catch him, he is so sly and so quick. Yesterday I thought I had him at last. It happened in this way: I heard a great noise upstairs, and as it is my duty to see that everything about the house goes on all right, I went upstairs. In the spare room I found things scattered about, and knew at once that that monkey had got loose and been up to mischief again. I was wondering where he could have gone, when I felt a dreadful tug at my tail. I turned as quickly as I could, but did not see him. I knew, though, that he must be hidden in the bureau drawer, which was partly open. Here at last was a chance to capture him, without the risk of being pinched or scratched. I thought I would close the drawer by pushing against it gently, and when I had it closed I would bark and call somebody, and so put a stop to this rude monkey's little pranks. I think the idea was a good one, don't you? But it did not succeed; for just as I had the drawer almost closed, the monkey jumped out, and in doing so pushed me down. My head was hurt, but my feelings were hurt fully as much.

I suppose it will be a long time before I get another such chance to capture his monkeyship.

JESSIE RODMAN.

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PUGGIE AND THE PET MONKEY.

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MRS. CRIMSON'S AFTERNOON TEA.

It was all ready. The table, a smooth, white toadstool, was spread with a tempting feast. A sliced strawberry represented ice-cream and ices, the plates were rose-petals, and the goblets honeysuckle-blossoms with a drop of honey in each.

The guests were — Dorothy's dolls? — No, indeed! Hollyhock ladies in silky robes of crimson, rose, pale pink, yellow, and white, with soft green shoulder-capes. Their heads were green grapes upon which features were marked with a pin.

Dorothy had worked hard to get everything ready, and was tired. Leaning against the old apple-tree root, she closed her eyes for a moment. Suddenly, however, she opened them in surprise, for Mrs. Crimson was saying: —

"Madame Blanche, do take some of this delicious strawberry cream."

"No," drawled Madame Blanche, peevishly; "you know I don't like strawberry cream! Why didn't you have vanilla?"

Dorothy's face became almost as red as Mrs. Crimson's dress,

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for she recognized the very words she had used that day at dessert. Mrs. Crimson went on : —

"Miss Pink, Miss Rose, won't you have some ices?"



"I hate ices," replied Miss Pink, tossing her head.

"So do I," chimed in Miss Rose.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dorothy, "you're spoiling the party. What makes you behave so?"

"You taught us!" they all cried; "our stalks are just outside the dining-room window, and we hear you complaining at every meal."

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"But I don't do so at parties," said poor Dorothy, half crying.

"It's just as bad to do it at home," returned Madame Blanche, severely. "Besides," cried Miss Pink, in a shrill voice, "you can't expect people with green-grape heads to have pleasant dispositions!"

At this all the hollyhocks pulled off their heads and began pelting Dorothy with them.

"Dorothy, Dorothy," called some one. Dorothy gave a start and looked about her. There were the hollyhock ladies, their heads all in place, each wearing the same fixed smile she had scratched upon it with a pin.

"Dorothy, come to supper," called mamma.

As Dorothy took her seat, papa said, "Here's some nice hot toast. Pass your plate, Dorothy."

She began to say, "I hate toast, I wanted muffins for supper," but she thought of Madame Blanche, and, shutting her lips firmly, passed her plate in silence. She ate her supper without a complaint, and, looking towards the window, fancied the tall hollyhocks outside were nodding kindly at her.

After supper she told mamma about it. "I'm never going to forget that dream!" said she.

"I hope you never will," replied mamma with a kiss.

A. M. KEITH.



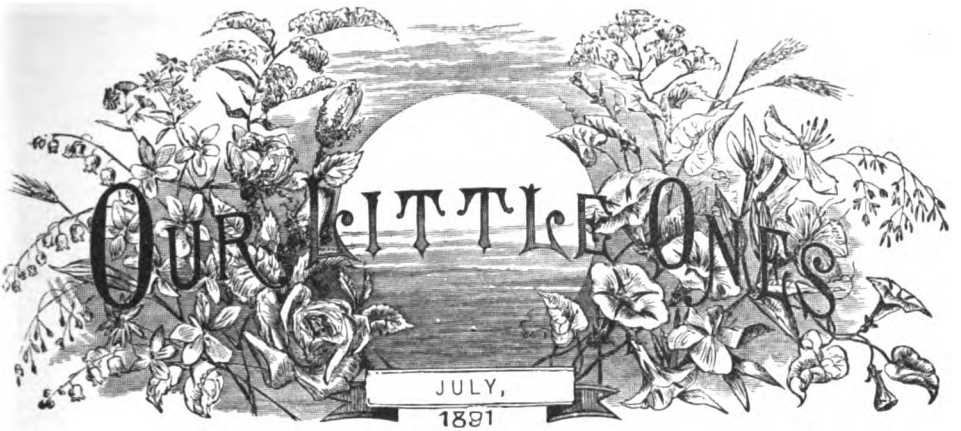
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FOURTH OF JULY.

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FOURTH OF JULY.



ANKEE DOODLE Four-Year-Old
Is a hero big and bold,
On his breast a sash of red,
Cap and plume upon his head,
On his thigh a sword of lath,
A red cannon by the path;
The true, starry banner o'er him,
And a loud drum hung before him.

Colonel, captain, garrison,
Gunner, drummer, all in one;
Tyrant kings and Hessian foes
Cannot stand before his blows —
Nay, nor any one with ears,
Dear mammas nor grenadiers!

Give him room and let him bang,
Batter, clatter, crackle, clang,
Rub-a-dub, hurrah, and charge,
Strike and wheel and tramp at large,

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Fierce with valor, hewing down
Mullein-head and thistle-crown;
'Tis the Fourth day of July,
And his loyal heart beats high.

As the good Boy Washington,
Slashing cherry-trees for fun,
When to noble manhood grown
Drove his hatchet through a throne;
So my Yankee Four-Year-Old,
Now in fancy battles bold,
Shall grow up in courage strong,
To smite many a cruel wrong!

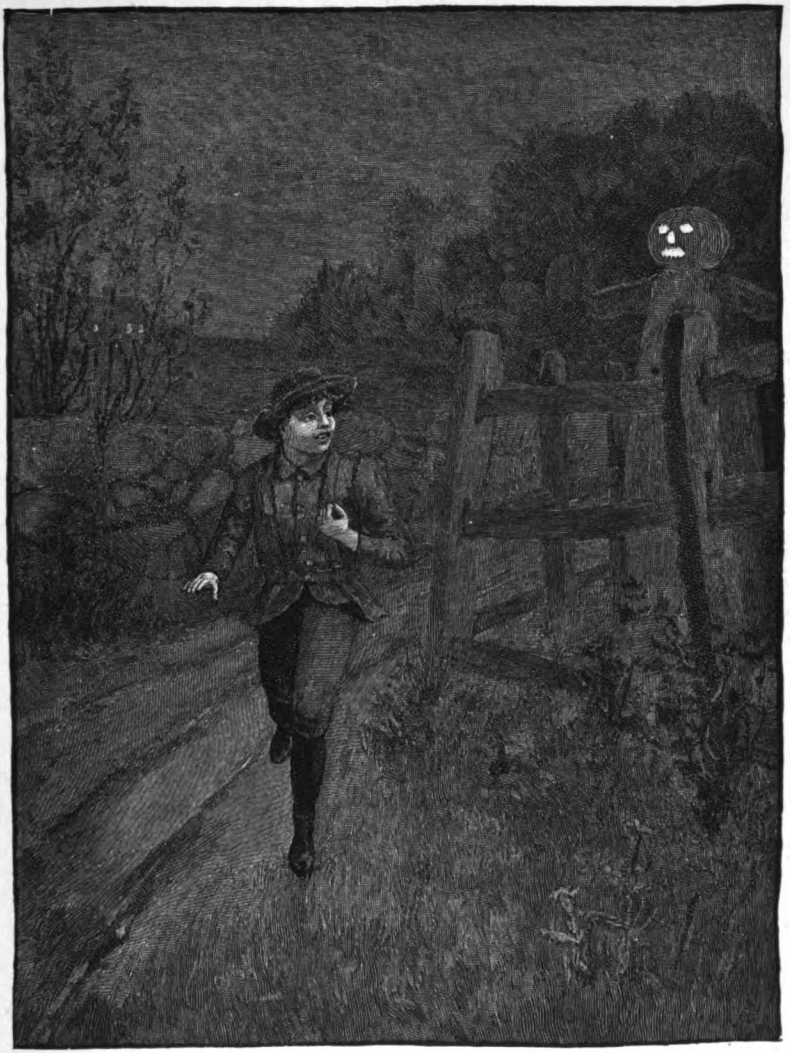
GEO. S. BURLEIGH.



HARRY WILSON lived with his father and mother on a farm, and being a country boy was a brave little fellow. So, one evening, when his mother asked him to go over to a neighbor's house on an errand for her, he started off cheerfully, although it was nearly sundown.

Harry was kept longer than he expected, and did not start

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back home until after dark. Then the shadows in the fence-corners and the bushes along the country road looked queer in the starlight, and the stillness was apt to make one nervous. But Harry whistled merrily as he trudged along, and looked straight ahead toward his home.

When he had gone about half-way he chanced to look over into a field on one side of the road. There he saw among the young corn,

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which was just shooting up above the ground, a figure that looked very much like the giants which the fairy-books tell about. It had a great, big head, with wide eyes like coals of fire, and a terrible, square mouth that seemed to be eating fire.

How Harry did run toward his home! When he got there he was trembling like a leaf, and told his father he had seen a "bug-a-boo."

Mr. Wilson said there was no such thing as a "bug-a-boo." He went back with Harry, whose little legs shook with fright as he followed his father over into the cornfield.

"What is it, father?" Harry asked when they got nearly up to the "bug-a-boo."

"It's only a 'Jack-o'-Lantern,'" said Mr. Wilson, and he laughed heartily at Harry's fright.

Harry found that the "Jack-o'-Lantern" was a large pumpkin, which had been hollowed out, and eyes, nose, and mouth cut in the rind. A lighted candle stuck inside of it shone through them and made them look like fire, a short distance away. The neighbor's boys had made it and stuck it up on the top of a "scare-crow" which had been put in the field to keep the crows from stealing the young corn. The boys were very sorry when they heard how Harry had been frightened by it; but Harry said he was glad, because it taught him never to run from anything without knowing what it was.

G. KETTLEWELL.



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LITTLE MARIE.

In Switzerland lived little Marie,
Among the mountains, high and snowy.

The house she lived in, old and brown,
Had stones on top to keep it down.

Her brother climbed the heights near by,
And gathered flowers up so high;

And every day when he came down
Marie sold all the flowers in town.

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HOW JERRY STOOD FOR HIS RIGHTS.

THERE were so many pretty presents piled around Fred's breakfast-plate the morning of his birthday that he said he felt "good all over."

He thought there was little left that a boy could wish for.

But as the meal ended, some one called, "Fred! Fred!"

"That's Uncle George!" he cried, and rushed away to join him.

Sure enough, there was Uncle George, at the front door, holding by the bridle a white goat hitched to a jaunty little wagon. Everything about it was complete. Even the whip in its leather socket looked saucy and gay with a red-ribbon bow.

Fred shouted with delight.

"He's named Jerry," said Uncle George, patting the goat. "He has a very pleasant temper when kindly treated, but if you are cross to him, you'll find Jerry ready to stand for his rights."

While Fred proudly held the reins and Jerry trotted along, all the little fellows looked with admiration, for not another boy owned a goat.

Day after day, Fred drove a mile or two, often taking his chum Willie with him. The boys and Jerry seemed on the best of terms.

But there came a time when Tom Hall's father gave him a Shetland pony and cart. Tom and Fred were not very good friends; so when Tom drove rapidly past, calling out, "Come on, Snail!" Fred lost his temper.

Jerry did the very best he could, but not being able to trot as fast as the pony, Tom kept ahead.

As Tom still shouted back "Snail! Snail!" Fred grew still more angry, and jerked harshly with the reins. Jerry was so astonished

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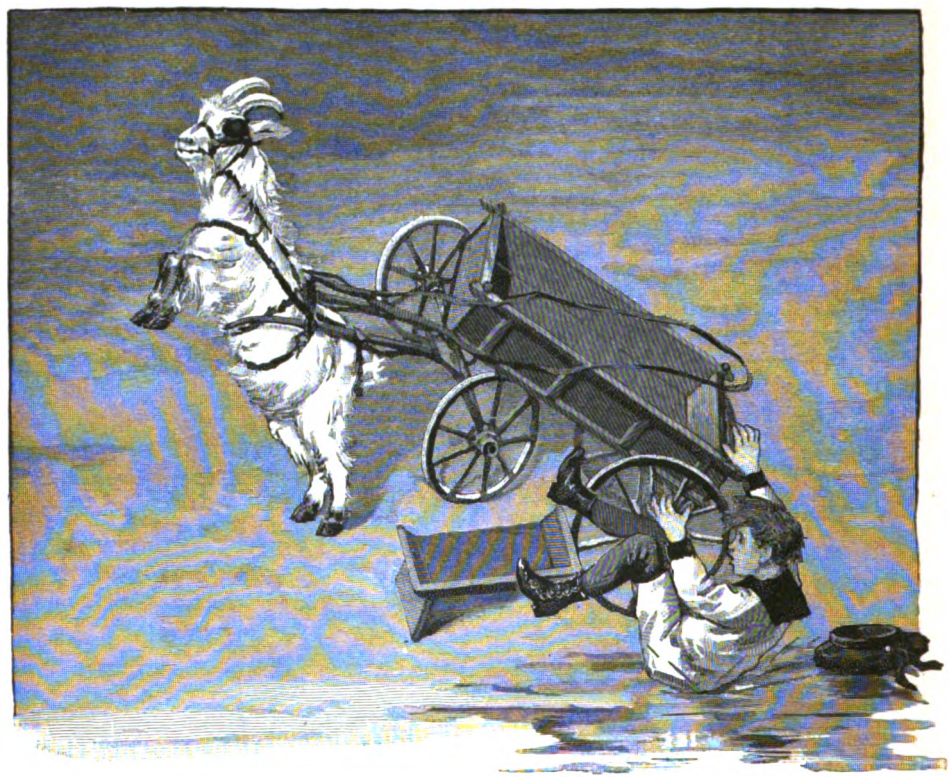


HOW JERRY STOOD FOR HIS RIGHTS.

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at this injustice that he stood stock-still. Then Fred cut the whip sharply about his head, and Jerry reared and backed until the wagon was tilted over, and Fred spilt in a ditch of muddy water.

When Jerry trotted home with the empty wagon, Uncle George



hastened out to see what was the matter. He was inclined to laugh at the forlorn figure Fred made with the mud sticking all over him. But when he saw how sorry and ashamed the boy was, he shook his hand encouragingly, saying, "We all do wrong sometimes. Now make friends again with Jerry."

Jerry ate the apple Fred offered, rubbing against him for thanks, thus showing that while determined to stand for his rights he was still a forgiving and affectionate goat.

C. Q. G. NOTTINGHAM.

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THE TEA PARTY.

OUT in the garden under a tree,
Look sharply now and tell what you see:
Why, two little dames and a doggie at tea.



With the best pink set the table is spread,
With Bess at the foot and Dot at the head,
And between them the doggie waits to be fed.





But of everything there is just a pair, —
Two cakes, two buns, two peaches rare;
And where can be the doggie's share?

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Too polite are they to send him
away;
Besides, you know, he wouldn't stay,
So a brilliant idea comes into the play.



A paper peach will do for him,
And a paste-board cake, although pretty thin,
And a paste-board bun, all served on a tin.

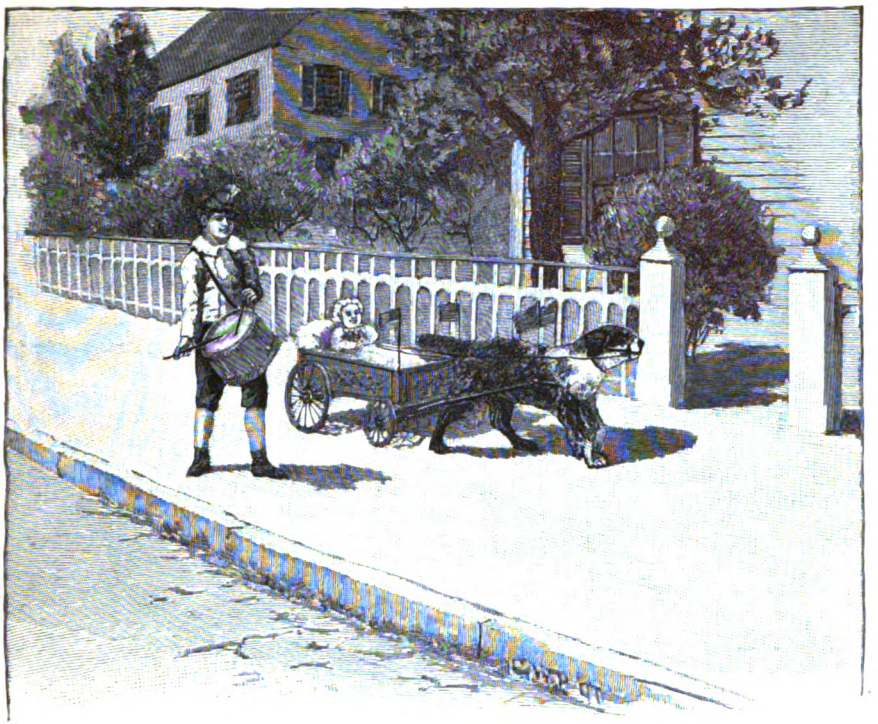
But hark! a band comes down the street,
The girls dash off on eager feet,
To stand at the gate and enjoy a treat.



At last they run back to their dainty fare:
The doggie sits up in his own little chair,
But — nothing is left but his own little share.

KERRY BARR.

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A PATRIOTIC DOG.

WILLIE DEAN owns a dog called Dan, who is as fond of flags, fire-crackers, and all the noise and din of the Fourth of July as his young master. He was a very proud dog when he was decorated with flags and rosettes of red, white, and blue. He was harnessed to the little wagon, with baby Annie for a driver. Harry with his drum was escort, and he marched up and down the pavement on the glorious Fourth.

In the evening he was one of the features of the procession, as he walked in line and carried his torch "like a little man."

His great delight is to fire off crackers; and Willie could not hide them where he could not find them. At last he determined to put a large bunch under an old tin pan, and have a grand explosion. Dan

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was nowhere to be seen, and Willie thought he had outwitted him for once.

Just as he got the crackers fixed, his mother called him and he went to see what she wanted. Dan came trotting through the yard and saw the upturned pan. He went to nosing around it, and smelled the burning fuse. With frantic haste he used his paws and nose, until he succeeded in upsetting the pan.

Then he snatched the crackers, and when Willie came back he found him standing like a statue with them in his mouth. When they exploded he stood among the flying bits of red paper and blinding smoke, as proud as a general after his first victorious battle.

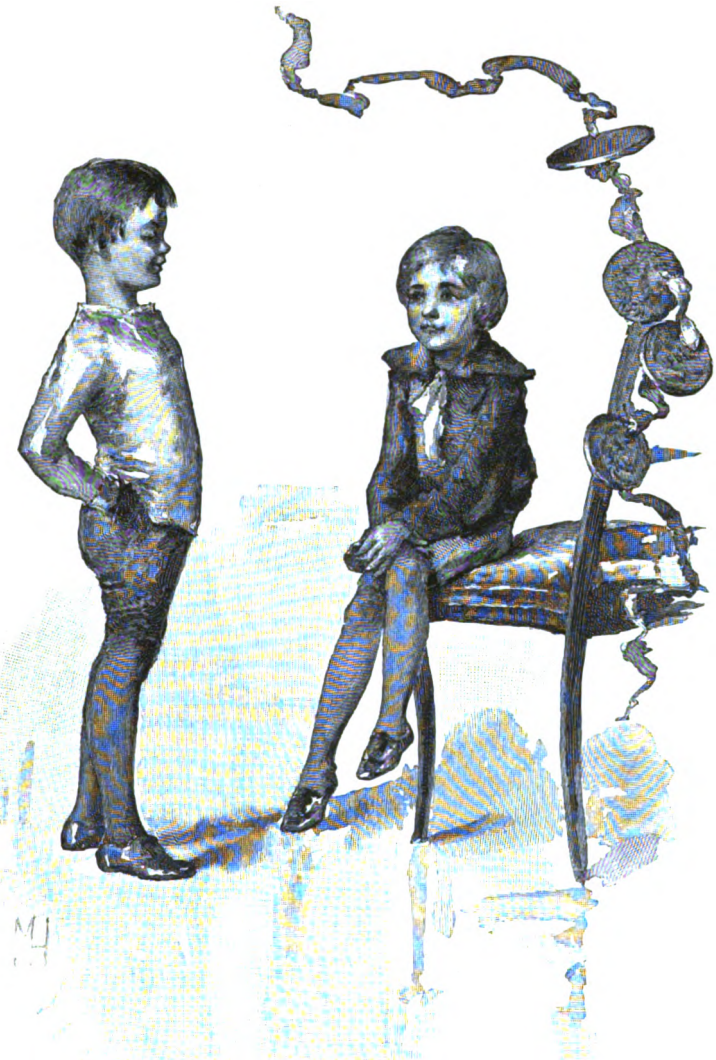
ADA L. SNIVELY.



GOOD FOR NOTHING.

"JUST look at these pennies," said roguish Dan
To his sturdy companion, Roy;
"My mother gives me a penny a day
Whenever I've been a good boy."

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"I wouldn't be paid just for being good,"
Said Roy, with a toss of his head;
"I'd just as soon, and a little rather,
Be good, for nothing," he said.

MARY L. WYATT.

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ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — IX.



TING-A-LING!"

Robin flew out in the hall with his hair half-brushed, and peeped over the banisters while Mary, the housemaid, went to the door. That was a big man with a deep voice, who wanted to see papa about some stupid business, and Robin went back to the nursery to have his toilet finished.

"Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!"

Robin, who was in the parlor, peeped between the curtains, and saw a blue-gray figure with a bag full of letters on the door-step. That was the postman.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"

It was afternoon now, and Mary went to the door with a little silver tray in her hand, and somebody in a silk dress and dainty gloves laid a card on the tray, and rustled into the parlor. That was a lady, calling on mamma.

"Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!"

A wagon stood at the door, full of trunks and parcels. That was the expressman.

Robin Boy began to be discouraged. He sat down on the lowest stair in the hall, and leaned his head against the banisters.

"I wish it would come," he said. "Everyfing else comes but my" —

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling" —

"Dear, dear!" cried Mary. "What a hurry somebody is in!" She flew to the door, with Robin close behind her, and there on the top step was a basket lined with pink silk, and in the basket the soft-

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est, plumpest, prettiest little white kitten you ever saw! Round her neck was a card, tied with a pink ribbon, and when Robin had hugged and petted her to his heart's content, he found his next riddle printed on the card.

Of course I have a face,
A pretty one indeed,
But neither eyes nor mouth,
For those I do not need.

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Two useful hands I have,
And you at once may see,
Though not at all like yours,
They're good enough for me.

No tongue have I, and yet
Each moment, low and clear,
I tell a piece of news
You may be glad to hear.

And without feet I run,
And never stop to rest,
Unless you should forget me, dear! —
Come, Robin, have you guessed?

MARGARET JOHNSON.

THE COW THAT CLEARED THE TABLE.

In the first place, the man who raised the cow spoiled her, just as a great many boys and girls are spoiled. He let her have her own way in everything.

By the time she was a full-grown cow she had learned a great many bad tricks.

One day she was sold, and as her first owner was not an honest man he said nothing about her bad ways.

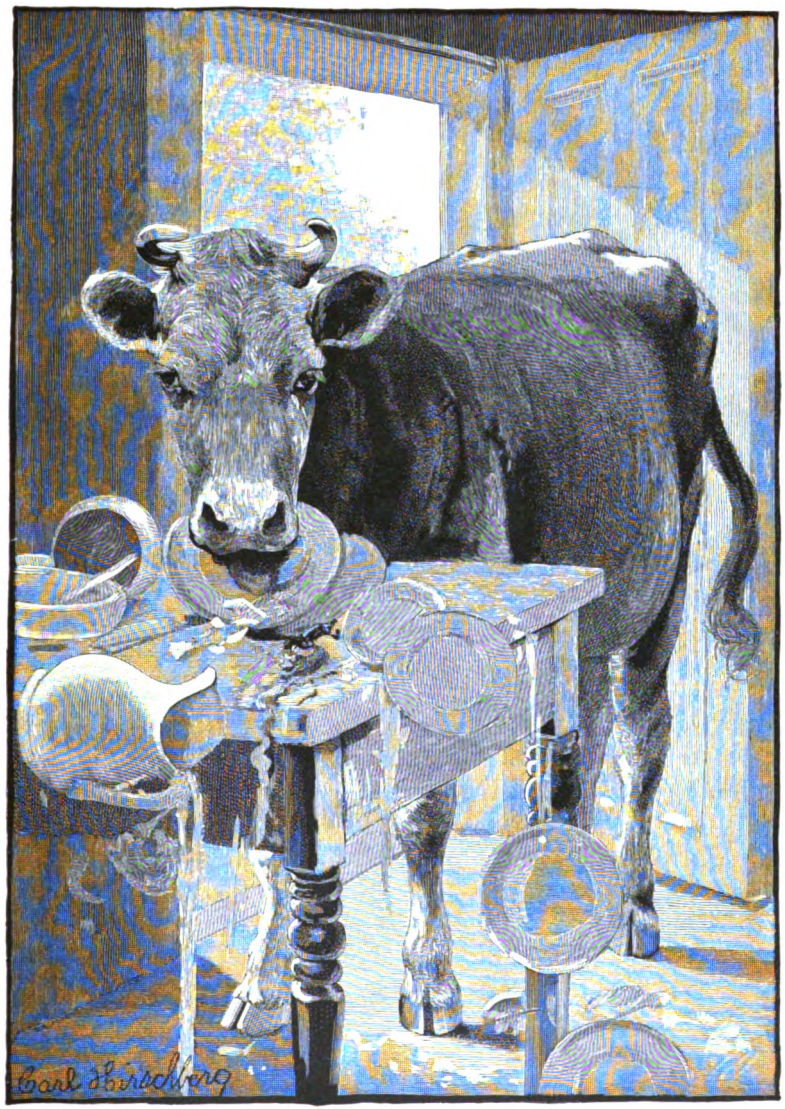
She was a very handsome cow. As she gave plenty of rich milk it was not strange that the people who bought her were very proud of her.

They turned her into the large door-yard, where the clover was up to her knees.

The house was built with a basement kitchen, the floor of which was on a level with the ground, so that there were no steps to climb.

When breakfast was over on the morning after the cow was brought home, the family went about their usual work.

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The mother went upstairs, and the daughter was left to clear the table and wash the dishes.

But it was a beautiful summer morning, and the young girl had some flowers in the front yard of which she was very fond. She ran off to look at them, and left the kitchen door wide open.

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She was soon so happy with her flowers that she forgot the work waiting in the kitchen. She went from blossom to blossom, looking at them and touching them gently; but suddenly, in the midst of her happiness, she heard a great crash that seemed to come from the kitchen.

She darted off, but when she came to the kitchen door her way was blocked. That precious cow was in the kitchen, and one side of her great body was straight across the door. It did no good to push her or to scream at her, for there she stood as stubborn as a mule. The frightened girl could not see her head, but she could hear her eating, and also heard the dishes fall.

It did not take the poor girl but a minute to make up her mind. She flew around the house, in at the front door, and down the stairs to the kitchen, thus getting in front of Madame Cow and driving her out the door.

But she had cleared the table indeed. She had eaten all the victuals left by the family, — potatoes, corn, bread, pie, crackers, and even pickles. But, worse than all, nearly every dish was on the floor. Some were broken, others cracked, and only a few were entirely safe.

Wasn't Madame Cow turned out of that nice, grassy yard in short order?

Indeed she was; but as that was not the last of her bad capers, she was soon shut up in the barn, fattened, and killed.

But she is still spoken of in that family as "the cow that cleared the table."

CLARA J. DENTON.

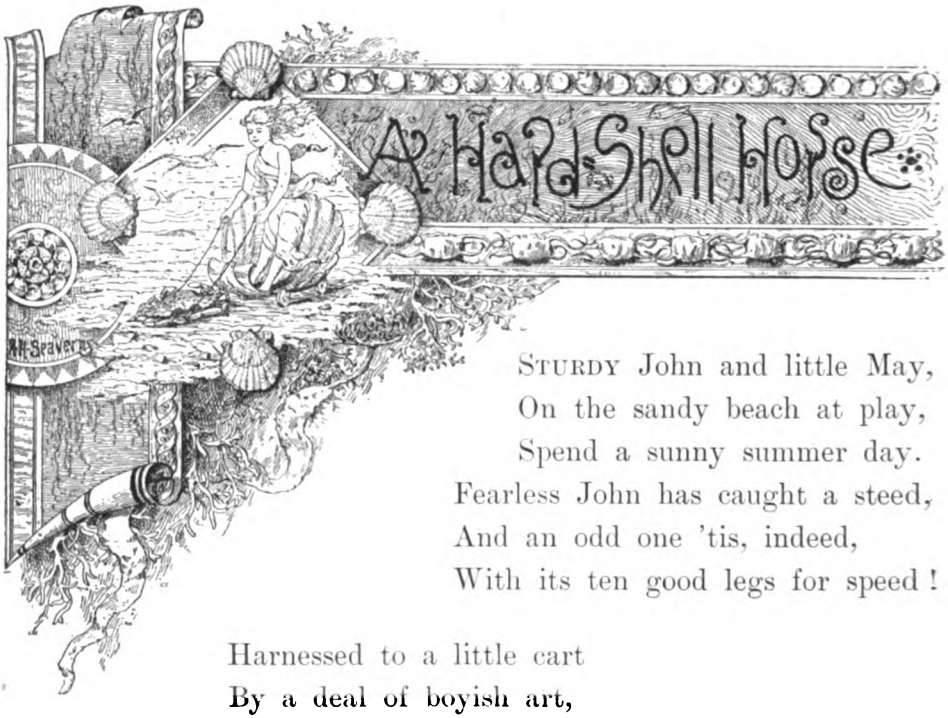


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A DAY IN SUMMER.

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STURDY John and little May,
On the sandy beach at play,
Spend a sunny summer day.
Fearless John has caught a steed,
And an odd one 'tis, indeed,
With its ten good legs for speed!

Harnessed to a little cart
By a deal of boyish art,
Off it goes with sudden start;
Sideway sprawling, backward crawling,
Geeing, hawing, nipping, clawing,
Now upsetting, and now getting
All its ten legs badly tangled
In the harness, this new-fangled,
Shell-back horse makes lively fun
For its trainers; but we guess
For itself 'tis something less.
So thinks little May, for one.

Laughing till her eyes are wet,
She remembers mercy yet.
"Now," she says, "John, we'll unharness
Crabbie. There's no horse so fine!
In this rocky pool his barn is,

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Where on good sea-kale to dine,
With a bowl of ocean brine,
 Let him eat and drink and play
With his wee ones!"



And away,
Eyes aslant to left and right,
Sidelong, headlong, out of sight
 Claw-foot tumbles, glad as they!

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

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"HURRY along, girls, or you'll miss the train, and then you won't get to grandmother's to-day," shouted Uncle John, as he drove to the door in the express-wagon.

The girls, Rachel, Hester, and Alice, snatched up their boxes and bags and jumped into the wagon as quickly as possible. Then Uncle John started, and they whirled away, waving their hands and throwing good-by kisses to their mother and little brothers, who stood at the gate. Just as they arrived at the station Hester exclaimed, "Oh, we have forgotten our dolls!"

"Then you'll have to get along without them; we can't go back," said Uncle John.

"Isn't it too bad," said Alice, with starting tears.

"Don't make a fuss about that," said Uncle John. "You'll play out-of-doors every day, and I don't believe you'll want any dolls while you're gone."

"Oh, yes, we shall; but 'tis no use to cry," said Rachel, with mournful courage.

Uncle John bought their tickets for a ten-mile ride into the country, and left them in charge of a friend who was going that way.

As soon as they reached their grandmother's they told her about the forgotten dolls, and she was very sorry for their disappointment.

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"Uncle John thought we shouldn't need them, but men don't understand such things, do they?" said Hester.

"Never mind," said grandma; "you can have something else instead. Wouldn't squash babies do? I used to enjoy playing with them when I was a little girl."



"What are they, grandma? Just show us some, and perhaps we shall like them too," said Hester.

So grandma brought a number of crook-necked squashes from the garden, and tied aprons around them for dresses. She put white bonnets on their heads, and the girls were quite delighted with their appearance.

"Why, they are lovely, grandma!" said Alice.

"They are so fat and heavy," said Rachel.

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"And they won't come to any harm if they should get a fall or be left on the wet ground," said Hester.

Every day during their week's visit they played at housekeeping under the trees and on the rocks, and every night they told their grandmother how happy they were with their out-of-door dolls.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

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Mother's Boy.



Great merry, laughing
eyes,
Bluer than the sum-
mer skies;
Small red
mouth,
Like a cherry;
Cheeks as
brown as a berry.



Hands and feet bound to stray
Into mischief every day;
Fairly bubbling o'er with fun;
Tired out when day is done;
Happy, noisy, winsome boy,
Mother's hope and pride and joy!

JESSIE B. McCLURE.

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A PARTY OF SEVENTEEN.

A HOT day in July — "hotter than pepper." Aunt Joan's two boys, John and Jimmie, were prisoners from eleven till four in two upper rooms of their boarding-house.

A saucer of cracked ice, story-books, and games helped to make the long hours pass till the clock should strike four. Then mamma always took them out for a drive or a walk.

Neighbors next door, moving out, have left a great case of shelves which lies on its back on the brick pavement below.

A short pull at the door-bell, then another and another were heard. Nora tapped at the prison door, and the sound of many voices came stealing up the stairway.

"It's the party, ma'am; they were to come at four, they said, and it's just strikin' now. Where shall I put 'em, and what shall I say?"

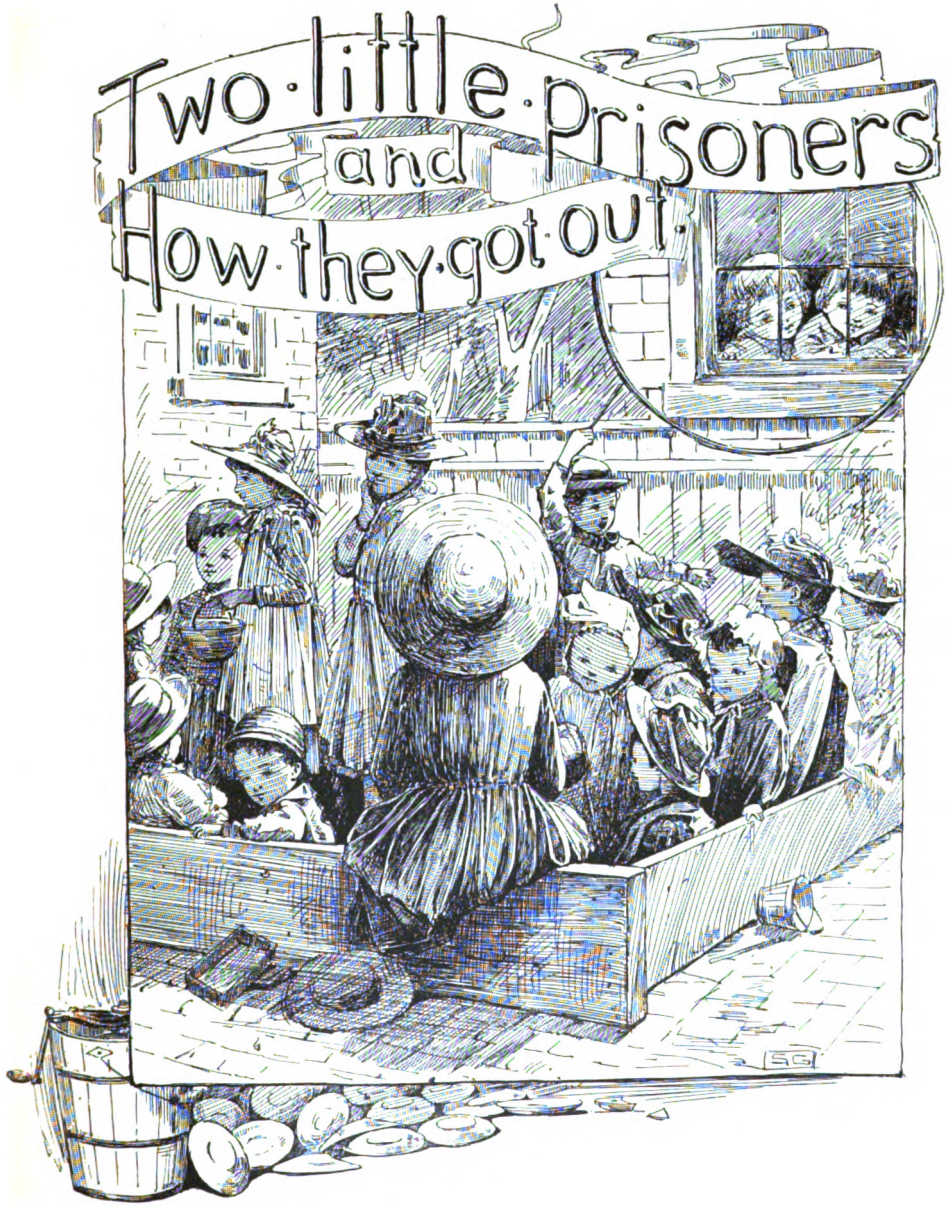
"Oh, it's our party!" cried the two boys at once. John, jumping with delight, explained still further: "You promised we might have a party sometime, and to-day's 'sometime,' isn't it? We just invited 'em, Jimmie and I, when we were out walking with Nora this morning. We asked all we saw, and told 'em to bring the rest. Now, mamma, can't we have cake and ice-cream for supper?"

Aunt Joan hurried down to meet her unexpected guests, while Nora buttoned the boys into fresh waists. "There's ten and a half o' ten," counted John.

"Aren't you glad we're come?" cried Carrie Howe, the leader of the band. "I was just tickled when I got my invitation, only I couldn't bring any of the Joneses, for they've all got the measles, nor the Smarts, for their clean clothes hadn't come home from the wash!"

Blessing her stars that the Jones family, likewise the Smart family, had been unable to accept, Aunt Joan led her column to the pave-

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ment, for yard there was none. The old shelves were in the shade, and the children appropriated them in a twinkling.

Now the queer old frame became a boat, and its crew were tossed

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up and down on the waves. Then it was a church, and Billy Bone preached a sermon on the text "Grin and bear it!" Then it was a circus, and John's joy was full when Carrie Howe chose him for the monkey. "Jimmie and the twins with white caps on shall be the happy family. If I catch any of you quarrelling before the audience, you won't be happy long."

"Now we'll vote for the flower we love best," cried the tireless manager when the animals, suddenly grown wild, had broken out of their cages. "All you 'daisy' girls, go up on the front seat; the hollyhocks next — I'm a hollyhock! The dandelions there — I wouldn't be a dandelion! Lilies over there, Johnny-jumps behind! Sit still, all of you, while I count!"

Such a good time as they had for an hour and a half. No one even thought of supper.

No one? I forgot Aunt Joan — she thought of nothing else. The mistress of the boarding-house could not be expected to supply supper for fifteen extra people at such short notice. What should she do?

However, she found a way out of the trouble. Nora appeared with a tray on which seventeen tiny boxes of ice-cream stood up or tumbled over each other. Aunt Joan followed with a great basket of rolls and cakes. Dear, dear! how wild the children were! When Carrie Howe called out that Nora had forgotten the spoons, the "happy family," the "monkey," and Billy Bone, the preacher, rolled off on the pavement, forgetting all about their party clothes.

Seventeen children went to bed that night very tired. Seventeen children also went to bed that night very happy.

FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.



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AN AMATEUR HEN.

A LAD I knew — now this is true,
So listen, little boy —
Once had a hen, of black and white,
He loved and watched from morn till night,
But had one pain with his delight,
One drawback to his joy.

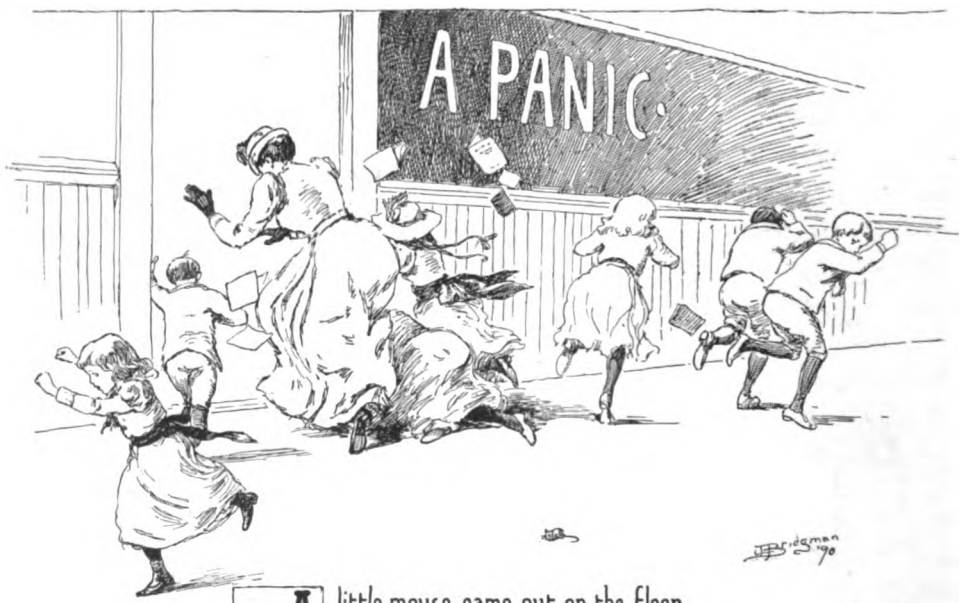
His pride was such he wanted much
Some little chicks to pet;
But every coaxing, pleading word
Was wasted on this stubborn bird;
She seemed to think the thing absurd,
And plainly would not set.

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He fastened then his wayward hen
Beneath an empty keg;
He tied her on the nest; but still
Her protest sounded, sharp and shrill.
He could not force the biddy's will,
Nor make her hatch an egg.

Resolved — he came, with cheeks aflame,
And from the closet shelf
His trousers brings: "Mamma," he begs,
"Please sew some feathers on the legs;
I'm going to set on Speckie's eggs,
And hatch them out myself!"

EVA LOVETT CARSON.



A little mouse came out on the floor,
As the teacher entered the school room door,
The scholars scattered in every direction
And the teacher herself, did not stop for reflection.

CORNELIA REDMOND.

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WADING OVER THE OCEAN.

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WADING OVER THE OCEAN.

"HOORAY!" cried Ned, bursting like a young cyclone into the nursery, where Flossie was tending her dolly.

"Do be quiet, Ned," pleaded Flossie, "for Annabel Eveline is very sick to-night."

"Fiddlesticks! I tell you, Floss, it is hooray! in good earnest, for we're all going to the beach next week to stay a whole month!"

"Oh, dear!" said Flossie, "I don't want to go."

She never liked to go away from home for a long time, and always felt as if she could sleep nowhere but in her own crib.

"Why, Flossie," said Ned, "don't you know Uncle Henry lives just over across the ocean, in London? You love Uncle Henry, don't you?"

"Of course I do." And after that, the idea of going nearer Uncle Henry made Flossie contented with the thought of leaving home.

The very first morning at the seashore they all put on their bathing suits, and papa led Flossie into the water.

"Is Uncle Henry over on the other side?" asked Flossie.

"Yes, dear."

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"Oh! then let's wade over and see him!" cried the little girl.

So papa led her in farther, when a playful wave came and rolled over them both. Papa laughed, but Flossie caught her breath as she brushed the water out of her eyes.

"Oh!" she sighed, "aren't we 'most there?"

I must add that when Flossie found she couldn't wade over to see Uncle Henry, after all, some salt tears from her blue eyes went in to help swell the ocean. Roguish Ned said he expected the tide would rise higher than usual that day, on account of those tears.

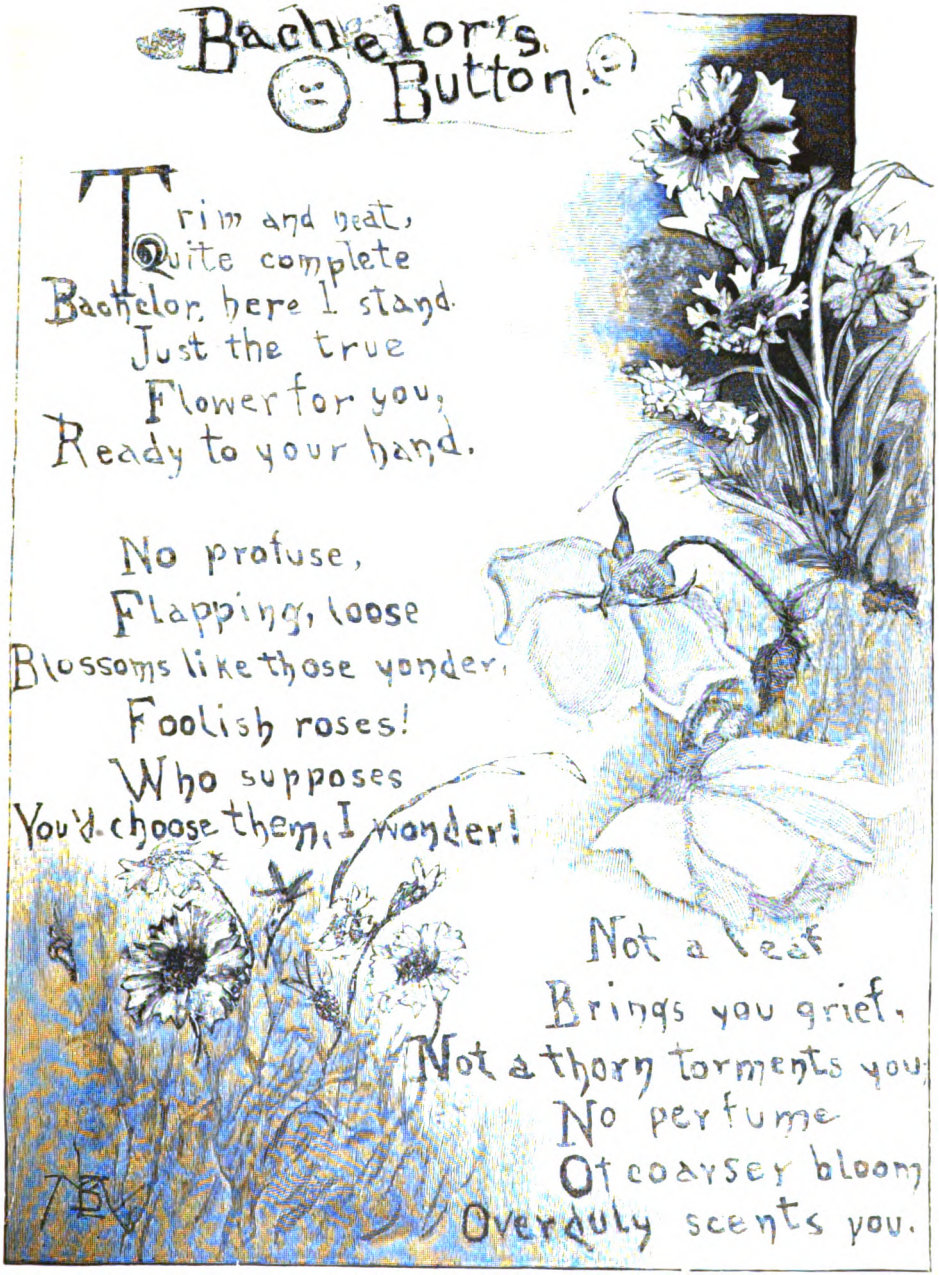
But Flossie soon grew interested in digging in the sand with the other children, and playing with the pebbles and shells, so she enjoyed the month at the seashore, after all.

M. C. W. B.



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Bachelor's Button.



Trim and neat,
Quite complete
Bachelor, here I stand.
Just the true
Flower for you,
Ready to your hand.

No profuse,
Flapping, loose
Blossoms like those yonder.
Foolish roses!
Who supposes
You'd choose them, I wonder!

Not a leaf
Brings you grief.
Not a thorn torments you;
No perfume
Of coarser bloom
Overduly scents you.

TBV

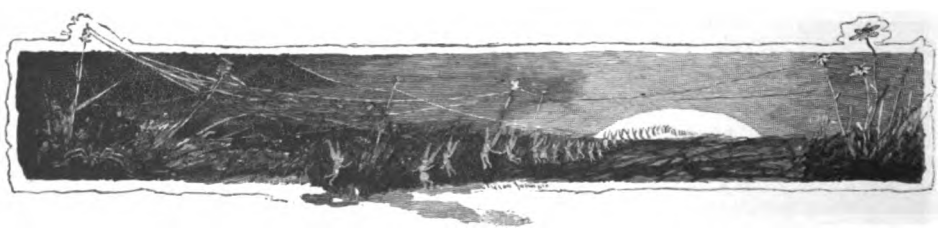


LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE MOON-BEAM SPRITES.

A BED-TIME SONG.

HAVE you never heard of the Moon-beam sprites,
Who dance out-doors on summer nights?
All night long they frolic and play,
But when daylight comes, they scamper away
To a wonderful place called Moon-beam Land.
And oh, they are such a jolly, wee band,
That you'd be quite right,
When the moon is bright,
In wishing to be a Moon-beam sprite.



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'Tis on full-moon nights that the Moon-beam sprites
Have their very jolliest, best delights.
For then they know there will be no showers,
And they "hide and seek" among the flowers,
And swing, as the moonshine slowly ebbs,
In a hammock made of spider-webs.
But of spiders at sight
They in fright take flight.
Would you, if you were a Moon-beam sprite?



If you and I were Moon-beam sprites,
And lived in the grass with the wee, gay mites,
Would we spend the time, till night was over,
In a hunt of luck, for four-leaf clover?
Would we slyly creep and take a peep—
What! Is my little one fast asleep?
Ah, well! Good-night.
In dreamland bright,
Perhaps my pet is a Moon-beam sprite.

WALTER S. NORRIS.

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ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — X.



"A FACE wivout any eyes and mouf," said Robin Boy. "What a funny fing!"

Nobody answered. Papa and Robin Boy were keeping house together, mamma and Jane both being out. Papa had been a delightful playmate for a little while, but it is strange how very soon papas get tired, when small boys can play all day long without ever stopping to rest.

It seemed a long time now since this papa had sat down by the window with his newspaper, to read.

Robin wandered up and down looking for the queer thing his riddle had told him about, but it was nowhere to be found. He was not very well, and the room was very still, and outside it was beginning to grow dark.

Papa turned over a fresh page of his paper, and began to read something very interesting.

"I wish I could find my fing, and I wish — I wish my mamma would come home!"

The little voice that spoke at his elbow was very sad, and when he looked up, lo, there were two big tears on Robin's round cheeks.

"You poor little man!" cried papa, throwing down his paper, and picking up his little boy.

"Do you know, I think if you were to lie down on the lounge and shut your eyes for a minute, when you opened them again, you would find your 'fing' and your mamma both right here. Will you try?"

Robin smiled through his tears, and papa laid him down and threw a shawl over him. He felt very sleepy all of a sudden, and the next thing he knew, he was sitting up on the lounge with mamma's arm

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around him, and something heavy hanging to his button-hole. It was — yes, it really was a watch — a truly silver watch that would tell time!

Inside the case Robin found a folded paper with these verses on it: —

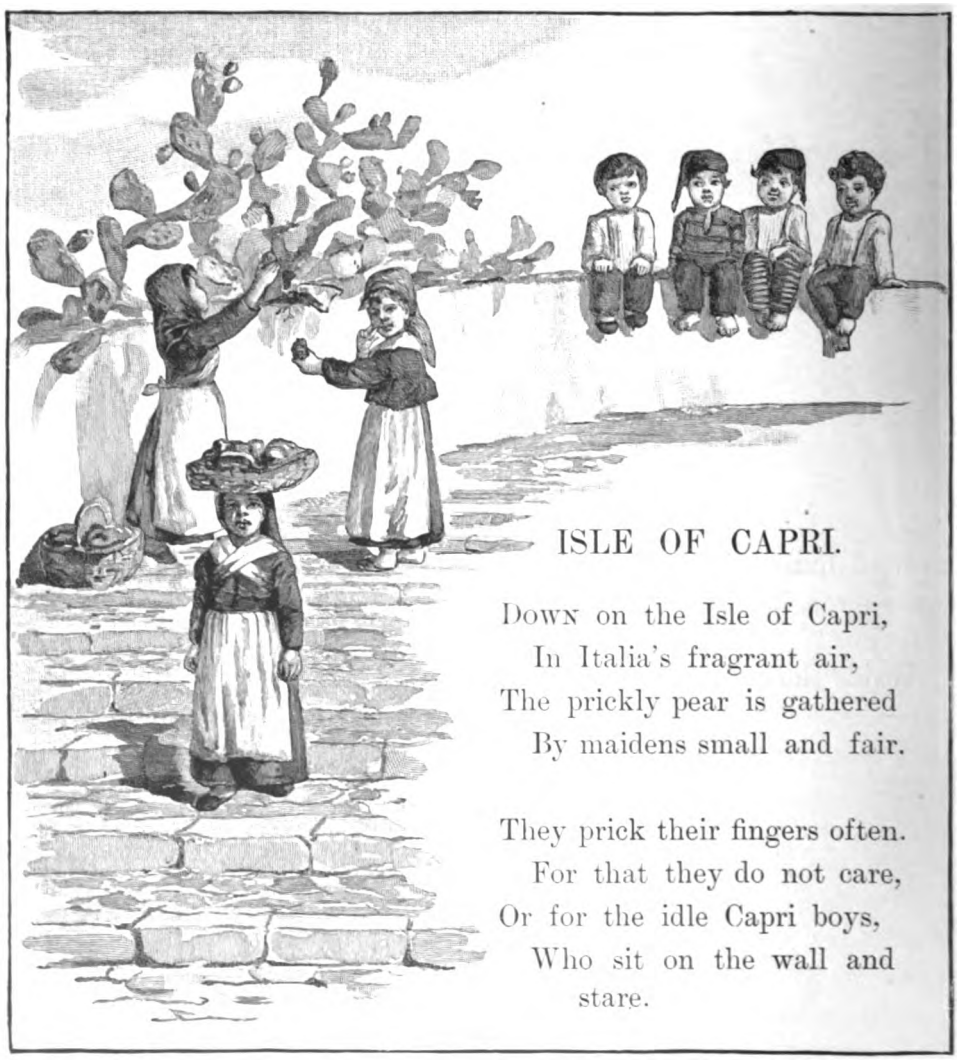
I am dry, and brown, and small,
Not a beauty now, at all;
Yet within my closest fold
Something beautiful I hold.

Feed me with the food I love,
Rain and sunshine from above,
And some day a lovely gift
For your taking I will lift.

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Do not scorn me, then, my dear.
Though I'm ugly, never fear!
Oftentimes the plainest dress
Hides the truest loveliness.

MARGARET JOHNSON.



ISLE OF CAPRI.

Down on the Isle of Capri,
In Italia's fragrant air,
The prickly pear is gathered
By maidens small and fair.

They prick their fingers often.
For that they do not care,
Or for the idle Capri boys,
Who sit on the wall and stare.

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AUGUST.

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FIRST LOVE.

He was a rollicking, handsome boy,
Regal in every vein;
She was a maiden of lowly birth,
Modest, demure, and plain.

He wore a frock of daintiest hue,
With border of velvet bright;
Hers was a gown of common stuff,
Figured in red and white.

His hands were dimpled and fair, and filled
With the gifts the graces send;
She had straight arms, cut squarely off
Where a shapely hand should end.

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He bore the royal, ringing name
Of "Philip, my King, my King!"
She was only "Dinah," unknown to fame,
Or the songs the minstrels sing.

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And yet he loved her — this gentle maid —
With his heart's first love and best;
"Oh, Dinah, dear!" — Will she never speak,
Or sigh in her sawdust breast?

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He calleth again, with all his soul
In his tender, love-lit eyes:
"Oh, Dinah, sweet!" and "Oh, Dinah, dear!"
No word the maid replies.

A quick thought flits through the baby brain
Whence hope had almost fled;
He takes his love by her shapeless nose —
"Say, pudding!" he softly said.

We hear no sound nor guess the charm
Of the happy lover's test;
But know by the look on his upturned face,
His rapturous suit is blest.

EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.



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"THAT IMP, JUDY!"

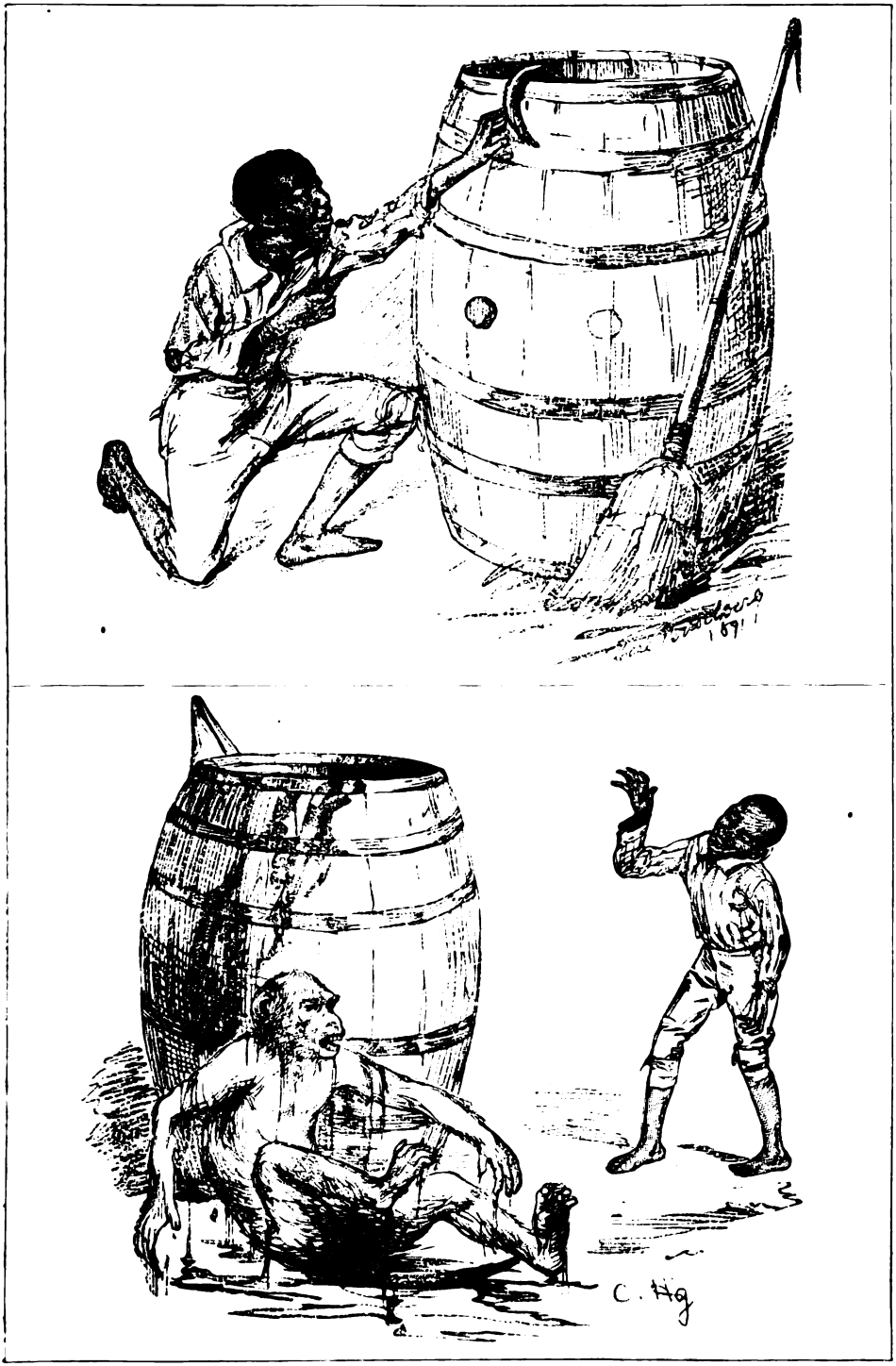
So Tim always called her. She was a big African monkey which a sailor brought across the ocean and sold to cousin Richard.

Tim was the little colored boy who drove up the cows and waited on the cook.

There was always war between him and Judy. He pulled her tail and teased her whenever he could, and in return she bit and scratched him.

She was very fond of tomatoes, and finding some floating in the slops cook had poured in a big hogshead, she tried to get them. Finding they were too far down to be reached in the usual way, she

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"THAT IMP, JUDY!"

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coiled her tail over the top, and swung in to fish them up with her paws. Tim crept behind, suddenly loosened her tail, and flop down into the greasy water the poor monkey went.

She was out in a minute, and hopped around, shaking herself and



screaming with rage. Tim was so much tickled by her funny antics that he stood near, laughing, instead of running away, as would have been a wise thing to do.

When Judy spied him, she stopped crying, picked up a big switch, and whipped him, just as a man might have done.

Tim cried as loud with pain as Judy had done from anger.

Judy tried to get hold of the little white kitten, but puss carefully

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guarded it from her. Finding it one day by the kitchen fire, she took it up while its mother was out.



The cat came in, and, alarmed for her kitten's safety, sprang at Judy with spread claws and loud "Mew-o-u."

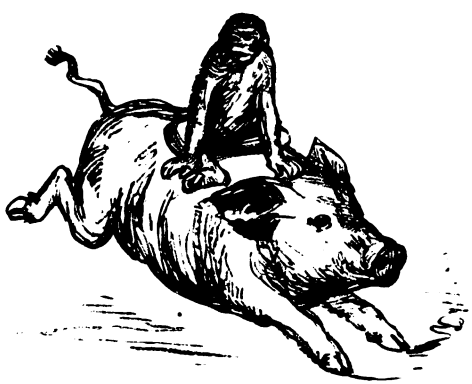
Away went the monkey, still holding the kitten. She climbed up the porch, and then to the kitchen roof.

There she sat in the sun, chattering with joy, and rocking and patting kitty in her arms just as she had seen nurse do with the baby. After a while she brought it safely back to its mother.

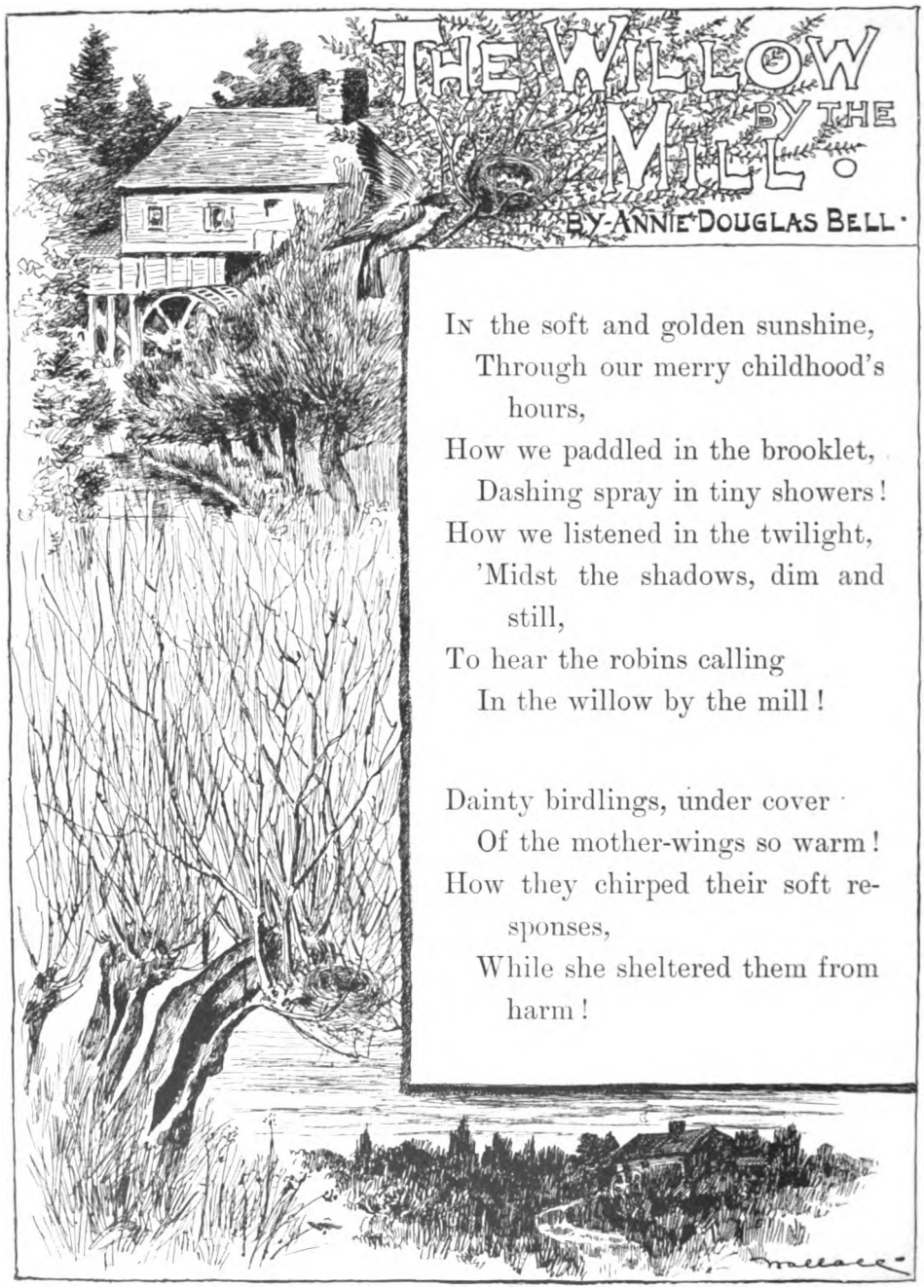
If the horse was grazing, she would in some way get on his back, and sit screeching with delight while he ran around the yard.

Sometimes she would ride the hogs in the same way through the fields. There was one big old "porker" that she trained until he would stand for her to mount, and then trot briskly along just as she wished him to go.

C. Q. G. NOTTINGHAM.



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Then we tried to peep within it;
But the nest she guarded well,
When we climbed the drooping branches
Of the willow by the mill.

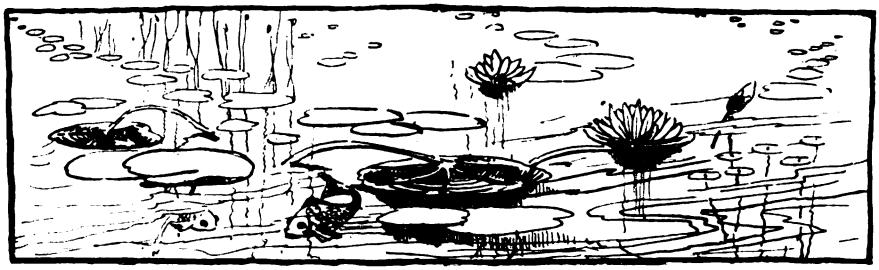
Now the summer days are ended,
And our childhood's play forgot;
Still we linger by the brooklet,
In the dear, familiar spot.
The old-time nest is empty
And the buzzing wheel is still,
But we list the robins calling
In the willow by the mill.

ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL.



IS DIS YOUR LITTLE GIRL?

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HOW GIANT DAN REASONED.

DAN is only a puppy, ten months old. Yet when he stands on his hind feet his fore feet will easily lie upon his master's shoulders. He is a giant dog, but just as full of frolic as any little dog. His antics are so clumsy that his mistress dares not have him get excited in the kitchen for fear that he will upset the oil-stove, or sweep the dishes all off the kitchen table with his great, flapping tail. He has gnawed the toes of his master's slippers to rags, playing with his feet in the morning when he comes down.

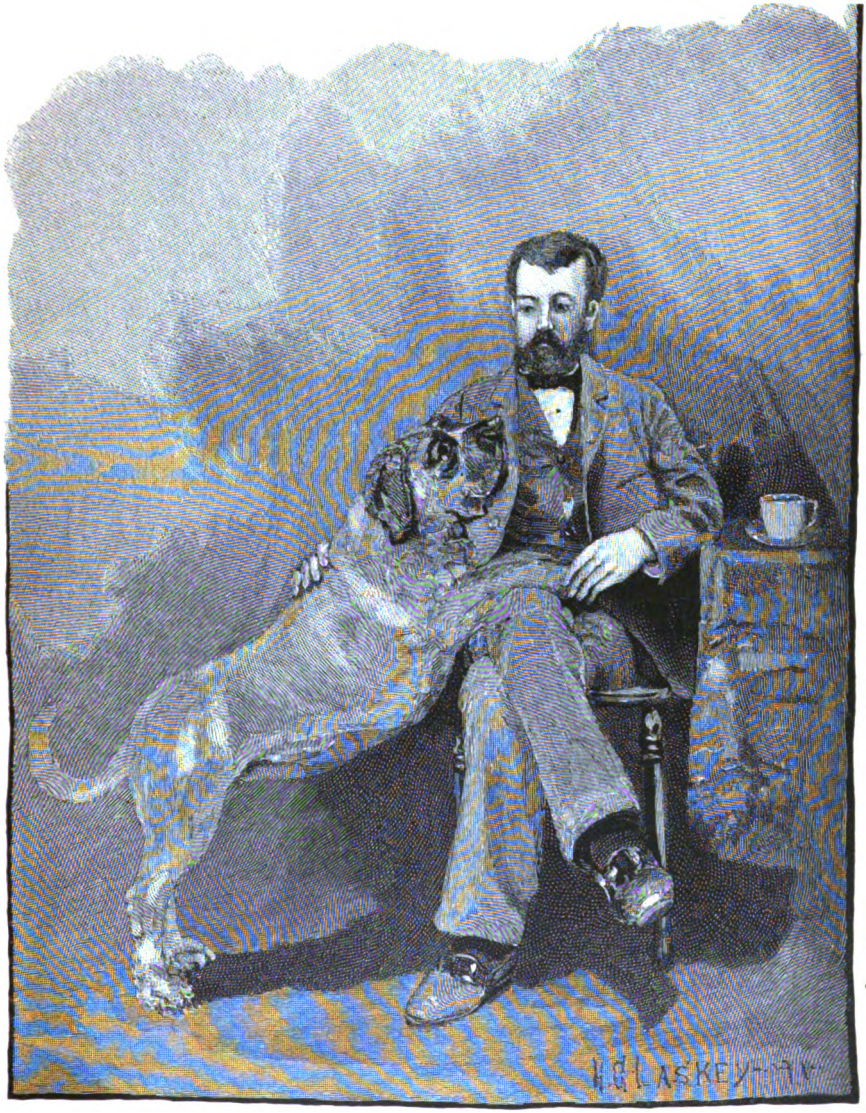
Dan is as obedient as a boy — more so than some boys. He has been taught not to go beyond the dining-room door, and there at the breakfast and dinner hour he will sit looking longingly in with eager eyes and big, drooping ears. Not even the most tempting tid-bit can induce him to disobey and step over the threshold. When told to beg for his breakfast he will lift up his deep, gruff voice in a grumbling, rumbling roar, till the silver and glass on the sideboard seem to echo, and we clap our hands over our ears.

Dan is quite a reasoner, too.

There is another pet in the family — a big, mottled-gray cat, Tom, by name. He is much older than the puppy, and highly resented his coming. Many a box on the head has poor Dan received from his savage claws.

One day, not long ago, Dan was in the deep enjoyment of gnawing a fine, savory bone in the kitchen. By some mischance it flew under

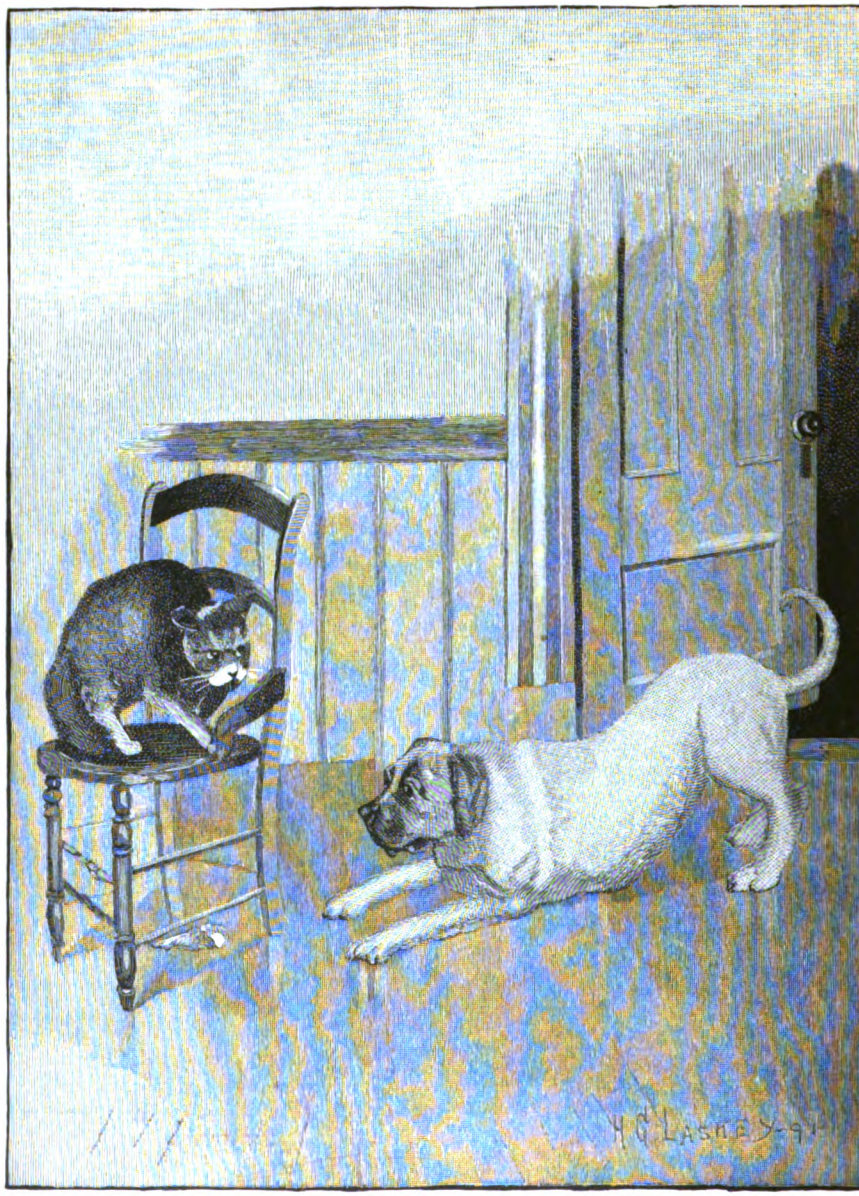
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the chair where Tom was sitting making his morning toilet. Dan was greatly distressed at his loss, and from all sides tried to recover the bone; but Tom met him with savage growls and spits at every turn.

It was of no use, and Dan sat down a little distance off, and

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seemed to try to think out some way of rescue. At last he hit upon a plan, and with a great whirl and roar he raced around into the back hall, seeming to shout to Tom : —

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"Here's an enemy! Take care of yourself!" for Tom was awfully afraid of strange men.



Completely taken in, Tom flew out of the chair in terror and hid himself on the stairs, where he could peer down slyly through the banisters. But Dan, cunning Dan, no sooner saw Tom disappear up the stairway than he scurried back. Seizing his precious bone, he raced out under the pear-tree to gnaw it in safety.

MRS. CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

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HIGH on the branch of a walnut tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat.
What was he thinking so earnestly?
And what was he looking at?

The forest was green around him,
The sky all over his head;
His nest was in a hollow limb,
And his children snug in bed.

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er,
Busily thinking was he;
How many nuts for his winter's store
Could he hide in the hollow tree?

He sat so still on the swaying bough
You might have thought him asleep.
Oh, no; he was trying to reckon now
The nuts the babies could eat.

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Then suddenly he frisked about,
And down the tree he ran.
"The best way to do, without a doubt,
Is to gather all I can."

ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL.

A FALL.



There was a little baby
Who had nibbled his own toes,
So that when he came to try and walk
He tumbled on his nose.

CORNELIA REDMOND



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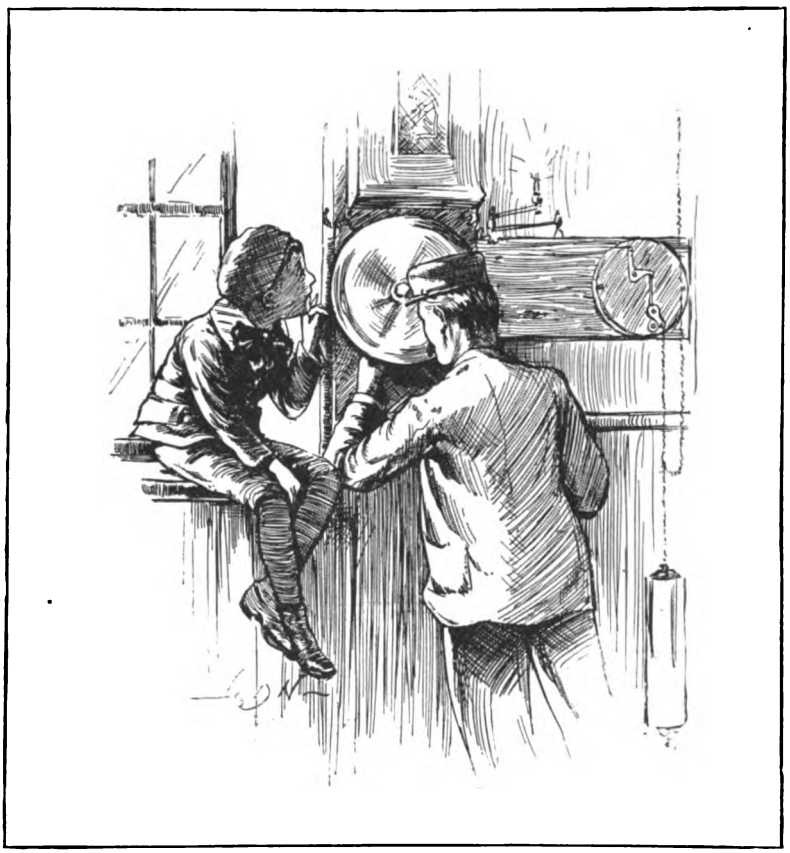
JOHNNIE and his mother once spent a few weeks at a hotel in a Western city, which was opposite an engine-house.

Nothing could have pleased Johnnie more, and he soon became very much interested in all the movements of the firemen. I am afraid he wasn't as sorry as he should have been when there was an alarm of fire, because he loved so well to watch the men and horses spring to their places and go rattling down the street.

Sometimes his mamma allowed him to go down and talk with the firemen. He was so pleasant and gentlemanly that they enjoyed telling him about the engine, and gave him the names of the horses.

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They also showed him the wonderful way by which the touching of an electric button threw open the great doors, unfastened the horses,



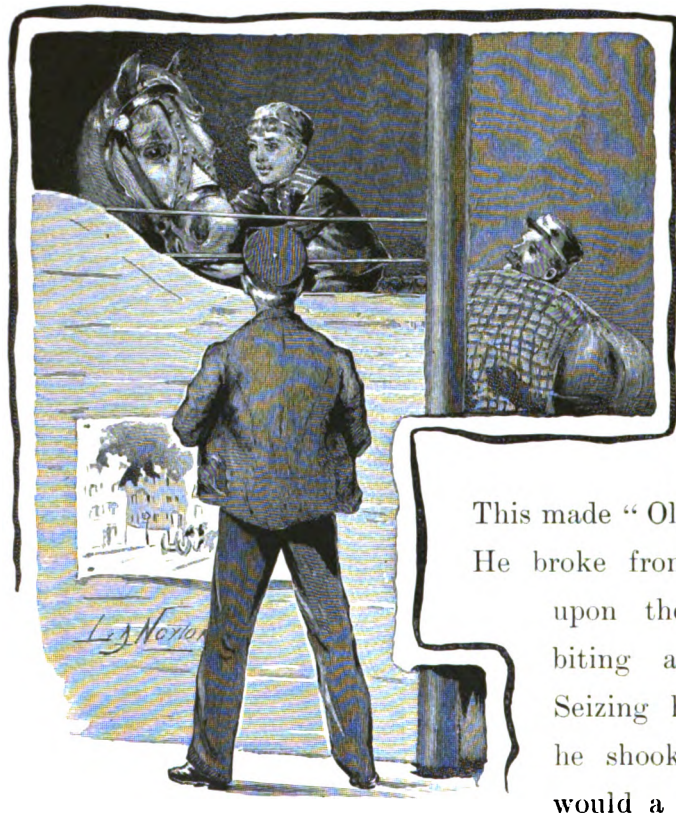
jumped the men out of bed, and set everything ready to spring off to the fire.

"Old General," one of the horses, soon learned to whinny for the lump of sugar Johnnie was sure to bring him, and he loved to have Johnnie sit on his back and pat his great head.

But one night, at a fire, "Old General" was hurt. Not seriously

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hurt, but enough to make him quite lame, so it was thought best to have another horse to use in his place for a time.



A large dray-horse was brought in and harnessed ready for the call. But when the call was made he did not know what to do, and was very slow and awkward. This made "Old General" furious. He broke from his stall, rushed upon the poor dray-horse, biting and striking him. Seizing him by the mane, he shook him as a terrier would a rat. The men had to interfere to save the life of the poor dray-horse. Was it not strange that gentle "Old General" should be so angry to see another horse in his place?

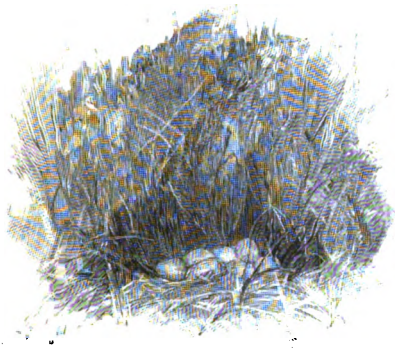
MRS. FRANCES SMITH.



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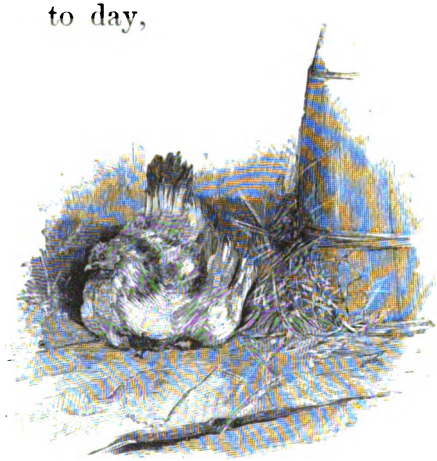
The Nest In The Mow

BY RENA LASKEY

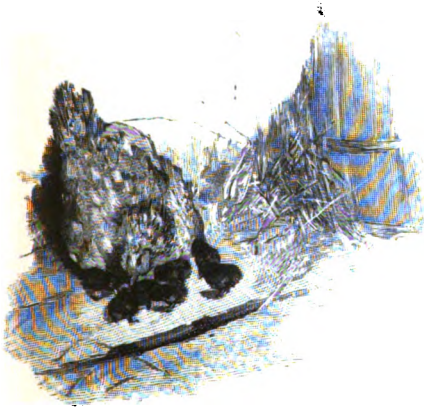




SEVEN eggs in the hay-mow laid,
By a hen kept warm from day
to day,



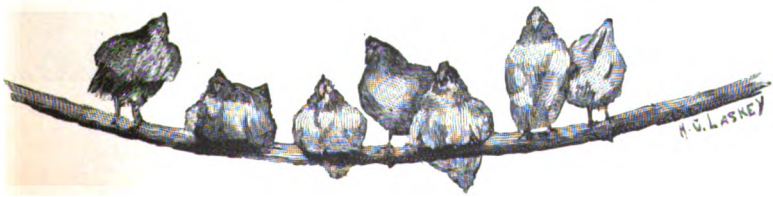
As she hovers them tenderly
In a nest of hay.



Seven chicks for her labor paid.



Seven old hens, sober and staid,
From seven eggs in the hay-mow laid.



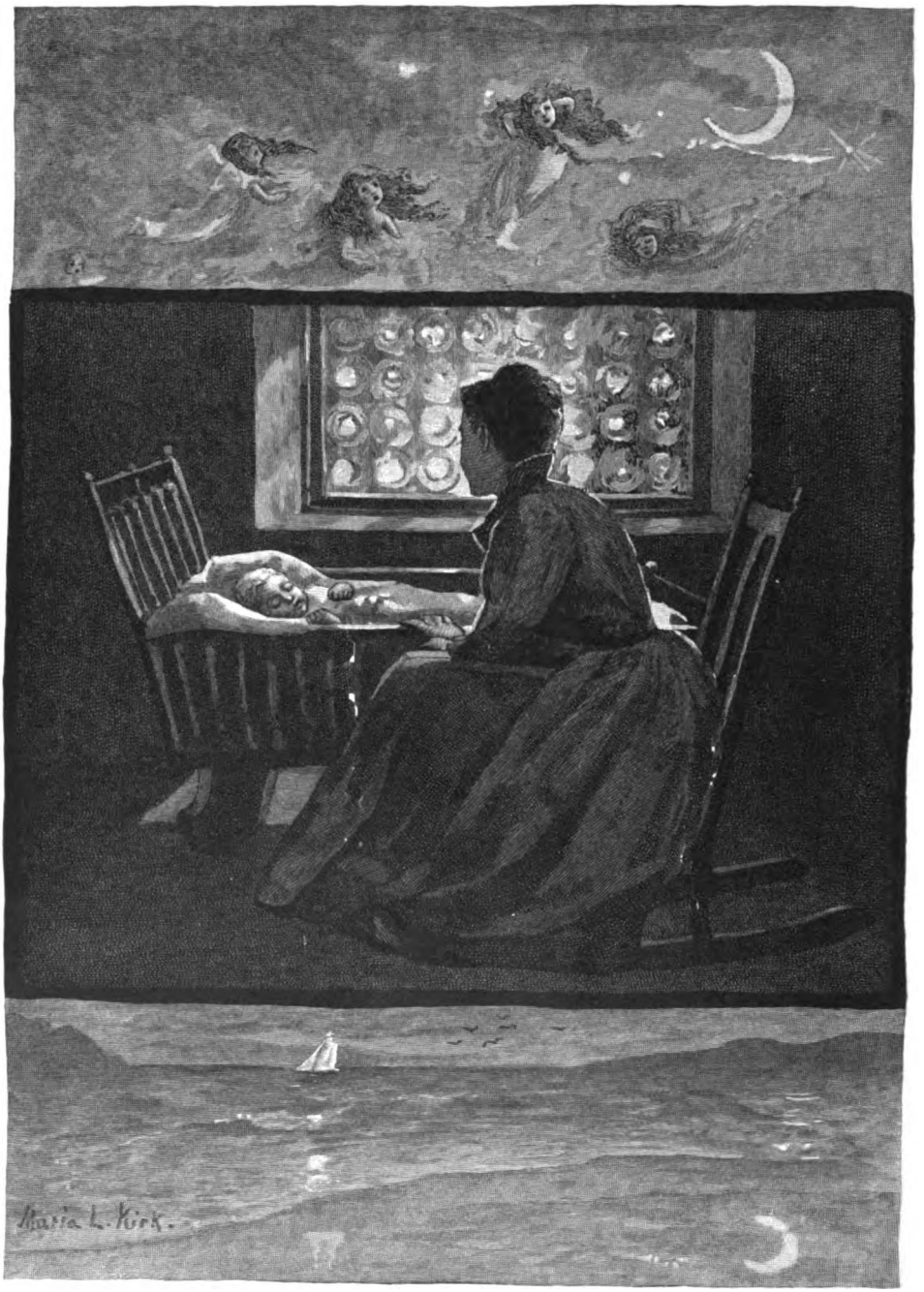
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A BLOCKADE.

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SLUMBER LAND.

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SLUMBER LAND.

ROCK away, rock away, down in your pillows,
Swift flows the river so still and so deep;
Sail away, sail away, over the billows,
Bound for the beautiful haven of sleep.

Drift away, drift away, 'mong the green islands,
Lower the sail and away with the oar;
Sing away, sing away, birds in the highlands,
Answer the waves on the coral-strewn shore.

Dream away, dream away, dear little rover,
Fearless explorer, by land and by sea;
Float away, float away, all the world over,
Bring back some gems of the ocean to me.

List away, list away, fairies are singing,
Light are their feet as they trip o'er the sand.
Far away, far away, echoes are ringing,
Borne on the breeze of this mystical land.

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Haste away, haste away, gathering flowers,
Blooming at will in this wonderful clime;
Rest away, rest away, through the bright hours,
Knowing no sorrow, and heedless of time.

Sleep away, sleep away; visions the rarest
Visit my babe in their mystic array.
Roam away, roam away; flowers the fairest
Beckon my darling to linger and stray.

Hark away! hark away! seamews are calling,
Seeking their loved ones by inlet and cave.
Look away, look away, shadows are falling,
Folding their wings over woodland and wave.

CHARLES FREMONT GALE.



HOW BABY LEARNED TO WALK.

BABY FAY was eighteen months old. She did not walk or even stand alone. She seemed to think her little pink feet were two pretty playthings. She cooed over them and patted her cunning blue boots. She did not even try to use them.

"I am afraid her feet are too small," sighed grandma.

"Will she be a cripple, mamma?" asked sister Lou, sadly.

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"Oh, no; she will walk when her limbs are strong enough," answered mamma, hopefully.

Old Rover, the house dog, came into the nursery.

He walked up to baby Fay, and looked into her face with his big



brown eyes. He seemed to say, "It is too bad this dear baby cannot walk. I will try to teach her."

He touched her soft cheek with his cold nose. Baby crowed and clutched his long hair with her fat fingers. She pulled herself up on to both tiny feet. How proud and pleased she was!

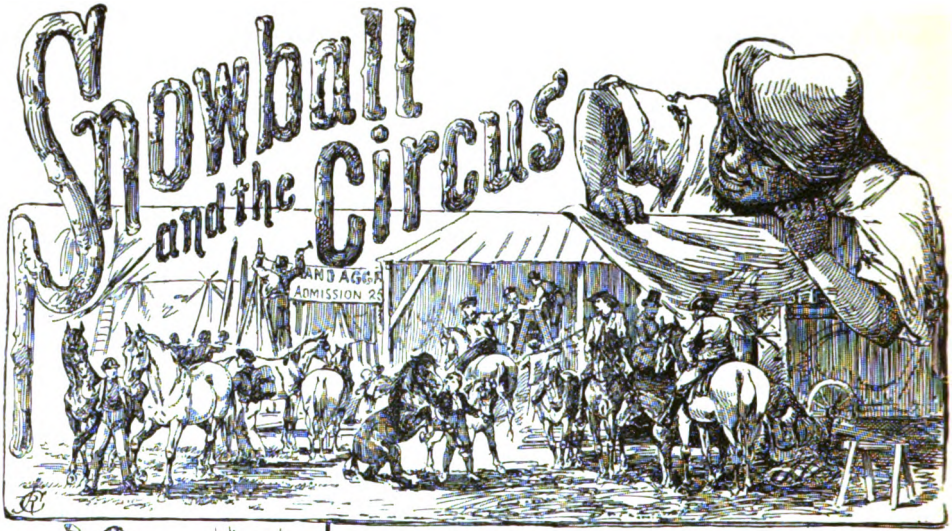
Then Rover gently took a step forward. Baby stepped too, clasping his neck with both little arms. Rover now took four steps, and baby toddled along beside him. Then Rover thought the baby must be tired. He laid down slowly so that she should not fall. After this Rover gave baby a walking-lesson every morning.

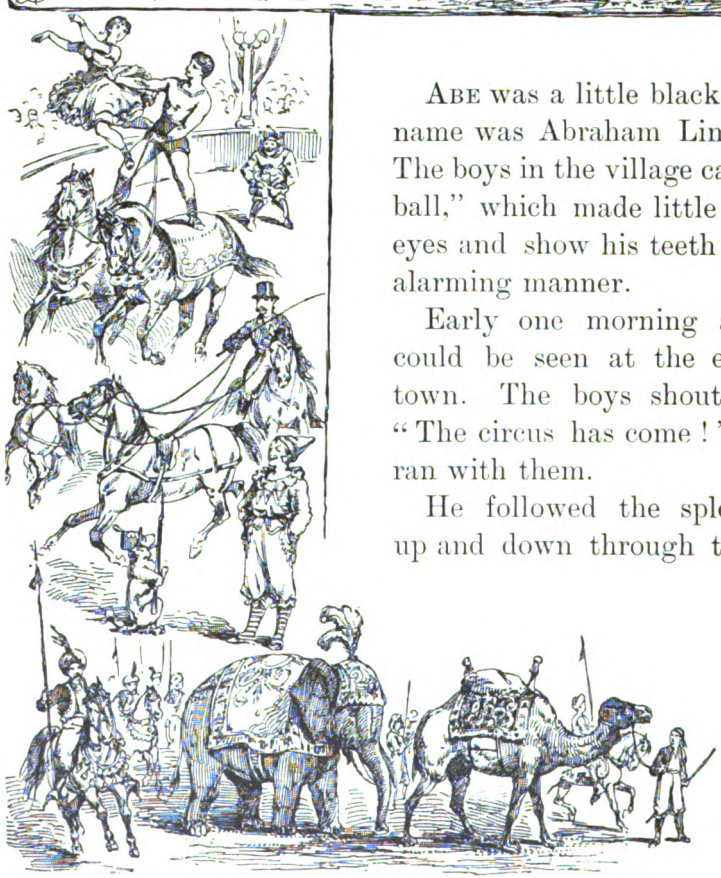
She soon learned to walk alone. Do you not think Rover was a kind, thoughtful dog?

MARION E. PICKERING.

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Snowball and the Circus





Abe was a little black boy. His whole name was Abraham Lincoln Blackstone. The boys in the village called him "Snowball," which made little Abe roll his big eyes and show his teeth in a delightfully alarming manner.

Early one morning a cloud of dust could be seen at the end of the little town. The boys shouted as they ran, "The circus has come!" and little Abe ran with them.

He followed the splendid procession up and down through the dusty streets. The glittering wagons and spangles and banners fairly made his eyes ache. The band played; the horses

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with their waving plumes stepped gayly along; the clowns cut up the funniest capers; elephants and camels — all were there. Was there ever such a beautiful circus before!

At last they halted at a large common. The great white tents were unfurled and spread. All the animals were fed and the horses carefully groomed. Little Abe carried water — two buckets at a time. All these beautiful horses must drink, and he was helping. This was happiness enough. But when everything was done and the showman handed him a ticket for the afternoon performance he stared at it as if it couldn't be real, and just managed to stammer out: —



"Thank yo', sah."

As he ran homeward with his prize he saw a group of boys with a kitten. The poor creature was mewing piteously in the hands of her tormentors.

"What yo' gwine ter do wid dat cat?" demanded Abe, stopping short.

"Roast her," replied one of the boys, amidst a shout of derisive laughter from the others.

"Give 'er to me," said Abe, advancing sternly.

"Whew! I guess not, Snowball," retorted the boy.

"Yo' 's not gwine ter burn 'er, is yo'?" insisted Abe, anxiously.

"Yes, we are," spoke up another boy, angrily, "and you'd better be walking along toward home."

"I'll give yo' dis fo' her," said Abe, advancing and holding out his precious circus ticket.

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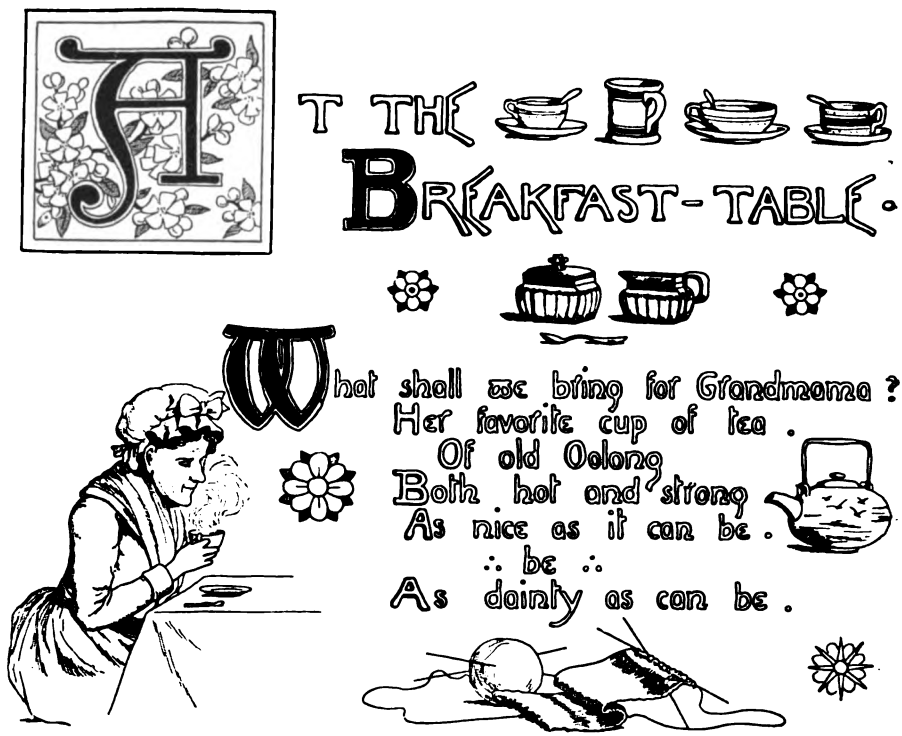
The boys consulted. One ticket would not take them all into the circus, but they could sell it and buy many good things with the money.

"Take her!" cried one of them finally, snatching the ticket and throwing the kitten at Abe's feet.

He picked her up gently and walked away. Two great tears fell on Kitty's soft fur.

"Dat was gwine ter be a fust-class circus," he said, "but I'se mighty glad I happened 'long in time to save dis po' ting."

EDITH F. STOKELY.



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What shall we bring for dear Mamma?
A cup of coffee sweet.
Sugar and cream
And fragrant steam,
A luxury complete.
: plete :
A generous cup complete.







What shall we bring for Sister Sue?
Hot chocolate rich and brown.
White foam to swim
About the brim,
The pretty cup to crown.
·: crown :·
The dainty cup to crown.







What shall we bring for Puss and me?
A mug both wide and tall
Of fresh sweet milk,
Of warm new milk,
The nicest thing of all.
·: all :·
The very best of all!







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ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — XI.

SOMEBODY to see Robin Boy," said Mary, the housemaid; and Robin finished his luncheon in a hurry and ran out to see who it was.

There on the mat stood a little boy, not much larger than Robin's self, but, oh, so different! There were patches on his shabby jacket, his feet were bare, and besides this, his face was quite black! Robin ran and hid behind mamma. He had never seen a little negro before.

"I don't like him," he cried. "He is ugly, mamma. Make him go away!"

"No, no," said mamma. "What did your riddle say?

"'Oftentimes the plainest dress
Hides the truest loveliness.'

"I should not wonder if this little fellow had just as kind and good a heart and just as sweet a temper under his shabby clothes as any little white boy in his Sunday suit."

"Is he — is he my fing?" asked Robin, doubtfully.

"No," said mamma, smiling; "but maybe he has brought it to you."

Then the little negro laughed until he showed all his white teeth, and pulling something from his pocket, handed it to Robin with a low bow.

"De gardener done tole me to gib you dis heah, sah," he said.

Robin looked curiously at the brown, dried-up thing, and, forgetting his fear of little Sambo, went with him to the piazza, and watched him bury it in a pretty jar full of earth which mamma brought.

"I know," he cried; "it will be a flower."

"Yes, sah," said Sam, grinning again. "A flower, sah."

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And when the little bulb was tucked safely away, to stay until sunshine and rain should coax it up into leaf and flower, Sambo pulled out a note from his pocket, — Robin's next riddle: —

"Riddles now are almost done,
I'm the last and biggest one.
Half a fairy, half a man,
Guess me, Robin, if you can!

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Wings I have not, nor a wand,
Only just this strong right hand.
Yet, sometimes, beyond a doubt,
Wondrous things I bring about.

"Though you stand here, just below me,
Yet at first you will not know me.
Look again, boy, and be wise,
Fairies come in every guise!
When a red, red rose you see,
Presto! You'll discover me!
Half a fairy, half a man,
Catch me, Robin, if you can!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.



JENNIE AND THE BEES.

CREAMING, crying, sobbing, Jennie; with two little fists in her eyes, standing among the flowers in grandpa's meadow, back of the orchard.

She had gone to grandpa's farm, and was playing among the flowers. She wanted the very one a busy bee was sipping honey from. No other flower looked half so sweet, and no other flower would do for Jennie. So she said, "Naughty bee, go away!"

"Naughty bee" did not go away. Jennie shook the flower, the bee still sipping honey. Jennie grew cross and struck at the bee; the bee stung her. That was his way of striking back.

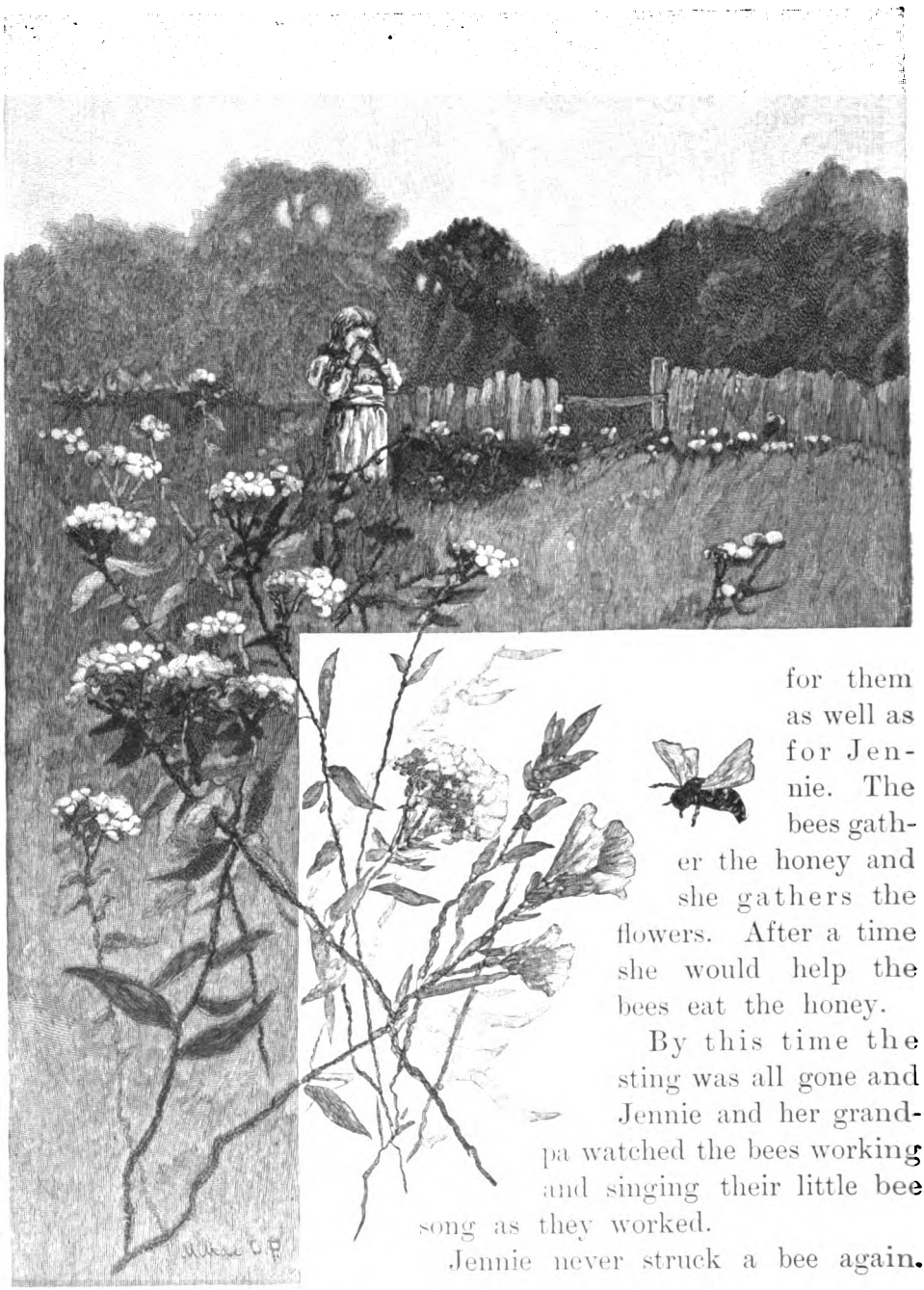
Jennie's screams brought her grandpa, who took her to the bee-hives, the home of all the bees. He told her how they were making honey for themselves and for her, and how he had put the hives in the flowering meadow near the garden for them. The flowers grew

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JENNIE AND THE BEES.

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for them as well as for Jennie. The bees gather the honey and she gathers the flowers. After a time she would help the bees eat the honey.

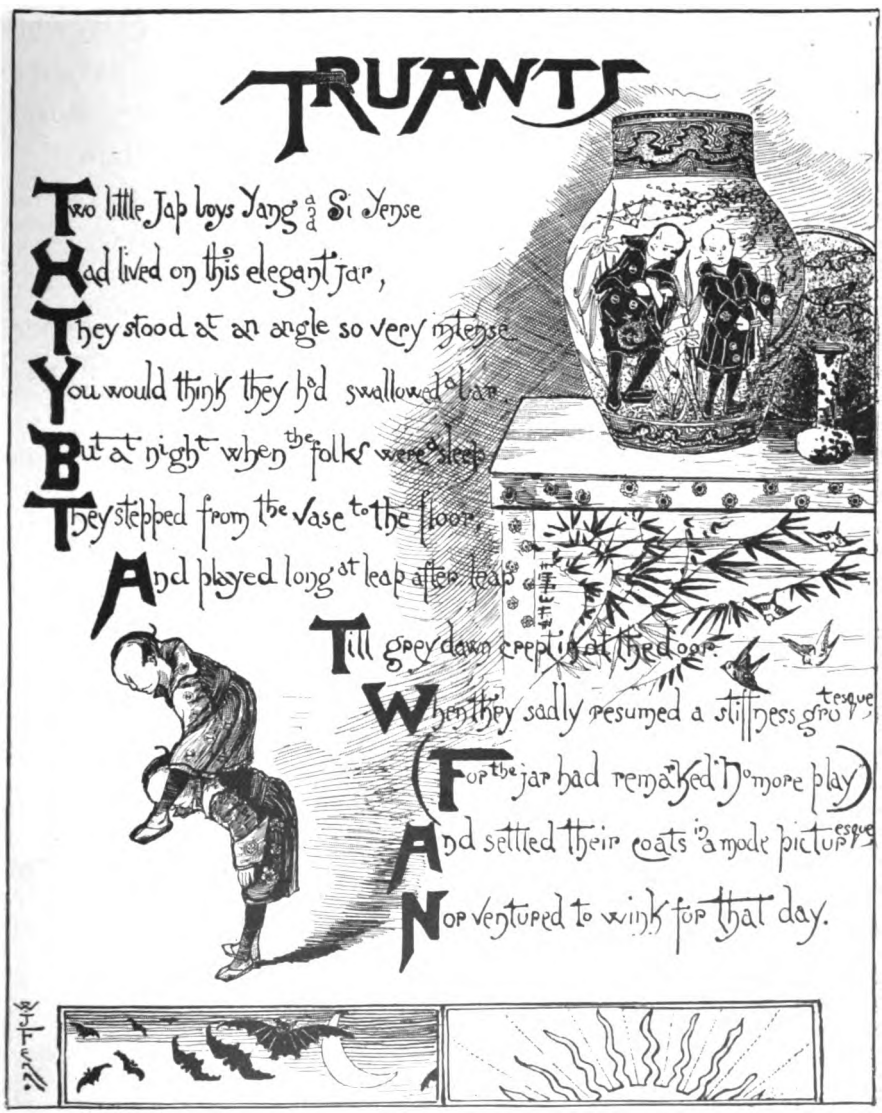
By this time the sting was all gone and Jennie and her grandpa watched the bees working and singing their little bee song as they worked.

Jennie never struck a bee again.

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and a bee never struck her. She could play all day long in the garden and her grandpa heard no more screaming and crying.

MARGARET MacD. PULLMAN.



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Harold's Chicken Pie.

ING-A-LING! rang the telephone in mamma Day's pleasant sitting-room, as she sat there sewing one morning. Three-year-old Harold was busy with his blocks, building a train of cars.

"Yes, certainly; one, sharp; good-by!"

"Come, Harold, help mamma get something nice for dinner, as Uncle George is coming home with papa," said Mrs. Day as she hastily tidied the sitting-room.

Harold was delighted to be asked to "help," and trotted gayly into the kitchen, where he was soon standing in his little chair at the table close beside mamma.

"See kitty, mamma!" said he; "she's got a little furry efla in her mouth."

"Why, so she has!" replied mamma, as she fitted a tender, flaky crust over the chicken-pie and commenced to pinch it down.

Just then the door-bell rang and Mrs. Day hurried to answer it.

When she returned Harold was smoothing down the crust and patting it with his soft, little hands.

"Harold must not touch mamma's pie again," said mamma, trying to look severe.

"Mamma asked me to help, and I put pretty, little, furry chicken in the pie for dear Uncle George," said the little fellow.

Mamma smiled.

"Harold got a efla in the pie, anyhow," insisted the child.

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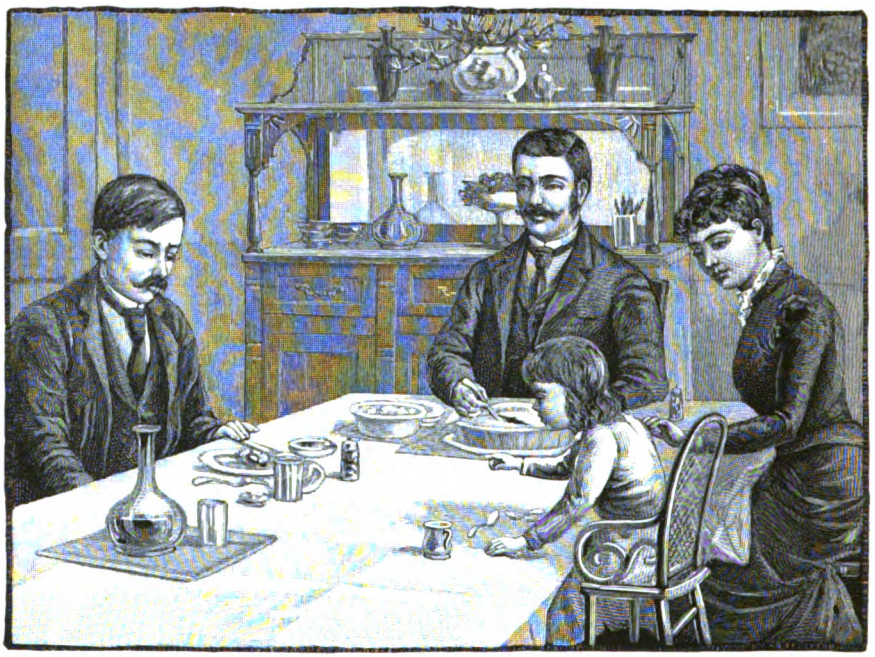
Soon the pie was in the oven, browning beautifully. Harold's golden curls were brushed until they shone; his pretty, blue sailor suit put on, and everything was ready for the expected guest.



When they were seated at table papa Day flourished his knife and fork proudly before he cut into the pie.

"Marie is a first-class cook," said he. Mamma happened to glance at Uncle George's face, which was a comical mixture of fun and dismay. Upon his plate lay a tiny mouse, soaked with gravy.

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When Harold caught sight of it he cried out joyfully, "That's the little efla I put in the pie for Uncle George!"

Papa and Uncle George fairly roared with laughter; but poor mamma was so mortified that she could scarcely keep back the tears.

They had to dine on cold ham while the dog and cat feasted on chicken-pie.

Harold is now more than ten years old, but he still dreads to meet Uncle George, for he always says to him, "Let me see, aren't you the young fellow who put a mouse in my chicken-pie?"

CARRIE N. HALL.



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PETER AND FRIEDA.

PETER and Frieda go to walk
With grandpa every day;
They like so much to hear him talk
And tell about the fish he caught
When he was young and gay.
They live in Holland, all,
And dress this funny way.



F. T.

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WHAT MAY DID.

WHEN May was five years old, she spent a summer in a cottage in a pretty country town. Her father had hired it chiefly because grandpa and grandma lived only a few miles away, in the real country. Often they came and took May home with them for a few days, and then she was the happiest small girl in the world.

One day a family came to live in the next house, and May discovered that there was a little girl about her own size.

This was interesting. She went and peeked through the fence, and presently the little neighbor came to her side of the fence, and they looked at each other with lively interest, and scraped an acquaintance.

"My name's May. What's yours?"

"Edith."

"I've got a china doll."

"I've got a wax one. She's got a fan and a parasol. Come over in my yard."

A fan and parasol! But May knew she must not go without permission, and mamma was away.

"She's got a red lace hat," said Edith.

"But I can't get over the fence," May faltered.

"Crawl under," said Edith. It was a tight squeeze, and May's clean dress was rumpled. But what made her heart beat so loud was the knowledge that she was doing wrong.

They played on the porch. The doll with the parasol and the red lace hat was too much for a five-year-old conscience; and there were a little high-chair, and a bureau, and a washing-set, and four picture-books, and a kaleidoscope besides.

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WHAT MAY DID.

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Once or twice May thought she heard somebody calling her, but she tried to think it was something else. When Edith was called in to tea, she crawled under the fence again, and went slowly into the house.

She found everybody looking wildly about for her. Grandpa had been to take her home with him, and Bridget had called and called, and finally concluded she had gone with mamma. And now mamma had come home, and they were all frightened. Bridget had even looked in the well.

May was so grieved about losing her visit to grandma's, that her mamma said that would be punishment enough. So it proved. The little girls played together happily all summer, but that was the first and last time May ran away.

EMMA A. OPPER.

A Doll's Doctor.

By Cornelia Redmond

"Oh I am so unhappy!"
Sighed little Polly Grame,
"My dolly has the measles,
And the doctor never came"



"I'm sure I said to Mary,
Plain as anything could be,
That after he had seen Mamma,
To send him up to me."

Just then she saw her brother Tom,
Appearing at the door.
He played the part of doctor,
And the doll is well once more.

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A LITTLE SWIMMER.

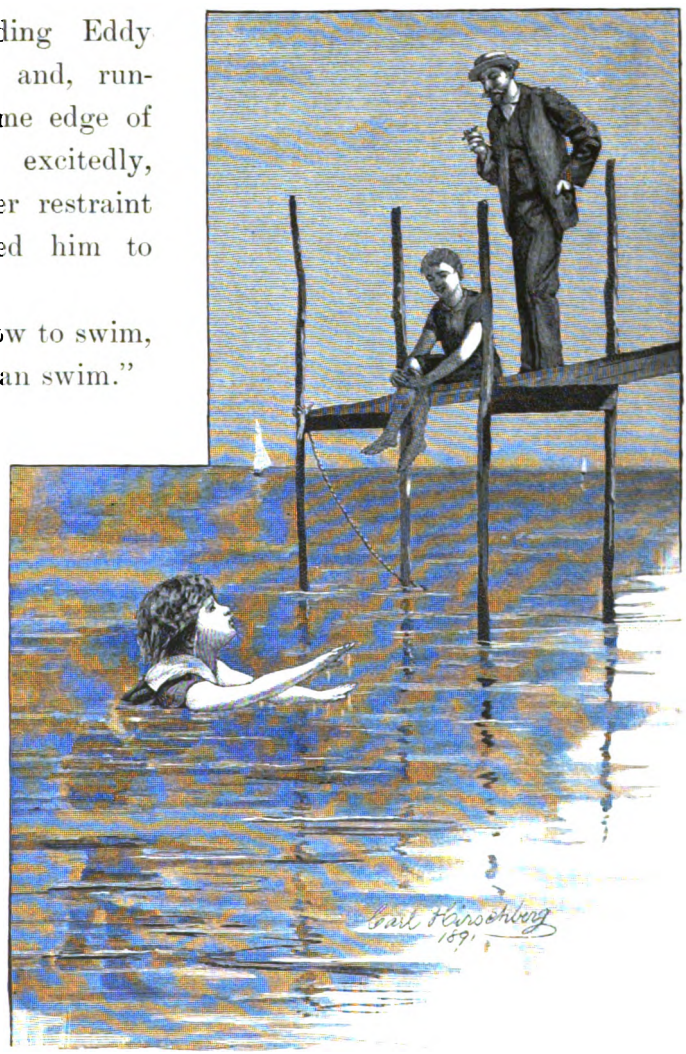
Uncle Horace was coming to spend a week at the seaside resort where Eddy was staying. When his boat was still a long way off Uncle Horace could make out Eddy's blue blouse and white sailor hat; and before it had touched the landing Eddy left his mother, and, running to the extreme edge of the pier, shouted excitedly, as though a longer restraint would have caused him to burst: —

"I've learned how to swim, Uncle Horace; I can swim."

Everybody smiled, for Eddy was a small boy of six. Uncle Horace laughed.

"Can you?" he said. "I'll go and see you."

It was high tide at one o'clock that day, and one o'clock found



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Eddy, in his natty little bathing suit, wading out to the ropes among other bathers, while his nurse stood on the beach, and Uncle Horace, who preferred smoking to bathing for that day, watched him from the diving-pier close by.

"There! now look," said Eddy, and he ducked down and struck out bravely. "There, I'm swimming!"

But as the water was not up to his neck, what he was really doing was plain enough to Uncle Horace. He was paddling with his hands as he had seen the swimmers do, but he was standing securely on his small feet and hopping along, and by no means swimming.

"Swimming, are you?" said a big boy who had just dived from the pier; and he laughed.

Eddy's triumphant little face fell; then it puckered. It was too grievous that his swimming should be made fun of before Uncle Horace, to whom he had been so anxious to show his feat.

"Don't cry," Uncle Horace called down; "I call that good."

"Why, no, don't cry," said the big boy. "See here, want to float?" And Eddy forgot his trouble in the novel fun of being floated.

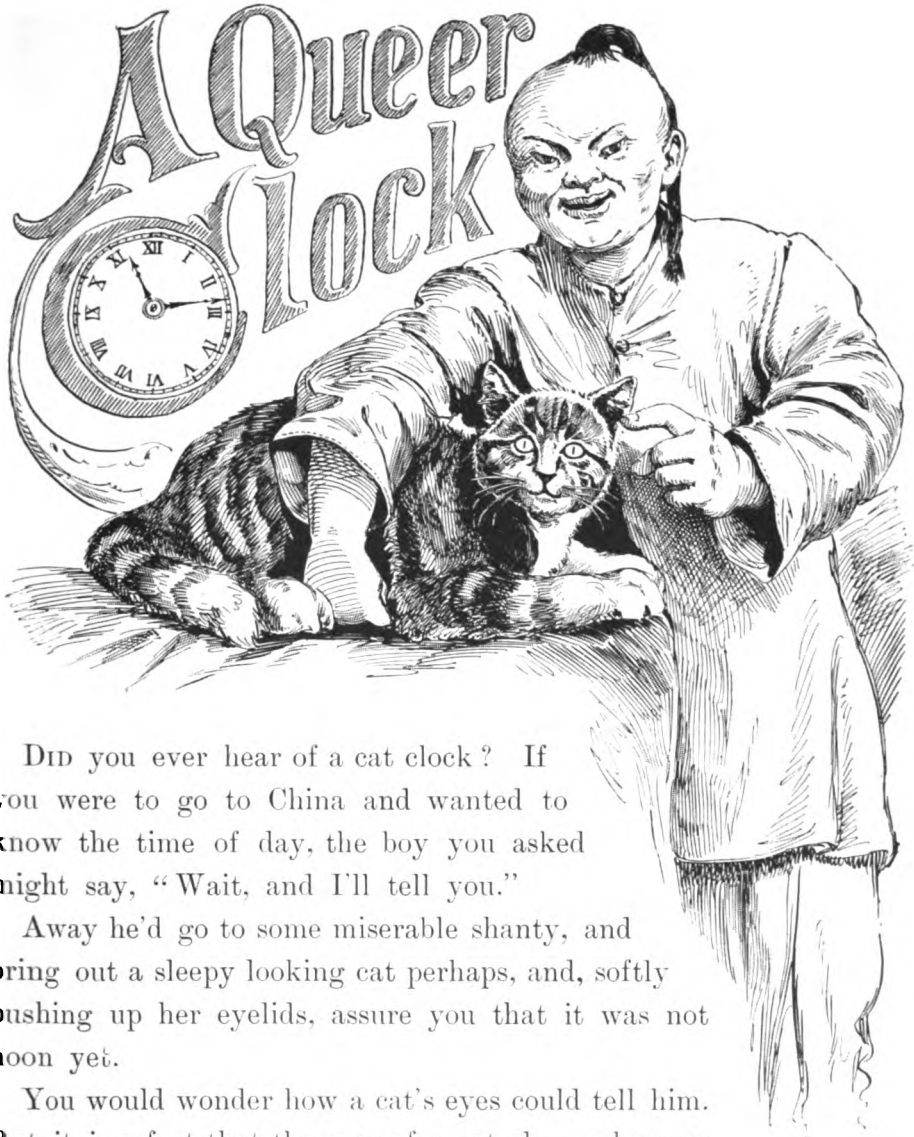
But Uncle Horace, perceiving his small nephew to be a plucky little fellow who was anxious to swim, resolved that he should learn how. He went in bathing with him every day thereafter, and showed him what swimming was. He taught him how to use his feet as well as his hands. And at the end of the week his mother was surprised and delighted to see her wee boy truly swimming.

EMMA A. OPPER.



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A Queer Clock



Did you ever hear of a cat clock? If you were to go to China and wanted to know the time of day, the boy you asked might say, "Wait, and I'll tell you."

Away he'd go to some miserable shanty, and bring out a sleepy looking cat perhaps, and, softly pushing up her eyelids, assure you that it was not noon yet.

You would wonder how a cat's eyes could tell him. But it is a fact that the eyes of a cat always become narrow before noonday, so narrow as to look like a fine line, up and down. After twelve o'clock the pupil will grow large again.

Just look in your pussy's eyes, and see if you can tell, as the boys and girls do in China, what o'clock it is. Perhaps you can.

MRS. G. HALL.

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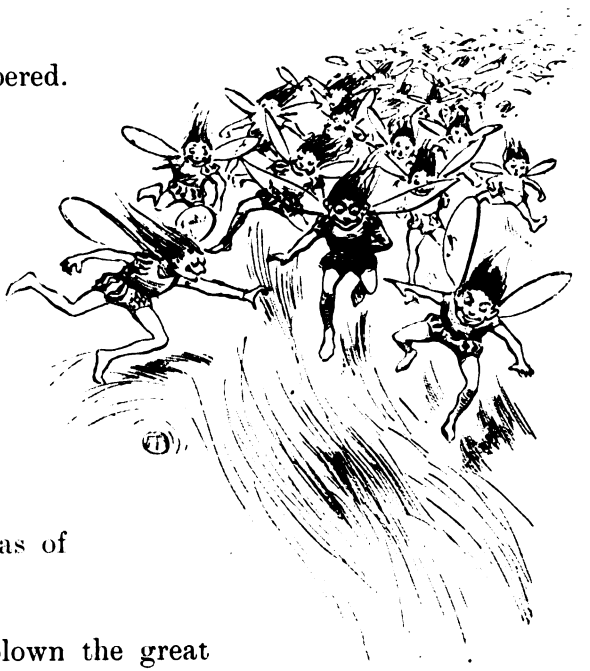
THE WIND-ELVES.

What it was started them, who can tell?
But, out of a cloud's black cave,
They rushed with a furious shout, pellmell,
Like the charge of an army brave.
They beat at the casement that trembled sore,
They scampered the grasses through,
They tangled the vines, and the reeds they tore,
And then, — what did they do?

The vanes on the steeples they dizzy made,
Each spun, like an airy top;
They twisted the boughs in the summer glade
Till the leaflets were glad to drop.

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They pommelled the pool till it fairly
boiled;
The silly sheep scampered.
Whew!
The crystal of wayside
rills they roiled,
And then, — what
did they do?



They jostled the birds
that flew about,
They tumbled the seas of
grain;
They seemed to have blown the great
sun out, —



It shone not that day
again!
Then, as quick as they came,
they took their flight;
But though trees they had
made to fall,
The frail little, meek little
daisies white
They had not harmed at
all!

GEORGE COOPER.

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THE RIDE NAN AND NED HAD.



One mamma was asleep, the other was making pies; Ned and Nan took care of themselves that day. The barn-door stood wide open, a great load of hay in front, just under the big upper window, wide open also.

Up the stairs climbed the children. One jump from the window and they were safe on the sweet-smelling load of hay.

"Duck your head, Nan, so Joe won't see us, and we'll have a ride!"

So the hay was pulled over the white sunbonnet and the red straw hat. Joe started the horse, never dreaming what a precious load he had behind him.

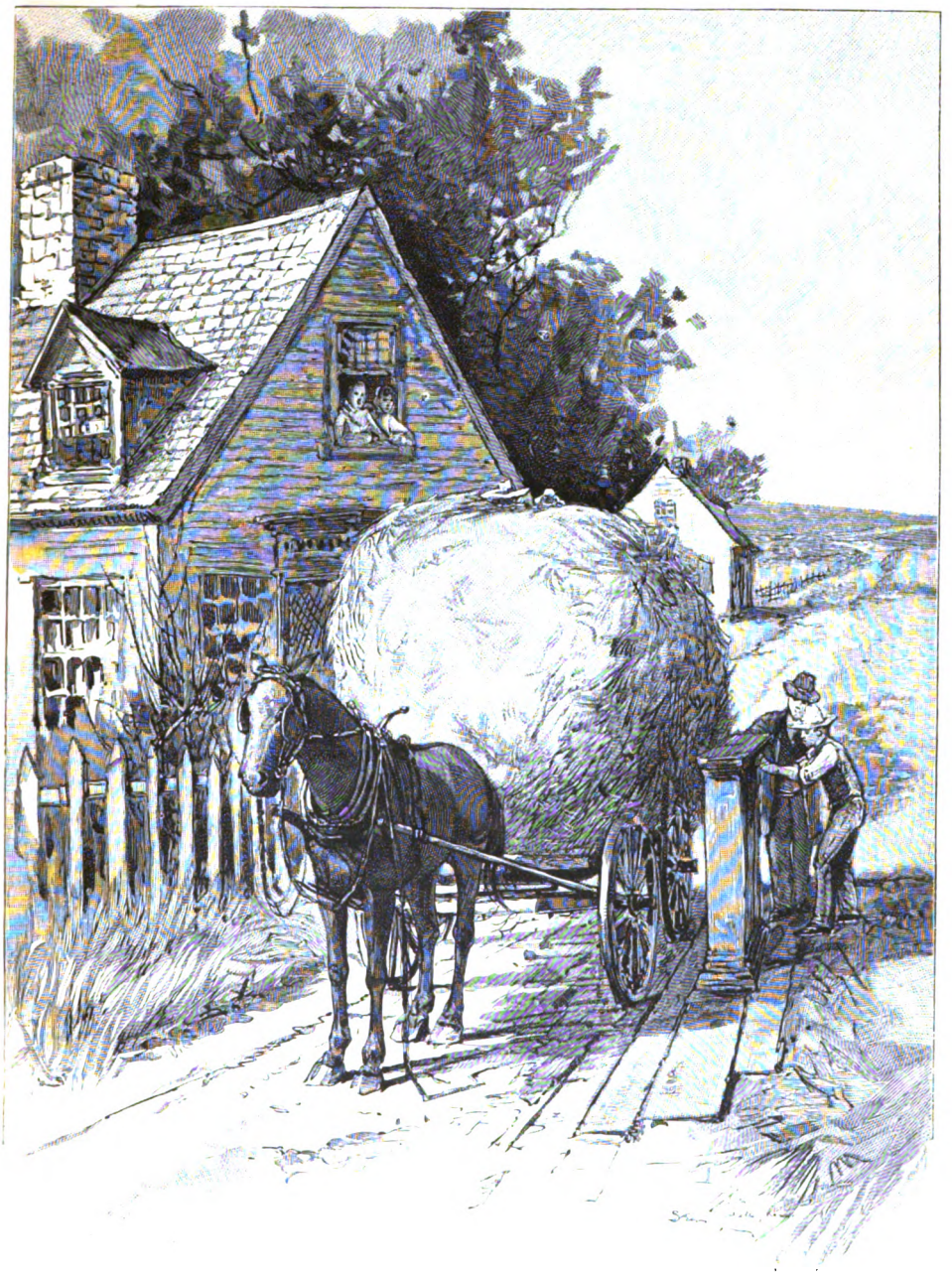
How they laughed under the hay, there! How the branches scratched their heads! How sweet the smell of the hay! How — but that was all, for Ned and Nan were fast asleep long before Joe drove his horse on the hay-scales at Farmer Jones'.

"Seems to me this load weighs about fifty pounds more than the last. Any weights hid under the seat, Joe?"

"Father," called a sweet voice from a window upstairs, "if you buy all that goes with that load it will be the best bargain you ever made! Come up here and see!"

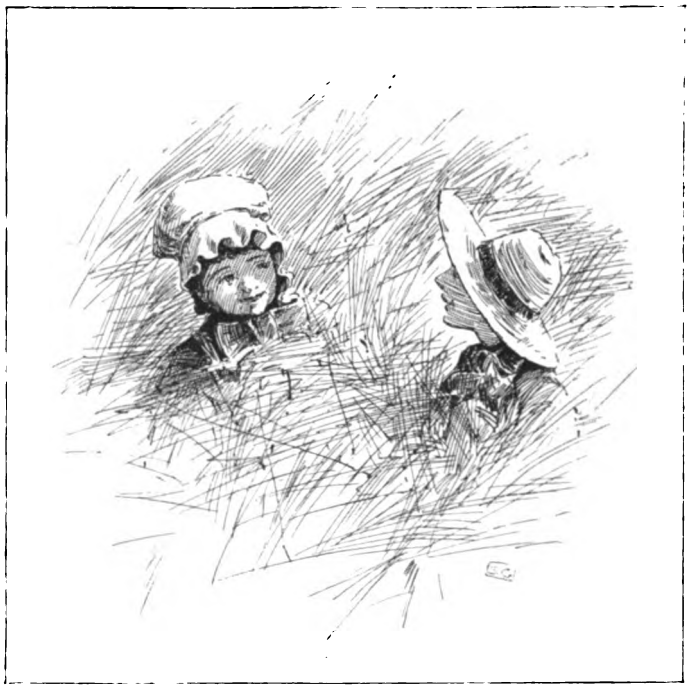
Farmer Jones climbed the railing of the piazza and in a moment more looked down. The white sunbonnet and red straw hat were

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THE RIDE NAN AND NED HAD.

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beginning to move. The children under them sat up, rubbed their eyes and looked, oh, how they looked! Fifty pounds more hay!

A few moments later they were eating a lunch of doughnuts and milk in Jenny Jones' own room. Half an hour later they were driving home with Joe in the empty hay-wagon.

But what do you think their mammas said?

FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.



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Borrowing Fire.



FIRE seems a strange thing to borrow, does it not, when it is so easy to make it with a match and some kindlings?

People did not always have matches, though. When my father was a boy, no such things were known; nor did any one have stoves. All the fires were in big, brick fireplaces. If the fire once went out, the only way it could be kindled again was by striking a spark with a flint and steel. This was hard, slow work, and so people always tried to keep their fire going. The last thing to be done every night, before the family went to bed, was to cover up a big bed of coals with ashes, so it would keep until morning, to be used in starting a new blaze.

Sometimes, though, if the work was not well done, the coals would

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die out during the night. Then my father would be called bright and early in the morning, no matter how cold it was, to run to a neighbor's, half a mile away, and borrow some fire. Imagine how funny he must have looked, running home with a handful of live coals squeezed tight between two pieces of hemlock bark, so they should not die out!

MAX BENNETT.

Miss Bell.

By Cornelia Redmond.



There was a young lady
whose name was Bell,
Who tumbled into the
village well;
But somehow or other
the bucket caught her,
And they drew her up
with a pail of water.

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THE BABY'S SIDE OF THE STORY.

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THE BABY'S SIDE OF THE STORY.

A SWIMMING in the bathtub,
Oh yes, it's lots of fun,
And I'm the jolliest baby
That's living under the sun.

The children come a visiting
And make a dreadful din:
"Just see his funny little nose;
This dimple in his chin."

Off come my dainty little boots,
The pink-tipp'd toes to see,
And when I twist them in and out,
They laugh and shout with glee.

They roll me up in a blanket
And toss me like a ball;
I sometimes think I had rather
They would not come at all.

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And if I scowl and crook my face
They think it only fun!
Then hug and kiss me all the more;
I'd like to make them run.

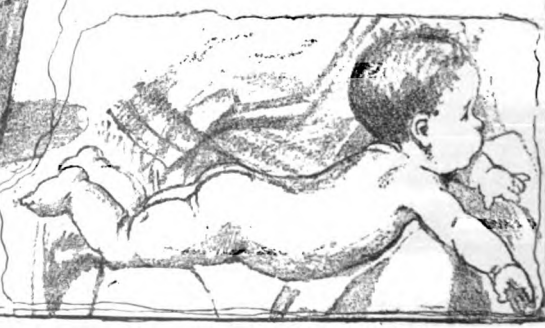
I'm often cross, and naughty too;
But then, who would not be?
This world has a lot of troubles
For a little boy like me.

Then mother folds me in her arms,
And sings her sweetest lay;
So that's the very happiest time
Of all the livelong day.

If I am the jolliest baby
Amid this shade and shine,
My mother is the dearest
mother,
If only 'cause she is mine.

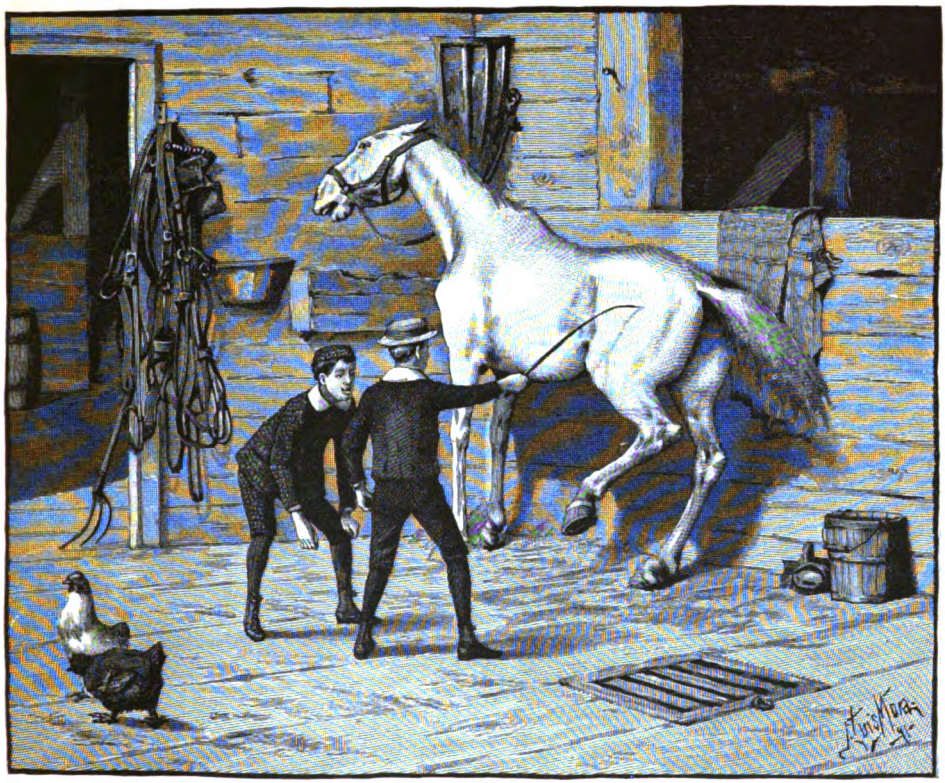
ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL.





MY BATH

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A NEW TRICK.

THE Wilson family went to spend the summer at Mr. Powell's farm in the mountains.

For a week Ralph and Hubert ransacked the barns and sheds and watched all the operations of farming, and then they wanted some new amusement.

They strolled into the barn, where old Billy was quietly munching in his stall. Billy was getting too old to be of much use, but his memory was good. When you held an apple before him and asked him if he wanted it he never failed to nod his head, though it was several years since a lady boarder had taught him the trick.

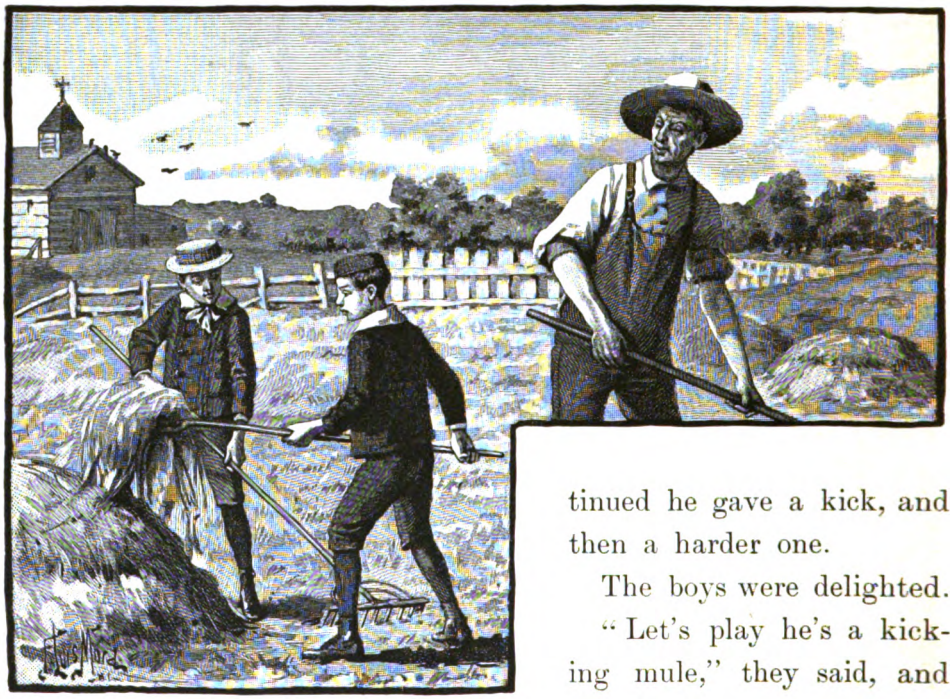
"Let's teach Billy some new tricks," said Ralph.

"He's too old," said Hubert.

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"Let's stir him up a little," said Ralph. He stood at the side of Billy's stall and, reaching around, tickled his flank with a switch.

At first the old horse paid no attention, but as the tickling continued he gave a kick, and then a harder one.



The boys were delighted. "Let's play he's a kicking mule," they said, and Hubert took the switch. To make the sober old animal behave so captiously seemed very funny, and they did it rather often thenceforth. After awhile they had only to go to the side of the stall when out would fly Billy's hind legs.

One day old Mr. Powell went to harness Billy into the buggy to drive to the village. As he touched his flank in entering the stall Billy kicked out violently, his hoof grazing Mr. Powell's leg just below the knee. When he was helped into the house it was thought that his leg was fractured, but it was only bruised. He could not walk for a week, and he found time to wonder greatly how gentle old Billy came to do such a trick.

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Hubert and Ralph were two miserable boys.

"We've got to tell," said Hubert.

"Ought to be knocked ourselves," said Ralph.

They felt better when the load was off their minds; and though the hired man laughed, they worked faithfully trying to take Mr. Powell's place on the farm while he was laid up. And they were very glad when old Billy forgot his new accomplishment.

EMMA A. OPPER.



It was Joy's sixth birthday. With a fresh pink calico dress on, and a bright silver quarter in her hand, she started for the minister's house, for only he had Testaments to sell. To have one for her very own, and to read out of it all by herself, was Joy's "biggest wish."

It was a sandy road. Prickly burrs grew by the side of it, and one of them worked itself through her shoe and hurt her foot. Down sat Joy to pull it out, when the precious bit of money slipped through her fingers and hid itself in the sand. She looked for it again and again, but it could not be found.

"Dear, dear! What poor little girl is that, with a pretty pink dress on, crying so hard?" thought Mary Morris as she came near with a milk-pail on her arm.

Now Joy had felt sorry for Mary Morris ever since the day she first saw her. First, because she wasn't pretty — Joy loved pretty people. Next, because she always wore faded calico dresses and

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green gingham sun-bonnets with pasteboard inside to make them stiff. Last of all, because she lived in a poor little house out by the marsh.

The faded calico and green bonnet bent over the fresh pink dress. "What you crying about, Joy? Oh, is that all? I know I can find it!"



How Mary sifted the sand through her long fingers, till the silver piece rolled from her hand to Joy's! She threw her arms around Mary's neck, and the pasteboard bent and broke under the warmth of her embrace.

"I'm going to like you always, Mary Morris, see if I don't! And I'll let you read out of my Testament every time you want to, see if I don't. I'm coming to see you, too—yes, indeed I am!"

There was a great brass knocker on the minister's door. Joy was afraid to touch it at first, but it "went off" almost before she knew it, and a little woman with a big ruffled cap on opened the door.

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"No, the minister ain't to home, but she is. She's sick, though, and you ain't to make a mite of noise if I let you go in." There on the bed in a little room lay sweet-faced Mrs. May. She looked very happy, and beside her lay the cunningest little baby Joy had ever seen. She quite forgot the piece of money tied carefully by Mary in the corner of her handkerchief.

"Did your mother send you on an errand?" asked Mrs. May at last. Then Joy remembered, and was allowed to pick out the Testament she liked best — a red one.

FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.

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THE RAIN SPRITES

BY

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

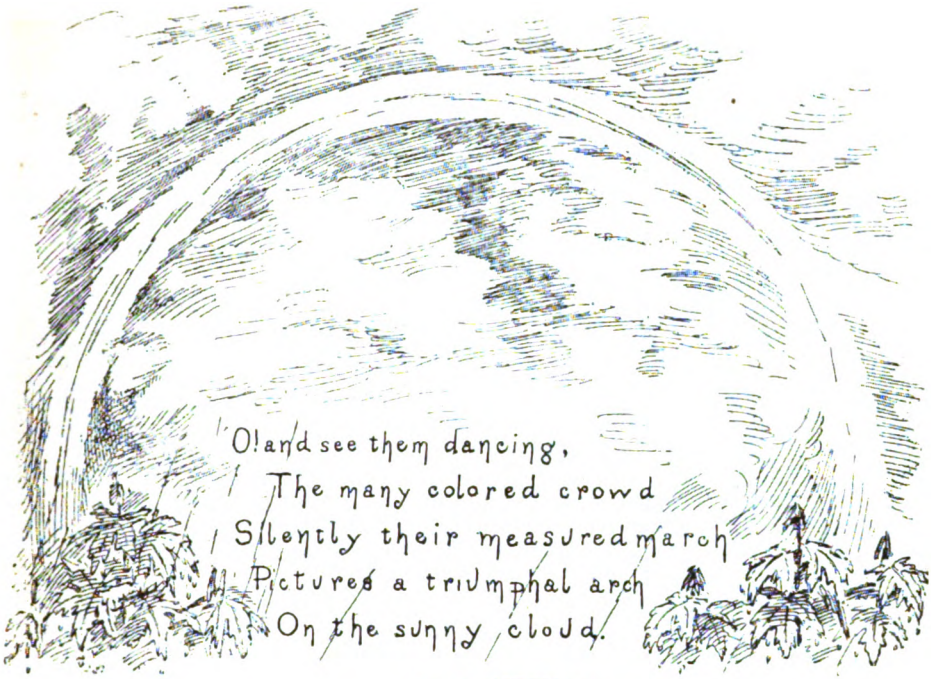


See the pretty rain drops
Twinkle in the air;
Trickle down the window pane,
Glitter in the grassy lane;
Sparkling everywhere!

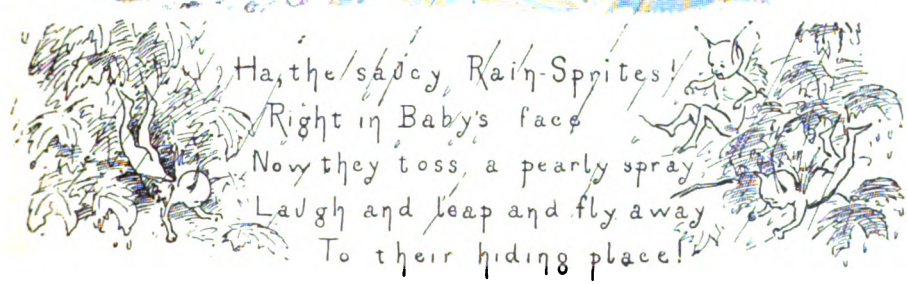
They are tears of Rain-Sprites
Laughing till they cry!
Merry little fairy folks
Full of kindly pranks and jokes,
As they rustle by

Now they splash the wee birds
In their maple bower;
Now they drench the flying curls
Of the berry hunting girls
Running from the shower!

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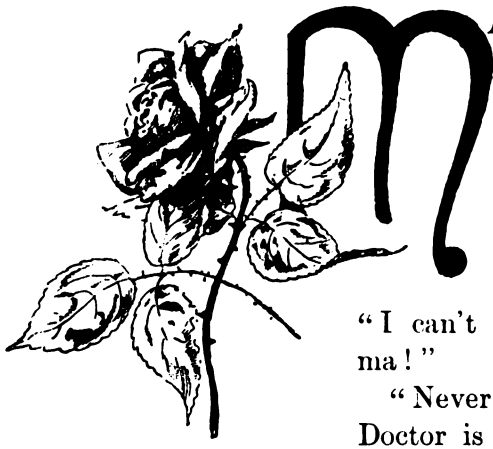




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ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES. — XII.



MAMMA was cutting the cake for supper, while Robin leaned on the table and watched her. The golden slices looked very tempting with their edges of snowy frosting.

"I would give my fairy a piece if I could," said Robin. "I can't find my fairy anywhere, mamma!"

"Never mind," said mamma, "Uncle Doctor is coming to supper to-night, and maybe he can help you."

Robin clapped his hands with delight. "Uncle Doctor is coming! Uncle Doctor is coming!" he sang, dancing out into the hall, and running bump! right into Uncle Doctor himself as he opened the front door.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" he cried. "Please, Uncle Doctor, will you help me?" Then he stopped. His eyes, which had been travelling up from his uncle's polished toes to his brown-bearded face, had only reached the buttonhole of his coat. But that was far enough. In that buttonhole there was a rose — a bright red rose.

"It's you, Uncle Doctor! It's you!" shouted Robin; and away went Uncle Doctor, and away went Robin after him, and a grand chase they had of it, round the hall and through the parlor and back again half a dozen times.

"And was it really you?" asked Robin, when he had caught his uncle at last, and was seated breathless on his knee. "And did you make all the riddles and send the presents and everyfing?"

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"Well, the fairy did," said Uncle Doctor. "And you say I am the fairy, so I suppose I did."

"And won't there ever be any more?" asked the little boy, rather sorrowfully.

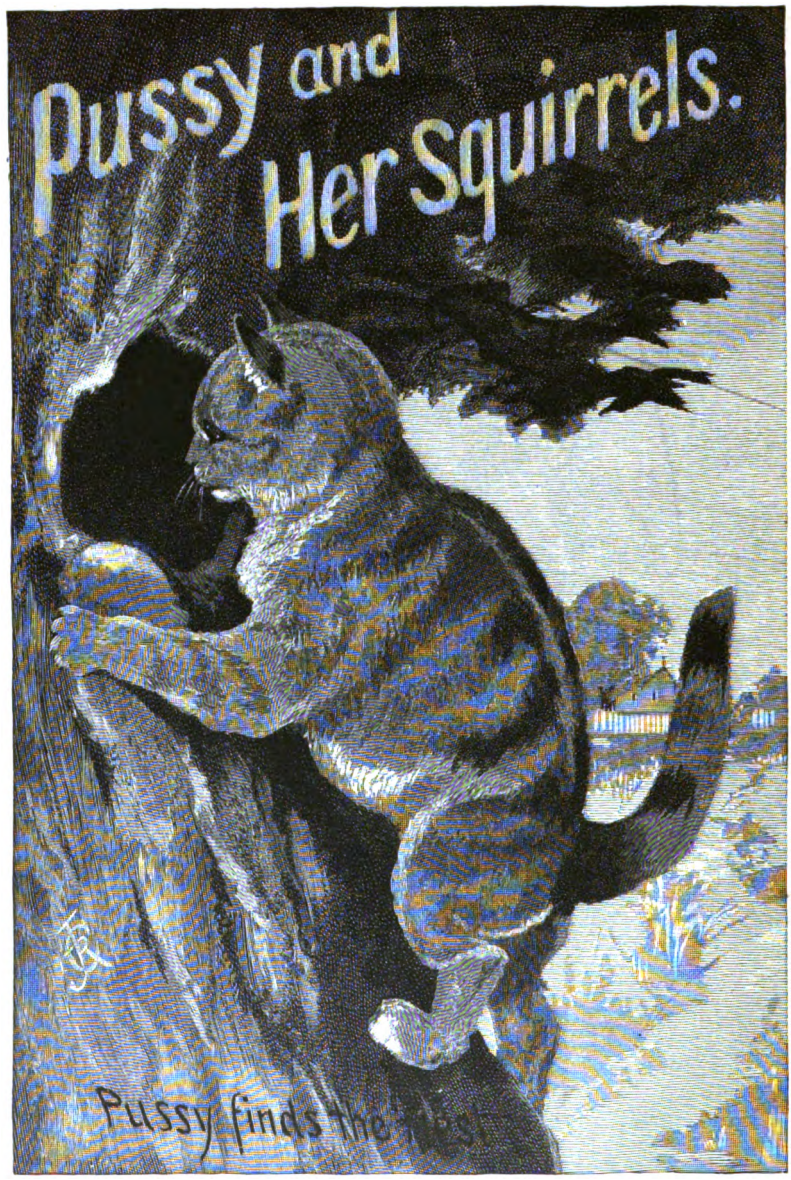


"No more now," said his uncle. "But listen, the fairy says your arm is quite well, and you need not stay at home any longer. So, sir, back you go to the kindergarten and all the crinkum-crankums to-morrow morning!"

And then he tossed Robin Boy up to his shoulder, and away they went merrily out to supper. And the fairy had a piece of the frosted cake, after all.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

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Uncle Burr travelled a great deal, and when he came home he was always teased for the new stories which he was sure to have for them. He had been in Iowa, and while there had seen the cat and squirrels of which he now told the children.

"There was a nice old mamma cat that lived at the farm-house

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where I stopped one day. She was striped yellow and white, and was a great pet with the whole family.

"She had a nice little family of kittens, but one day they were all taken away from her.

"Poor kitty! she was so sad and lonely; she wandered about the house all day long, and called and cried, but could not find her babies. Towards evening she was seen going out into the woods, they thought for something to eat, as she had refused food all day.



"Soon after they heard a scratch and 'mew' at the door. It was opened, and there stood mamma kitty with a little gray squirrel in her mouth.

"The mistress scolded her and made her give it up, but kitty only purred. She went to her nest and called, as if it were one of her own babies. They put the little squirrel down beside her, and she licked it and cuddled it down just as she had her own lost kittens. She gave it some dinner and it was soon fast asleep.

"Then kitty cried to go out of doors again. As she went towards the woods they followed her. Then she ran nimbly up a tree and went into a hole. In a few minutes she came out, and in her mouth

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was another baby squirrel, which she carried to her nest in the house just as carefully as if it had been one of her own little kittens.

"She snuggled it down, and it was soon fast asleep with its little mate.

"They were then little fellows and could scarcely walk; that was weeks ago, and now they are nearly half-grown and as frisky and playful as if with their own mother in the woods. They don't seem to think their cat mother is one bit strange.

"They are very obedient, and come when she calls 'purr-purr' to them. Jack is the largest, and sometimes has to be boxed to make him mind; but mamma cat is very gentle about it, and I do not think she hurts him much. Gypsie is very gentle and tame, and will let the children take her in their hands. She has beautiful, large black eyes.

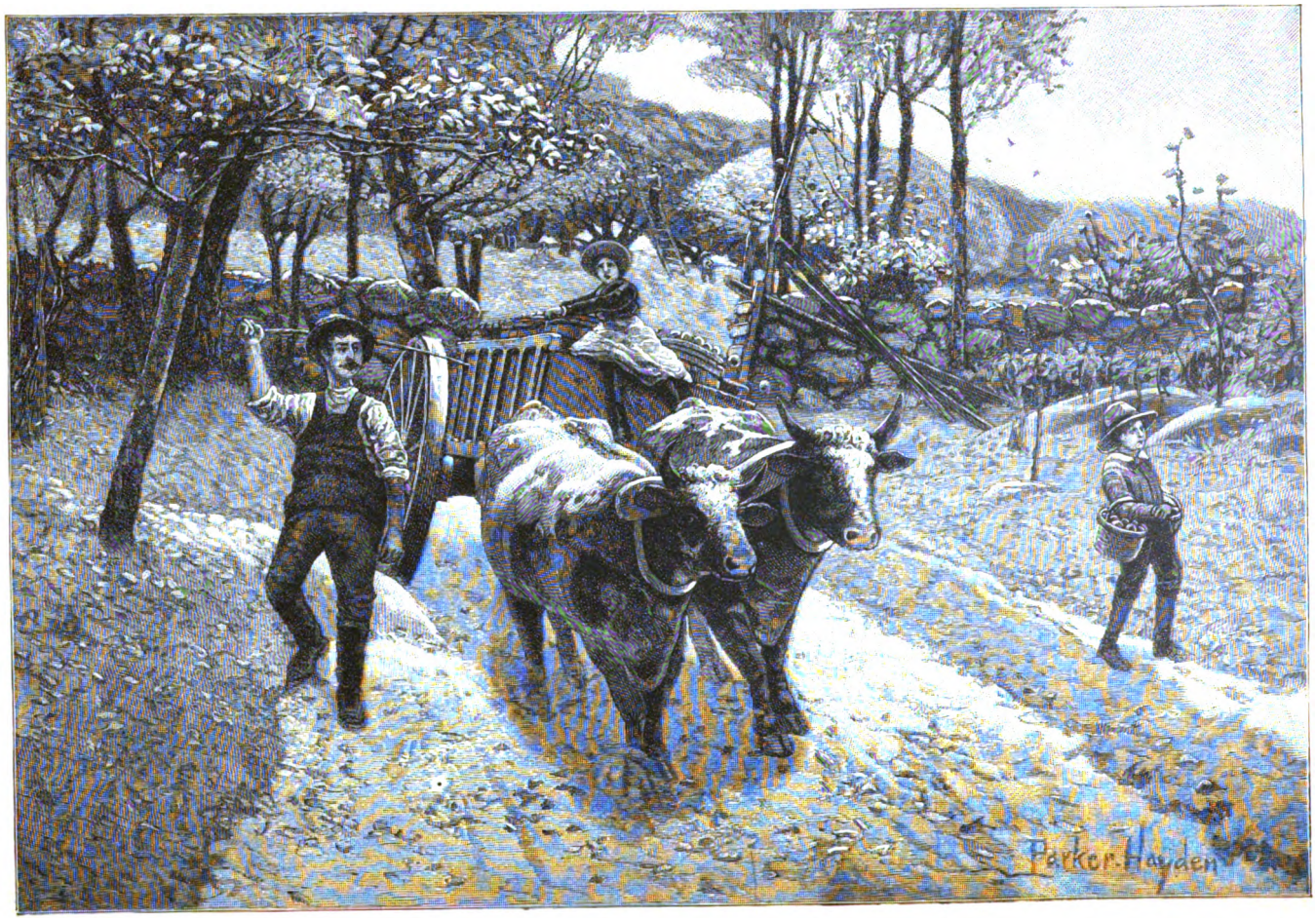
"Bob, the little boy at whose house they are, thinks they are very nice indeed. He has made them a little house out of a starch-box and fixed a wire wheel on one end for them to play in. The first time kitty saw them in the wheel running and turning it round and round, she was very much frightened. She tried to stop it with her paws, and seemed pleased when they came out. When she found they were not harmed she soon got used to it, and would lie and watch them and seemed to enjoy their play." [1]

G. B. GREEN.

[1] Near Boston a cat deprived of her kittens brought in four gray squirrels and raised them. The editor saw this family when the squirrels were nearly full-grown.

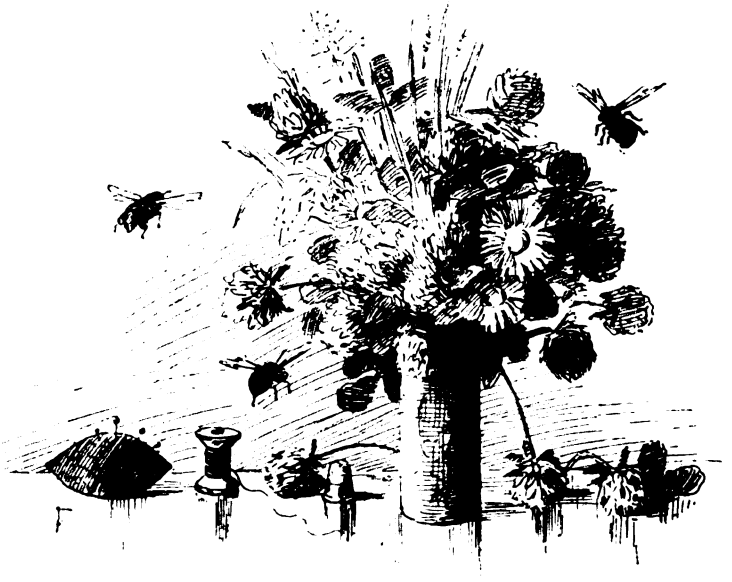


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GATHERING APPLES.

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"MAKING THINGS FOR GRANDPA."

BROWN-EYED little maiden
Sits by mamma's side
"Making things for grandpa,"
With an air of pride.

"Go 'way, Bob, don't bother,
Please don't. Can't you see
That I'm just as busy
As a honey-bee?"

Stitches long and slender,
Stitches short and fat,
Takes all kind of stitches
For such work as that.

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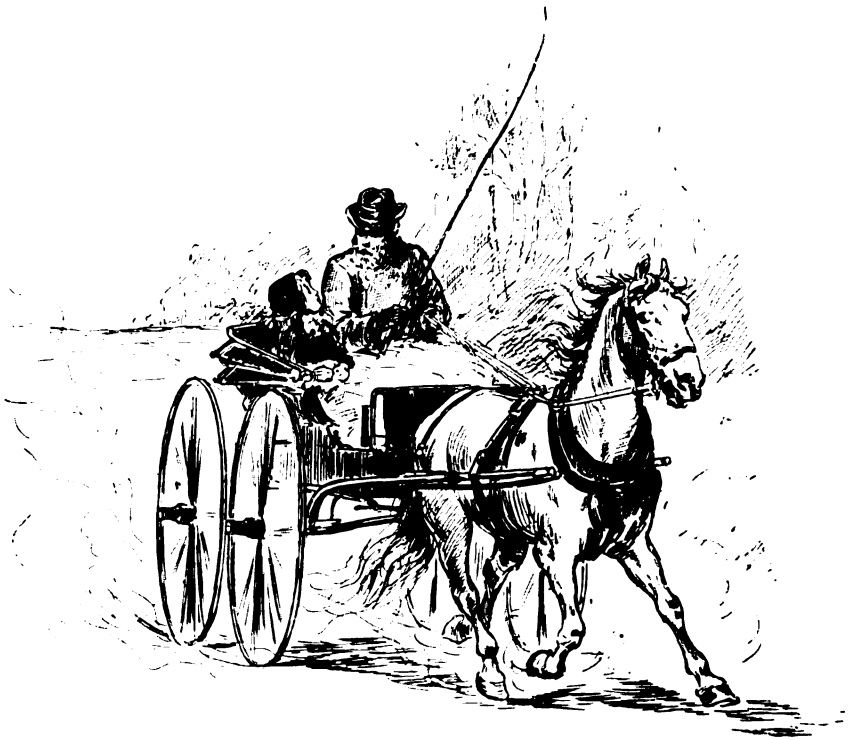
Busy little fingers,
Working hard all day,
Making things for grandpa
Is lots more fun than play.



White lids drooping, drooping,
Brown eyes closing fast,
Making things for grandpa
Tires one out at last.

LOUISE THRUSH BROOKS.

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SHE GOES A-NUTTING.

LITTLE Nannie rode thirty miles into the country, in the cars, and no friend with her. The conductor took charge of her, and when the train stopped at the station she was led out to the platform.

Instead of her grandpa a stranger spoke to her: "I guess you are the visitor that grandpa and grandma Reed expect," he said. "I am their neighbor Nutting and will take you to their house."

They rode in an open buggy. It was a lovely October afternoon. Nannie had been here only once, at Christmas. Then the days were cold and snow lay on the ground.

"I mean to play out-of-doors a great deal," she said, smiling to see the scarlet leaves fall from the trees by the roadside. "Wouldn't you, Mr. Nutting?"

"Yes, indeed. This air will do a city child good," replied the man. "You must come and call on me and Mrs. Nutting. We live

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in that brown cottage at the end of the row of maples; it's but a little ways now to your grandpa's."



The next morning as Nannie looked out at a window she saw a boy and girl go by. "It is Henry and Lucy Lee," said grandma,

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"going a-nutting, by the looks of their bag and basket. Chestnuts are very plenty this year."

Near noon Henry and Lucy were seen returning home, with a bag and basket full of nuts. They had had good luck, grandma said.

After dinner Nannie thought she would go a-nutting. She asked her grandma for something to bring nuts home in. Grandma gave her a pretty Indian basket.

"Are you sure you know where to go?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," answered Nannie, "for the man showed me as we rode from the station."

The chestnut grove was in sight of the house. But instead of going out by the back way and through the orchard, Nannie went out at the front gate and down the road. The row of maples led her to the brown cottage.

"If you please, Mrs. Nutting, I have come for some, like the other children," said Nannie, showing her basket.

"Some what, my dear?" the woman inquired.

"Chestnuts, ma'am; grandma let me come a-nutting."

In a short time grandma, sitting by an open window, saw the child returning, her basket filled with shining brown nuts.

"See, I have had good luck!" called Nannie.

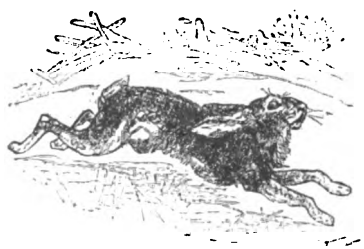
"But you cannot have picked up from the ground all those so soon?" said grandma.

"No, grandma. I went a-nutting to Mr. Nutting's, of course. Mrs. Nutting was so pleased she laughed all the while she was filling my basket. But why are you laughing, grandma?"

Grandma explained that people commonly went nutting to the nut trees, and gathered for themselves.

"Oh!" said Nannie. "I made an odd mistake."

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.



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TWO LITTLE TURKS.



Two little Turks went out
to see
The Sultan and his train
ride by;

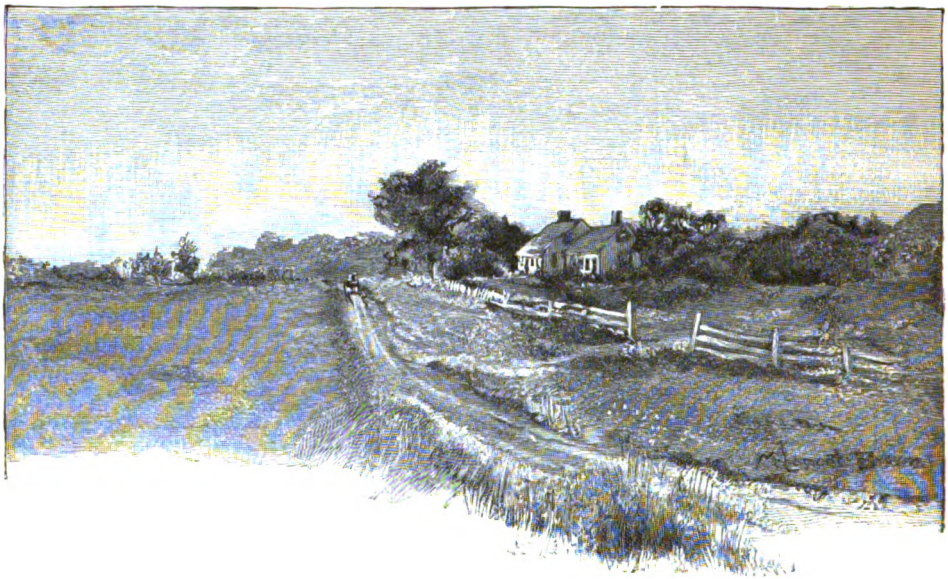


But crowds came too;
they could not see
The Sultan, and both
sat down to cry.



F. T.

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MINNA'S MESSENGER.

MINNA is seven years old. She lives in a pretty country home where the trees are many and large. There the birds sing and the flowers bloom all summer long. Little Minna sings and blooms with them in the sweet pure air.

But Aunt Kate lives in the great city five miles away. Minna dearly loves to visit her and see the wonderful sights.

So Minna, with a small basket on her arm, goes alone on the train and Aunt Kate meets her at the station. Minna never goes without this small basket, and what do you suppose is in it?

I think you could not guess.

It is a beautiful, live carrier-pigeon.

As soon as Minna reaches the city she takes from her pocket a piece of blue ribbon, a bit of folded paper, and a pencil. Then she writes: —

"Love and a kiss to my dear mamma, from
MINNA."

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This message she ties around Fleetwing's neck. Putting him upon her shoulder the pigeon spreads his wings and flies swiftly back to Minna's home.

Mamma is watching, and when she sees Fleetwing coming she smiles and takes the note. She goes about her work happy and content, knowing that her little girl is safe and having a beautiful time.

So, as you may fancy, Minna, Aunt Kate, and mamma are all very fond of Fleetwing, and think him the dearest and most wonderful of little messengers.

WINIFRED B. BLAKE.



"COME, come, you naughty little elf,
You really must behave yourself,
And at the table, if you can,
Sit like a little gentleman."
Now see — the meddling little hand
Keeps playing with the cruet-stand —
And soon he pulls a cover out
And scatters pepper all about.

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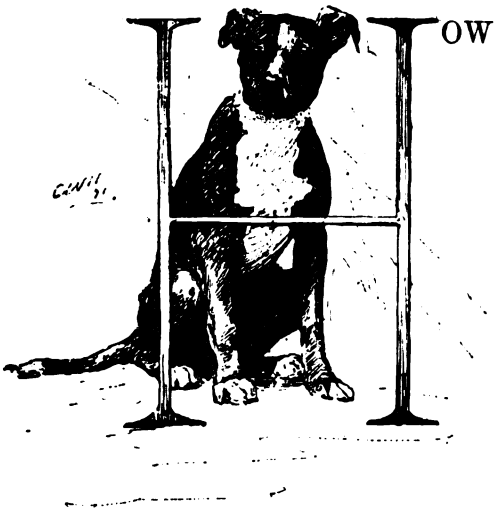


Said grandma: "'Twill not be amiss
To teach you to remember this.
A little pepper on your tongue
We'll try." And as it bit and stung
Poor Johnny whimpered out: "I wish
I'd meddled with some other dish.
You'll see," a saucy glance he stole,
"Next time I'll tip the sugar-bowl."

SYDNEY DAYRE.

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DOGS AT CHURCH.



HOW many of "Our Little Ones" ever saw dogs at church?

"I have," answers some boy who has seen a stray dog wander up the aisle, making all the children giggle, and even grown people smile.

But, my boy, didn't the sexton make poor Bruno feel that he was in the wrong place and must go out at once? That isn't what I am talking about, by any means. Perhaps some of you have pet dogs that try their best to go to church with you, so that you have to tie them securely every Sunday morning. All such dogs would, I am sure, like to move to a little town 'way up in Canada, where they know how to treat dogs.



In the centre of the church, near the stove, is a large space set apart for the dogs. They come in with the people, know just where to go, and settle themselves comfortably to listen to the sermon.

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They seem to know just how long the service ought to be, and one Sunday when a stranger preached beyond the usual time, one of the dogs got up, shook himself, yawned and stretched, and looked up at the preacher, as much as to say, "Haven't you finished yet?"



The minister kept right on, so the dog went sadly back and slept till the sermon was at last ended.

Although there are always a good many dogs at every service, they have never been known to quarrel or make any disturbance. They often go to sleep; but then, didn't you ever go to sleep in church?

M. C. RANKIN.

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JOHNNIE AND THE CHIPPEWAS.

JOHNNIE HALL lived only a few miles from the lands of the Chippewa Indians. They made regular visits to the white settlements, and at first Johnnie was afraid of them. When he saw how friendly they were he would go alone to their camp to buy berries, or the pretty beaded articles they made. He soon became a favorite with the red men, and they vied with one another in giving him trinkets and Indian treasures. Finally Wetumpka, an old Indian for whom he had taken an especial liking, outdid all the others. He made a beautiful little birch-bark canoe for Johnnie and taught him to use it. As Johnnie was sailing up and down the river near his home, he kept wondering what he could do for Wetumpka in return for his gift. He could think of nothing more useful for his friend than clothes, for he had often seen him poorly dressed. Back in the closet hung a nice suit of his papa's that was too small. He knew mamma was saving it to make over for him, but surely Wetumpka needed them more than he. After a short interview with mamma a little boy trudged up to the Indian camp and presented a bundle to Wetumpka, who sat shivering over the camp fire. The old Indian was very happy, for he had never owned anything so nice before.

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One morning the next week Mr. Hall was going to town. He went into the closet to look for something, but came out with an anxious look on his face. "Mamma, where's that blue coat of mine?" he asked.

"Johnnie gave it to Wetumpka," she said.



Then there was trouble. Mr. Hall had placed a hundred-dollar bank-note in the coat-pocket for safe keeping, and none of the family knew of it. The Indians had broken camp and gone to their homes near the pine lands, forty miles away.

Mr. Hall went there as fast as he could ride, only to find that Wetumpka had gone for a long hunt, taking the coat with him. Mr. Hall felt very sad, for one hundred dollars was a heavy loss for him. Poor Johnnie cried and cried, and wondered why his well-meant kindness had resulted so unfortunately.

Nearly a month afterward there was a rap at the door one cold,

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stormy night. Mr. Hall opened the door and there stood Wetumpka holding his pony with one hand, while with the other he eagerly pressed something into Mr. Hall's hand. It proved to be the lost note. He had found it carefully folded away in an inside pocket, and had ridden all day in the storm to return it.

LAURA C. GIBBONS.





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SPANISH GIRLS AND BOYS.

In Spain the little boys
Learn to play on the guitar;
And in Spain the little girls
Play with fans where'er they are.

The oranges are yellow,
The sun shines ever bright,
And Spanish girls and boys
Are happy day and night.



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ANNEX A

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